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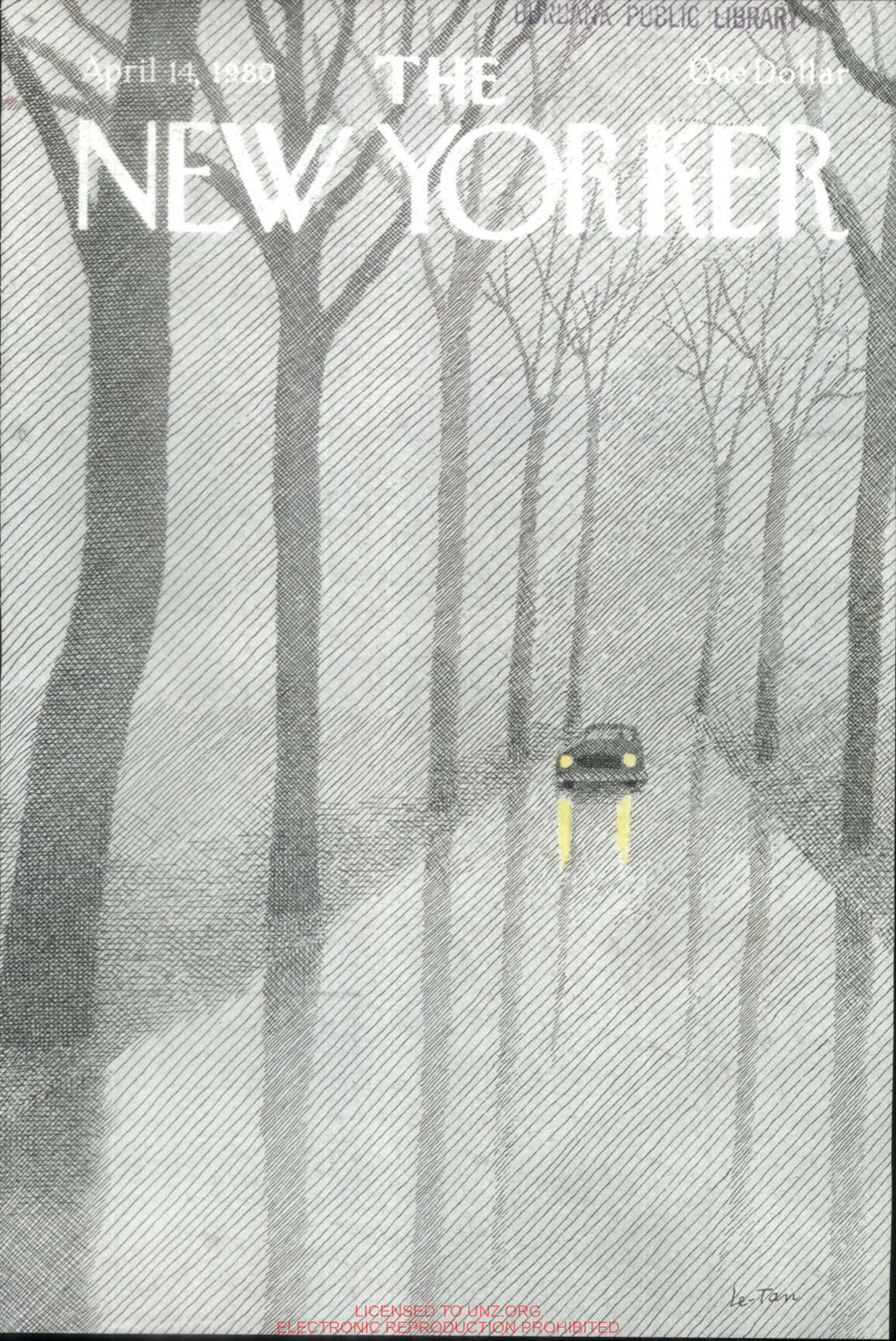

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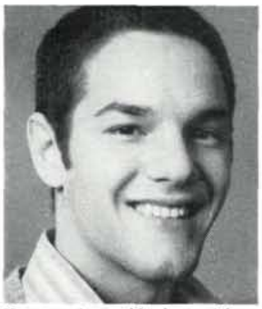

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Abi Gezunt—Molly Picon in a musical entertainment that consists of selections from the plays she has appeared in during her sixty or so years in the theatre. In Yiddish and English. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 2 and 5:30.)

BAM Theatre Company—The American première of Gorky's turn-of-the-century comedy, **BARBARIANS**, in a new translation by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. Sheila Allen, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8; Sunday, April 13, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday, April 15, at 8 (previews); and Wednesday, April 16 (opening), and Thursday, April 17, at 8. . . . **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/10/80.) Friday, April 18, at 8, and Saturday, April 19, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 14, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 13.)

The Blood Knot—Athol Fugard's touching study of two black brothers in a slum in South Africa. They have little in common except their mother, and for both of them fratricide is a constant subtext of their love. With Cotter Smith and Danny L. Glover. (4/7/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doña Rosita: While She Waits—The Lorca play, with music, in a new translation by John Olon. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy **MERTON OF THE MOVIES** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10, and will run through Sunday, April 27. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 13: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 16-20: **THE FORTUNE TELLER**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Morning's at Seven—A revival of the 1939 comedy by Paul Osborn, with Nancy Mar-

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25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVI, No. 8, April 14, 1980. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1980 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $32.00. Other foreign, $36.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, Teresa Wright, and Gary Merrill. Directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME.** (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays, except April 9-10, at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Reggae—A musical featuring the wild and woolly music of the Rastafarian cult in Jamaica. This is perhaps the noisiest show in town. (4/7/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumstick Road—An autobiographical probing into the early manhood of Spalding Gray. With the help of family tapes and some vivid dramatic interludes by Gray and a couple of actor colleagues, we learn a lot about the Gray family, and perhaps a little something about life as well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

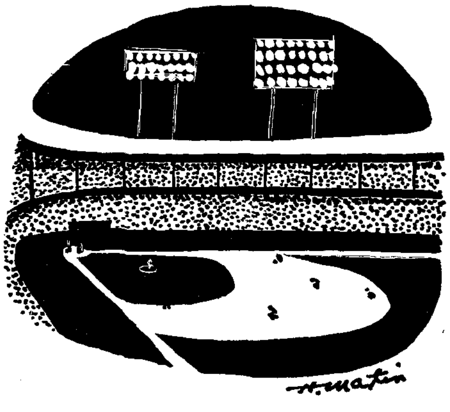
Second Avenue Rag—A comedy by Allan Knee. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 14, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunrise—A "Western style" drama by Chinese playwright Cao Yu. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Final performances Wednesday through Sunday, April 9-13, at 9:30.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. Superbly enacted by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's So Beautiful About a Sunset Over Prairie Avenue?—An impressive new play by Edward Allan Baker. The Bailey family consists of shiftless, noisy, drunken misfits; thanks to the playwright's artistry, their endless troubles succeed in making us laugh and (what is far more difficult with such a crew) in touching our hearts. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 5:30. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore has taken over the role originated by Tom Conti, and the change of gender renders the protagonist's anguished self-searchings less plausible than they were. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa,

George M. Cohan, and other classic compos
ers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-047
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday
at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, heade
by John Cullum, in a thriller whose cleve
anfractuosities of plot are just frightenin
enough and just funny enough. (Music Bo
239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays throug
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE EL**
PHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernar
Pomerance is based on an actual episode.
freak too repulsive even for display at stre
fairs finds refuge in a London hospital i
Whitechapel from 1886 until his death i
1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Ma
Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, an
Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kenda
Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45
St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2
... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,296 performances so fa
(Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan S
at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throu
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Su
days at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GE**
INI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comed
a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italia
American laborer is paid a surprise visit by
pair of his classmates—a well-to-do broth
and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown in
a panic that at first appears to be social but
actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44
St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesda
and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.).
GREASE: A musical that parodies, by faithf
imitation, the songs and dances of the nin
teen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 24
0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. M
inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a
Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETH**
AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A night-club sing
with strong feminist views celebrates her th
ty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new
for her dismayed manager. This somew
disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (scor
and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was
rected by Word Baker. (Circle in the Squa
Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tu
days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at
and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunda
at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry even
of pantomime with three masked players. T
masks are ingenious and surprising, and
are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bij
209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, exc
Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays throu
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:
Closes Sunday, April 20.)... **OH! CALCUTT**
A collection of short sketches that purp
to give us a refreshing view of sex and
not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-71
Mondays through Wednesdays, and Frida
at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and S
days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)
ON GOLDEN POND: Ernest Thompson's fun
sympathetic play about an old couple spe
ing the summer in Maine is excellently p
formed by Frances Sternhagen and T
Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig And
son is the admirable director. (Century,
W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays thro
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
SCRAMBLED FEET: The cheerfulness and oc
sional ingenuity of this little revue about
in the theatre sporadically compensate for
lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate,
Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays thro
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10;
Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays
2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **STRIDER:**
recollections of a piebald gelding. The sh
a musical adaptation of a short story by T
stoy, has been dramatized (after a fashi
by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say,
gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, e
bodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on a
number of matters. The music is by
Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes,
W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through S
urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S
urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEE**
TODD: A musical with a book by Hugh Whe
er and twenty-odd songs by Stephen So
heim. Dorothy Loudon and George Hea
have replaced Angela Lansbury and L
Cariou. Directed by Harold Prince. (U
51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tu

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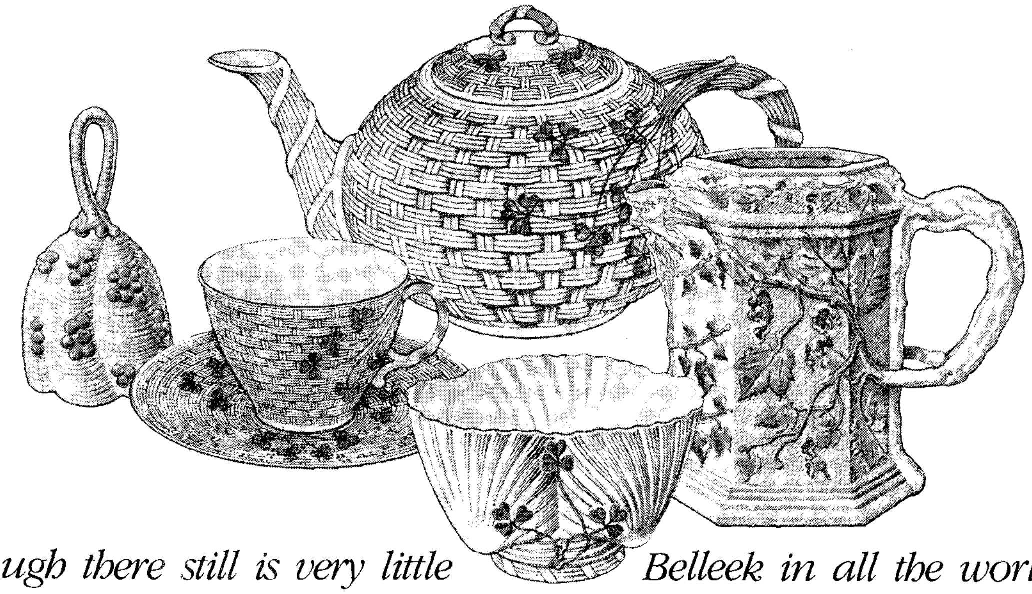
Irish Times, 1919



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—It's spring again, and birds on the wing again start to sing again, the birds in this case being Vienna Choir Boys. They join the thirty-six Rockettes in the Easter show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily at 2:30 and 8. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Shanghai Acrobatic Theatre—A troupe of sixty acrobats. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 10, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 11, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Thursday, April 17, at 10:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Benefit Show—Maxene Andrews, E. Y. Harburg, Helen Gallagher, George Rose, and Ben Bagley are part of the lineup for an evening of songs and anecdotes centered on Mr. Bagley's achievements as an album producer during the last twenty years. The beneficiary is the musical-theatre group Bandwagon. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. Thursday, April 10, at 9. For reservations, call 594-2869.)

DANCE

Twyla Tharp and Dancers—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 9, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2 and 8: "Ocean's Motion," "Brahms' Paganini," and "Baker's Dozen." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 4—Tuesday evening, April 15: "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)" (company première), "3 Epitaphs," "Aureole," and "Diggity." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 966-6959.)... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 16, and Friday evening, April 18: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 17: "Images," "Insects and Heroes," and "Cloven Kingdom."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Diggity," "Big Bertha," "Profiles" (New York première), and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 10, and Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8.... **ATLANTA CONTEMPORARY DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 2.... **RACHEL LAMPERT AND DANCERS:** Thursday, April 17, and Sunday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday, April 19, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Steps in Time—A tap-dance festival, with the Nicholas Brothers, Leon Collins, Sandman Sims, Chuck Green, Bunny Briggs, and the Copasetics. Musical accompaniment by the Rudy Stevenson Band, with Joe Carroll and Harold (Cornbread) Singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2 and 7.)

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José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

A Salute to the Joffrey Ballet—Among the participants in this benefit will be Gene Kelly (as master of ceremonies), Judith Blegen, Lena Horne, Luciano Pavarotti, and the Joffrey Ballet. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 13, at 7:30. For tickets, call 874-3407.)

NIGHT LIFE

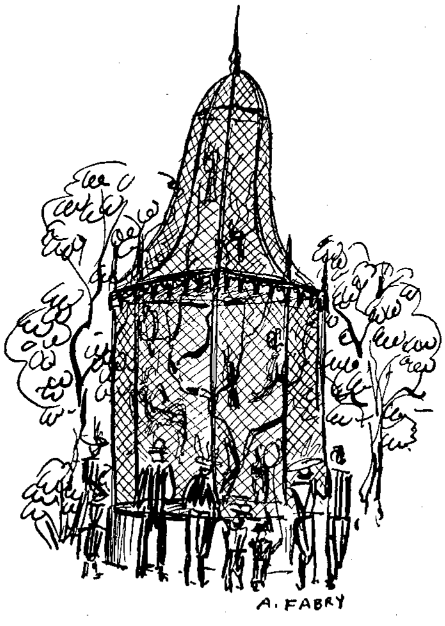
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose singing style is a celebration of pure sixties soul music; Sunday and Monday, April 13-14, pianist Patrice Rushen; Tuesday, April 15, the Speedies and the Tourists; Wednesday, April 16, trance-folk guitarist **JOHN FAHEY;** Thursday, April 17, folkie **MIMI FARIÑA;** and Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, which could be called Tenor Madness Nights, two influential bop tenor saxophonists—**DEXTER GORDON** and **JOHNNY GRIFFIN**—and their quartets. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **AL DAILEY** and his bassist perform through Saturday, April 12. On Sunday, April 13, **ANGELA SUAREZ** will sing bossa-nova numbers with her quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The samba, both the music and the dance, pretty much reached its present form in the twenties, but its rhythms stretch back to a much earlier time—to the music of the Congo and Angola. More passionate admirers of the music think of it as one of the great developments in post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear samba music performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the enthusiastic singer-



pianist whose loyal admirers wouldn't l
stopped by a transit strike, performs with h
bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **GE**
GAMMAGE, in the Café Carlyle Tuesda
through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Di
ing. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Bemelma
Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboa
and sings a little. She's on nightly, exce
Sundays, from nine-thirty.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker S
(982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave t
initial momentum to the reënergized Ne
York rock scene. The schedule: Wednesda
April 9, the Most and Method Actors; Thur
day, April 10, Dance, Information, and M
fungo; Friday, April 11, Student Teache
and Suburban Lawns; and Saturday, Ap
12, Student Teachers and Tiger Beats. Mo
day is showcase night. Music after nir
thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (24
2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fri
steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and
signer jeans. Various lively, well-mik
bands are booked to play here for listeni
and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Ce
tral Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—T
tables along the bank of picture windo
afford a front-row seat if you like watchi
taxis hightail up Central Park West or si
ply enjoy waiting for the park trees to
out. Farther inside the room are the musi
attractions—singer and pianist **RONNY WH**
and his bassist, John Wilmeth, who perfo
Tuesdays through Saturdays from ni
thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (6
4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER,** as cheerful and p
occupied as a pecking hen, squeaks, mutte
and sings "Alexander's Ragtime Ban
"This Can't Be Love," "Princess Popoli H
Plenty Papaya," and a dash of the "Hawaii
War Chant." Her accompanists are guitar
Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwar
Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thi
and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays
eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen.
Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** the singer-pianist w
has no faults, does three sets with bass
GEORGE DUVIVIER at eight-thirty, ten-thir
and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277
A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditi
al jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). **W**
BILL DAVISON heads the house sextet thro
Saturday, April 12. Music from nine-thi
most nights. On Sunday, April 13, tenor sa
phonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will guide his quin
from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (5
7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, bel
stairs jazz room. **WOODY SHAW,** a highly
mired and successful—on his latest alb
he's backed by strings—trumpeter and c
poser, will lead his quintet through Saturd
April 12. On Tuesday, April 15, tenor sa
phonist **ZOOT SIMS** will bring in his quar
Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin a
nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince
(925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set; it'
SoHo night club. The music lineup: Thurs
through Sunday, April 10-13, **HELEN HUMES**
sing blues and ballads with a trio; and beg
ning Tuesday, April 15, **TOOTS THIELEMAN**
jazz harmonica player, guitarist, and c
poser ("Bluesette" and the theme from "S
ame Street" are his best-known works),
lead a trio. Music every night but Monday
ter ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (3
2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger st
(it was) and musical enough to be a j
landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** wo
with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Al
Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. S
from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sunda
from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and pl
piano. Mondays from ten belong to guita
ATTILA ZOLLER and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN;**
Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CH**
WAYNE. Nightly, except Sundays, from se
to ten are given over to pianist Loumell M
gan and a bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (2
3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and rest
rant, which is in a neighborhood that appe
to be in the process of being refurbish
itself. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano w

Elizabeth Arden

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January 16, 1976

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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der, performs in the dining room Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. MARTY NAPOLEON and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. Composer and pianist CARLA BLEY will lead her band on Wednesday, April 9, along with guitarist FRED FRITH and his trio, MASSACRE. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, will belong to RAY MANTILLA, a fine percussionist who has recorded with, and often works with, Jeremy Steig and Eddie Gomez. Sunday is big-band night. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. ROY ELDRIDGE is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday and Monday, April 13-14, cornettist WARREN VACHÉ will head the group.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. ROLAND HANNA, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is collaborating with bassist SAM JONES Tuesdays through Saturdays. Howard Resnick plays solo piano on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded but authentic in its Texasness. A lineup of mostly rock and country-rock bands is the current fare here. Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, have been set aside for the energetic Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp player JAMES COTTON and his band. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—SLAM STEWART, who supplies comedy and hamminess with his fuzzy, buzzing vocals and bass bowing, is performing with his intermittent partner, seven-string-guitarist BUCKY PIZZARELLI. Stewart's part of the act can get a bit tiresome, but Pizzarelli's solos—which are mostly delicate chord solos that play off the melody in four-part harmony—are a delight. He can make a chestnut like "Satin Doll" actually sound refreshing, and on "Honeysuckle Rose," he completely lets loose into one of the hottest, fastest chord solos ever clocked. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Neon Leon and Feet First Wednesday, April 9; Heartbreakers and the Most Thursday, April 10; the CONTORTIONS (a minimalist-dissonant jazz-rock band led by singer and saxophonist JAMES CHANCE, a.k.a. James White) and Science Friday, April 11; the CONTORTIONS and Flaming Demonics (a funk band that is also fronted on occasion by James Chance/White) Saturday, April 12; Watercolors, Nuclear Energy, and Static Symbol Sunday, April 13; Hitites, Streets, and On the Run Monday, April 14; and Violators, Belle Star, and Mustangs Tuesday, April 15. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and Arthur's son, is singing here after nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, ESTHER MARROW, a strong, full-voiced contralto, will be singing here with a rhythm-and-blues quintet and two backup singers behind her. Miss Marrow has an exciting, winning presence which easily overwhelms her set list—tired R. & B. or R. & B.-arranged classics such as "Feelings," "Rainy Night in Georgia," and the more recent but nonetheless worn "I Will Survive." Miss Marrow isn't just another lounge act in need of a sure-fire repertoire; she should trust her talent and try more adventurous material. She won't have any trouble catching the attention of an audience. Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, trumpeter JON FADDIS and his funk-jazz band will be here. Jazz, jazz-rock, or rhythm-and-blues music from ten until two. Dining.

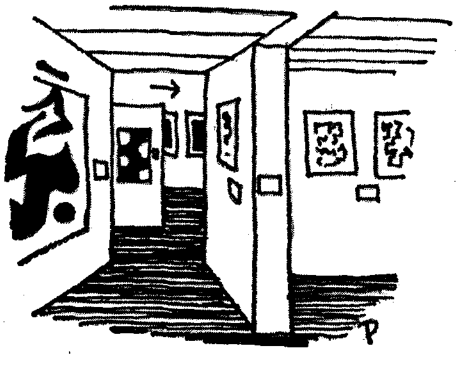
One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, will belong to the blues-rock group Roomful of Blues; Saturday, April 12, to folkie Livingston Taylor; and Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, to bassist TERUO NAKAMURA'S post-hard-bop sextet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. SY OLIVER guides his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The famous seventies cabaret is currently presenting singer Barbara Cook, who will be
here Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, a
Thursday through Saturday, April 17-
Various young singers, comics, and musicia
round out the week. Dining.



St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (75
4500)—A salute to producers Feuer a
Martin is underway in the King Cole Roo
VIVIAN BLAINE, SWEN SWENSON, and three oth
singers and dancers re-create numbers fro
"Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Silk Stoc
ings," and their other hits. Shows Tuesda
through Thursdays at nine and eleven, a
Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleve
thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S.,
Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant secon
floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. A jazz-ro
aggregation that includes electric violini
MICHAL URBANIAK, guitarist ERIC GALE, a
organist CHARLES EARLAND performs Wedne
day, April 9; Thursday through Saturda
April 10-12, trumpeter TERUMASA HINO w
head a septet; on Sunday, April 13, YOSHI
MASUO, a superb blues guitarist, will lead
lively R. & B. quintet; and on Thursda
April 17, saxophonist and co-propriet
MICHAEL BRECKER will bring in his com
Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Clos
Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (5
1000)—Home of the transit-strike negot
tions and of bluesy organist JIMMY SMITH, w
is in the French Quarter lounge with
quartet nightly, except Sundays, after nin

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker
(242-1785)—Saxophonist RONNIE CUBE
quartet is on hand through Saturday, Ap
12; Sunday and Monday, April 13-14, will
long to pianist DAVE BURRELL'S trio; and
Tuesday, April 15, drummer CHICO HAMILT
will arrive with his current quintet. Mu
from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., near Mercer
(228-8032)—THELMA CARPENTER will be singi
here Friday and Saturday, April 11-12; F
day and Saturday, April 18-19, will be
aside for IRENE REID, who sings robust, expr
sive R. & B. numbers and lays (in authen
R. & B. tradition) outraged, moralizing r
on her listeners. Music from about nine-th
ty. Every Sunday, from six to nine, the LO
HAYES All-Stars, featuring saxophonist FR
STROZIER, pianist HAROLD MABERN, and bas
CLINT HOUSTON.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (6
9115)—The audiences here are often as r
erential as those at the Village Vanguard,
with good reason. Jazz of the highest orde
usually presented every night after ten. Sa
phonist C-SHARPE, trumpeter LONNIE HILLYER,
anist WALTER DAVIS, JR., and drummer CLIFF
JARVIS hold sessions on Wednesday, April
Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, dru
mer KENO DUKE'S quartet will perform. Dini

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (7
5077)—The club has been turned into one
long room; the ambience is a lot looser,
the music a lot bluesier. The partial line
Wednesday, April 9, Sons of Creation, a r
gae band; Thursday, April 10, the Nails
ska band; Friday and Saturday, April 11-
Chicago-blues guitarist Jimmy Johnson;
on Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, Chi
go-blues slide-guitar master J. B. HU
Shows usually begin at ten and midni
Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus A
(799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can
the front door—rock-showcase club that
casionally draws established musicians as
as unknown ones. Music every night but S
day after eleven, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120
Drummer PANAMA FRANCIS and the Savoy S
tans work downstairs on Saturdays, at m
night, and dancing is encouraged. On Frid
April 11, a monthly jazz film series beg
the projector will roll from about ten. A
meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harp
DAPHNE HELLMAN'S trio works on Tuesd
from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 1
St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of
jazz club. Alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE a
his not-that-traditional quartet, In the Tra
tion—drummer STEVE MC CALL, bassist FRED H
KINS, and pianist JOHN HICKS—perform co
pelling, enlightening renditions of "Naim
"In a Sentimental Mood," and "Caravan

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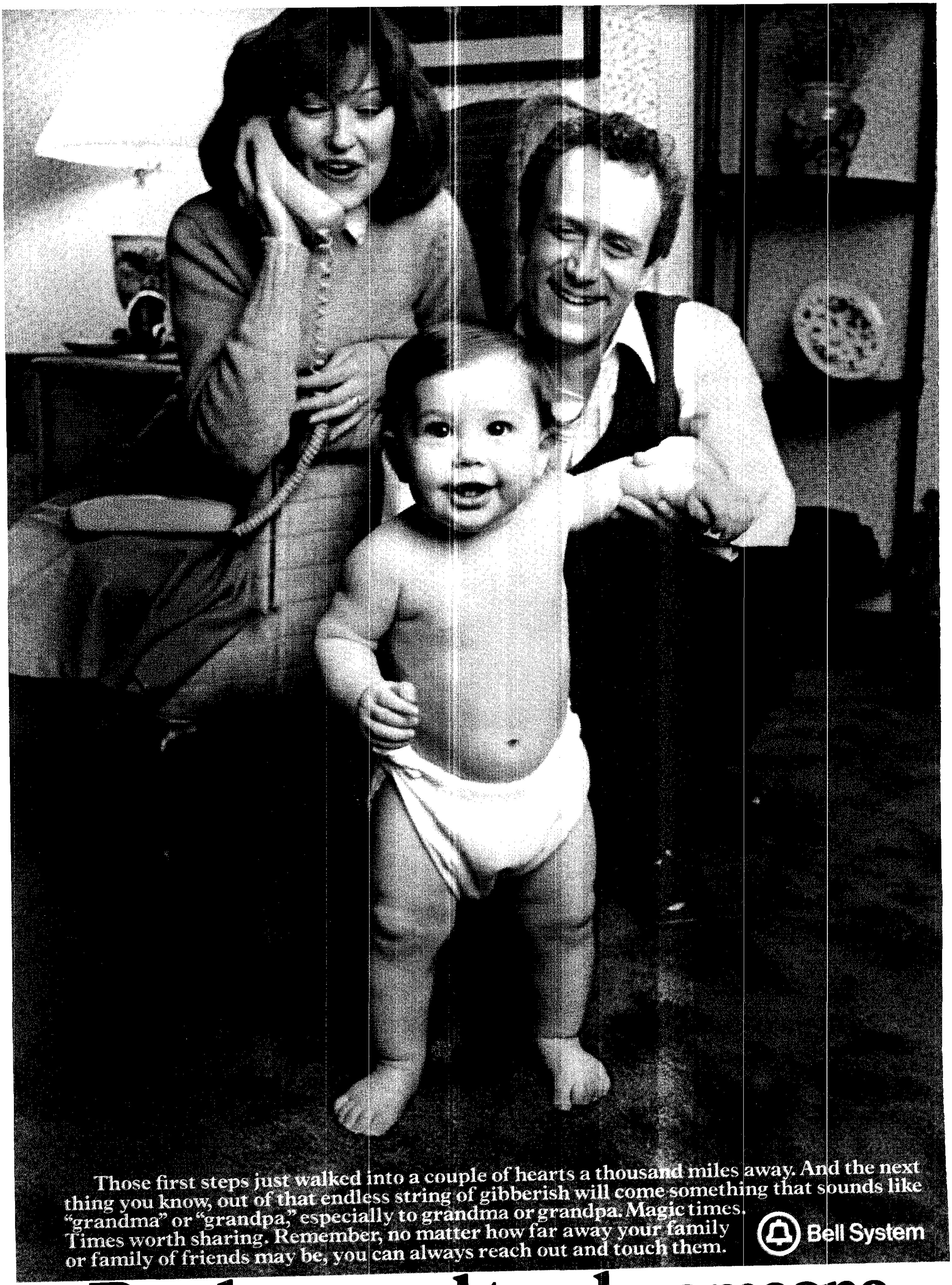

Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sunday, April 13. On Tuesday, April 15, saxophonist Richie Cole will bring in his quintet. Mondays have been reclaimed by drummer **MEL LEWIS**'s big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Monday through Wednesday; Robert Condor has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing (mostly) musicians; enthusiastic students. Former Ellington reed-section star **RUSSELL PROCOPE** practices the lessons of the master with his quartet, which is even named Ellingtonia, through Sunday, April 13. The **COUNTSMEN**—the Basie-flavored quintet, guided by trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**—will move in for three nights, Monday through Wednesday, April 14-16; and Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, Joe Albany, who was once Charlie Parker's pianist, will lead his quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Dixieland jazz performed by Wild Bill Davison, Jabbo Smith, Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, George Duvivier, Cliff Leeman, Natalie Lamb, and the New Orleans Blue Serenaders. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

CHICK COREA SEXTET—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 11, at 8 and 11:30.

SAM RIVERS—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 11, at 11, with a trio; and Saturday, April 12, at 11, with the Rivbea Orchestra.

WARREN ZEVON—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

PETER ROWAN & TEX LOGAN AND THE GREEN GRASS GRINGOS—With Bill Keith and Jim Rooney. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 12, at 8 and 11. For tickets, call 427-1488.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The fourth in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Sammy Cahn) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, April 13-14, at 8.)

OSCAR BRAND—With Micki Grant. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, April 14, at 8:15.)

LINDA RONSTADT—With Nicolette Larson and Danny Kortchmar. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 15-16, at 8.)

HARRY CHAPIN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 17, at 7:30.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., AND LOLA FALANA—With the George Rhodes Orchestra, in a benefit performance. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.)

"BE BOP QUINTESSENCE QUOTATION"—The line-up: Junior Cook/Bill Hardman quintet; Charles Rouse/Lonnie Hillyer quintet; and Harold Vick/Richard Williams quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday, April 18, at 7:30.)

CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8.

ROBIN TROWER—With Shooting Star. (Palladium. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

BYARD LANCASTER AND THE BROADWAY LOCAL ENSEMBLE—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 18, at 8.

OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, April 18, at 8:30: Del McCoury & the Dixie Pals, and Boys from Indiana. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: Wade Mainer & Family, and Townsend, Gilchrist & Lacaille. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

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DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 11.

CHAVA ALBERSTEIN—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

PAT TRAVERS—Palladium. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

LOS PAYAS—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, April 9 and 16: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. . . . Friday, April 11: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12: Kenny Barron, Walter Booker, and Jimmy Cobb. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 11, at 8:30: Nora Post and Mario Falcao. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:30: Cook Book. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 9:30: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8:30: Ten performers in a program of new music. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: A performance of "Jai-Alai," an opera by John Zorn. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

AARON BOHROD—Acutely realist renditions of assembled still-life objects. Through April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Paintings and painted-wood columns. Through April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GRETHA CAMPBELL—Representational paintings of Maine and New Jersey landscapes. Through April 23. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

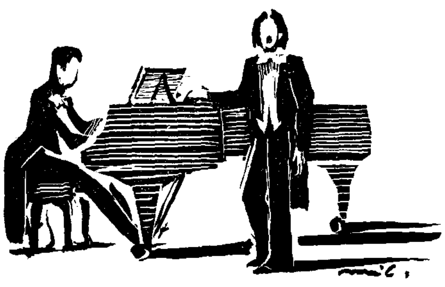
ROBERT COOK—Bronzes. Through Saturday, April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Recent abstract paintings. Through Thursday, April 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—These California artists set forth their ideas about the abuse of lakes, rivers, oceans, etc., in maps, texts, photographs, and drawings. Through April 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St., which is open Mondays, and 351 West Broadway, which is not.)

LOUISE HOESCHEN—Deliberately childlike paintings, done in kindergarten colors, of figures accompanied by dogs, squirrels, chickens, camels. The artist works in Seattle. Through Saturday, April 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

PHILIP JAMISON / FIVE REALISTS—Deft watercolors depicting field flowers, coastal Maine houses, and the Pennsylvania countryside. Through Saturday, April 19. / Still-lifes by Ellen Adler, downtown cityscapes by Seaver Leslie, figure paintings and landscapes by Paula North, cityscapes and Eastern Long Island scenes by Darragh Park, and Long Island Sound marinas by Jane Ritchie. Through Saturday, April 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)



LESTER JOHNSON—Four large paintings, along with works on paper, crowded with figures. Through Saturday, April 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

IDA KOHLMEYER—Abstract paintings based on a grid, and collages. Through April 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HERMAN MARIL—Landscapes and seascapes, and interiors, reduced to semi-abstractions. Through Thursday, April 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JANE MORTON NORTON—Dimly seen landscapes done in light washes. Through Saturday, April 12. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Detailed drawings of horses and human heads (sometimes paired) executed in charcoal on canvas and paper. Through April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RICHARD PICCOLO—Paintings of figures alone and in groups. Also, views of Rome, where the artist lives. Through April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HOWARDENA PINDELL—Abstract paintings on unstretched canvas, and works on paper. Through April 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract acrylics on canvas. Through April 26. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD / DAVID BECK—Recent paintings and drawings—San Francisco cityscapes and his familiar pastries. / A life-size wooden pig. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

HELEN TORR (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **A. M. ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Small, characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through May 3. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Seven contemporary Belgian artists: paintings by Folon, Alechinsky, Dotremont, and Michaux, and sculptures by Bury, Ubac, and Reinhoud. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Large-scale abstract paintings, and works on paper. Through April 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CAROL ANTHONY—Landscapes and interiors in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CECILE GRAY BAZELON—Precisionist paintings, most of them interiors. Through April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO—Abstract acrylics. Through April 30. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—New color-field paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

MARCEL FLORIS—Sculptural pieces, consisting of brass strips and elastic cord, by a Venezuelan artist who confines his forms to those produced by a compass, a T square, and a ruler. Through Saturday, April 12. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

SONDRA FRECKELTON—Realist watercolors of interiors. Through Saturday, April 12. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

THEOPHIL GROELL—Paintings of female nudes. Through April 26. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

ALAN GUSSOW—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

AL HELD—Paintings dated 1959 to 1961, when the artist was moving away from Abstract Expressionism to a more formal geometric style. Through April 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JANE KAUFMAN / GENE DAVIS—Large, glittering curtains; one is made of crocheted-copper filaments strewn with glass jewelry. Through Saturday, April 12. / New paintings in which narrow vertical acrylic stripes in muted colors are laid down side by side on unprimed canvas. Through Wednesday, April 16. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through May 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Harry Koursaros—Pattern paintings in oil on canvas, and collages utilizing braids, plastics, and metallic paint. Through Saturday, April 19. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Nonobjective paintings in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, April 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Miss—Three large architectural constructions, one of them a tall, narrow rectangular wooden tower covered with heavy industrial screening and enclosing a ladder. Through Saturday, April 12. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Joel Perlman—Large vertical steel sculptures, both painted and polished. Through April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—New works in watercolor and pleated Oriental paper. They are shown both fully extended and completely closed. Through Saturday, April 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yehiel Shemi—New welded-steel sculptures. Through April 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Naïvely executed craypas drawings of interiors. Through May 3. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—A group of paintings of Rio's Carnaval, and other works. Through April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—Fourteen cast-bronze heads (one a self-portrait, the others interpretations on that model) identical in dimensions. Through Friday, April 18. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Two series of welded-sheetmetal sculptures: one consisting of miniature architectural environments and the other of abstract pieces based on nature and fantasy. Through April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pattern paintings by George Chemeche; paintings made up of layer on layer of colorful acrylic marks on paper by Robert Natkin; and shaped canvases and one sculptural work in Ilya Bolotowsky's characteristic bold stripes. Through Saturday, April 19.... **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by seven young American artists, among them Valerie Jaudon, Joan Thorne, and Thornton Willis. Through April 26. (Open Mondays.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by Coiner, Sivard, Moller, and others. Through April 26.... **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works of the sixties from a private collection. Dine, Johns, and Warhol are among the artists. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Three phalanxes of foot-square redwood or Douglas-fir timbers, three feet tall, laid out in close-order-drill formations, plus an auxiliary brigade of ninety-one granite shafts half that size. Through Saturday, April 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Natalie Bieser / Bill Richards—Abstract watercolors inspired by landscapes. / Graphite drawings of nature: fernswamps, underbrush, cattails. Through May 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 10. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Erté—Eighty gouaches, the earliest dated 1911, for stage sets and fashion and costume designs. Through April 27. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Claire Falkenstein—Sculptures, paintings, and graphics dating from 1945 to the present. Through April 24. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Eric Fischl—Large-scale paintings in the social-realist tradition (working girls and their sewing machines) and drawings in oil on glassine sheets. Through May 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Terry Fugate-Wilcox—Two-sided paintings on canvas, mounted on pedestals and set on the gallery floor. Through April 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

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Aris Koutroulis / Kenneth Morgan—Raw horizontal canvas strips laid on an acrylic backing that has seeped in between them. / Bright-colored abstractions of circus scenes. The artist was once a circus acrobat. Through Saturday, April 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Two works: cylinders (eight, ten, and twelve feet long) filled with colored mineral water, and a greenhouse whose glass has been etched in the shape of flowers. Through Saturday, April 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Harold Olejarz—Stacked-wood sculptures. Through April 20. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Lucio Pozzi—Recent works. Through April 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings in which leafy houseplants are silhouetted against a wooded landscape. Through Wednesday, April 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Eight recent combine paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Sonenberg and Ursula von Rydingsvard—Wood sculptures. Through April 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the **boone**, 420 West Broadway: A single painting apiece by Ross Bleckner and Julian Schnabel, and three paintings by David Salle. Through May 1.... **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artists who make use of symbols in their work: Robert Beauchamp, Audrey Flack, Mary Frank, Buffie Johnson, Marisol, Salvatore Meo, and Daphne Mumford. Through Thursday, April 17. (Opens at 11:30.)

Sculpture—This rich show of works by American and European abstract artists includes one of Calder's very first freestanding mobiles ("The Spider"), a painted-wood piece by Louise Bourgeois, and a small work in fibre glass, steel, and wood by Mark di Suvero. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

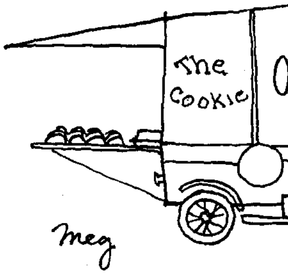
OTHER GALLERIES

David Hockney—Two shows: A hundred and fifty works, divided equally between drawings and prints, at the Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through May 3); and about twenty drawings at the Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 26).

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions. Through Thursday, April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Jack Roth—Very large color-field paintings, called the Ramapo Series, plus smaller abstracts based on the figure, by a mathematics professor at Ramapo State College, in New Jersey. Through Saturday, April 12. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Susan Smith / Jody Pinto—Wall paintings inspired by the traceries of stairs and chimneys left on surviving walls when a building is torn down, plus related drawings. / New drawings in which anatomical members—legs, arms—are mingled in with landscapes. Through April 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)



Group Show—Paintings by Leo Manso, Robert Kaupelis, Anne Tabachnick, and Jacqueline Harvey, and sculptures by Louis Trakis. Through Saturday, April 12. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael de Camp—Large color photographs. Through Friday, April 18. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

David Haxton / Kenneth Snelson—Color prints, all of them of arrangements of photographer's backdrop paper. / Panoramic views of New York by the sculptor. Through April 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

K. Helmer-Petersen—Abstract color photographs by a Danish photographer. Through Saturday, April 19. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St. Opens at noon.)

Hiromitsu Morimoto—Large hand-applied-emulsion prints. Through Thursday, April 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—Photographs from the twenties and thirties on the theme of romantic love by this ninety-four-year-old documentarian of Harlem, who took up the camera at the age of fourteen. Through Saturday, April 19. (New York Public Library's Countee Cullen Branch, 104 W. 136th St. Mondays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Mike Zide / Bob Willoughby—Landscapes of Martha's Vineyard / Photographs of Hollywood celebrities (Katharine Hepburn, James Dean) and of people in Ireland. Through Saturday, April 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

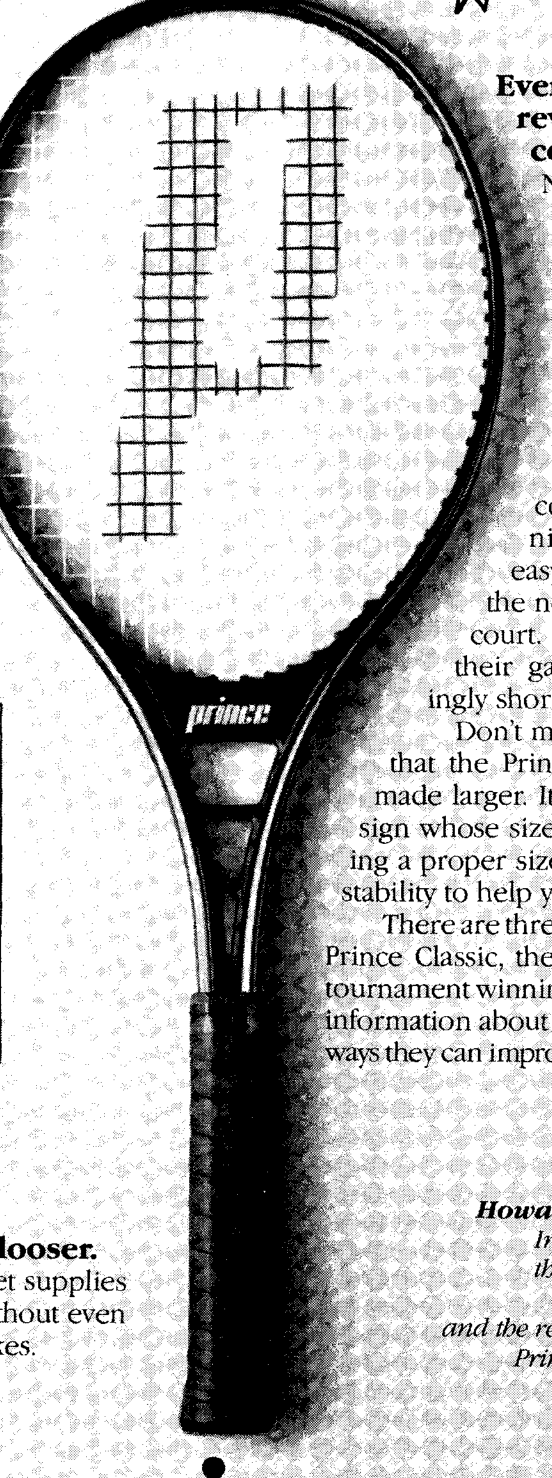
Group Shows—At **hastings-rinhart**, 121 E. 24th St.: One print apiece by sixty-three fashion photographers, all but a few of them contemporary. Through Saturday, April 12.... **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage. Flaherty's classic film "Nanook of the North" is shown Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.... ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)... **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: View-camera prints by Larry Fink; SX-70 emulsion transferred to paper by Nancy Rexroth—the prints depict tangled vegetation; rural back-yard scenes in Athens, Ohio, by Mark Schwartz. Through April 26.... **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view.... ¶ In another gallery, documentary works from the thirties, done for various government agencies, by Peter Sekaer. Both shows through Saturday, April 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)... **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: A survey of Pictorialism that ranges from an eighteen-sixties daguerreotype by Southworth and Hawes, to a nineteen-thirties print by Clara Sipprell, to contemporary palladium prints by Jed Devine. Through May 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Starts Saturday, April 12.... ¶ The André Meyer Galleries, a suite of fourteen new galleries established for the museum's paintings and sculptures of the nineteenth-century European masters (David, Rodin, Ingres, Goya, Renoir, Degas, Maillol, among them), have opened on the second floor of the new South Wing.... ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five

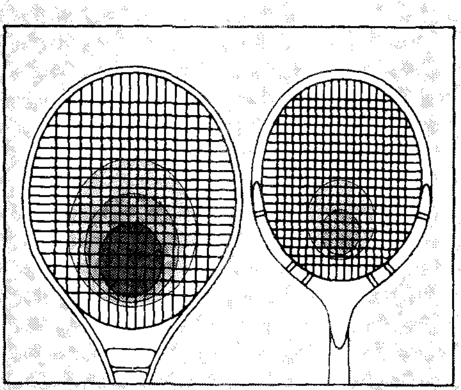
"Why a good player plays even better with a Prince."

Howard Head



Most important is the size of the sweet spot. It's 3-1/2 times larger. So a ball you might hit slightly off the sweet spot of your present racket becomes a clean, solid, accurate shot with a Prince.

It is less likely to twist in your hand.
Because the Prince is about two inches wider, it's more stable. It stays on an even plane when you meet the ball, hitting the ball squarely. Which makes still more of your shots full and solid. (You hear a lot more 'pings' instead of 'thuds' with a Prince.)



Prince has a 3-1/2 times larger sweet spot. Plus an extra-*sweet sweet spot (the darkest area) that is wasted in the throat of conventional rackets.*

You'll find yourself swinging looser.
When you hit more solidly, the racket supplies more of the power. So you relax, without even realizing it, and the better your strokes.

Even the stringing is revolutionary for greater control.
Notice how I put more strings toward the center of the racket where the strings are longer and more resilient. (You can tell because the spaces are smaller.) This gives uniform tension across the entire racket face for even greater control.

The Prince is as light as conventional rackets. It's a nimble, highly responsive, easy to serve racket, as lethal at the net as it is steady in the backcourt. Most players who switch say their game improves in a surprisingly short time.

Don't make the mistake of assuming that the Prince is a conventional racket made larger. It's a revolutionary racket design whose size was determined by providing a proper size sweet spot and the proper stability to help you play at your peak.

There are three Prince rackets. The original Prince Classic, the firmer Prince Pro, and the tournament winning Prince Graphite. For more information about Prince rackets and the many ways they can improve your game, drop me a line.

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the original
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1.... ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through Sunday, April 13.... ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St., has works on paper by the same artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25.... ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. ... ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century New England and Southern period rooms have been reopened.... ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29.... ¶ Etchings and drawings by Peter Milton. Through May 4.... ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, all of them for projects that are grand in either concept or scale. Dating from the sixteenth century to the present, they include interiors (stage sets, doorways) and exteriors (gardens, fountains, monuments). Through June 1.... ¶ A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Starts Thursday, April 10. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portraits and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1.... ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Y Pants (performance), Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30; Arleen Schloss (performance), Thursday, April 17, at 8:30; an exhibit by two conceptual artists (John Turturro and Mr. Mental), through Saturday. April 19; records and cassettes, together with related scores, photographs, and album covers, by more than forty artists, through April 26.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Earl Howard & Joseph Paul Taylor (music), Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30; Courtney P. Graham-Gazaway, Tom Johnson, and Bleim Kern (performance), Friday, April 11, at 8:30; Ed Friedman (performance), Saturday, April 12, at 8:30; Karen Achenbach, Becky Johnston, and Shelley Lake (videotapes), Sunday, April 13, at 8:30; Larry Miller (performance), Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30; Martin Rev (music), Saturday, April 19, at 8:30; audiotapes, including drama, poetry, and songs, by Laurie Anderson, the Mabou Mines, Ned Sublette, and others, through Saturday, April 19; videotapes by Antonio Muntadas, Stephen Laub, Becky Johnston, and others, through April 26.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers and included in the listings.)

OPERA

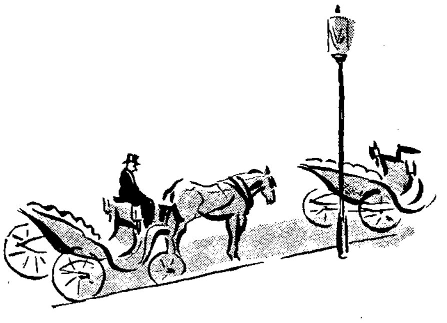
Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, Vern Shinall, and William Wildermann; James Levine.... ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Kathleen Battle, John Alexander, James Atherton, Ara Berberian, and Werner Klemperer (in a non-singing role); James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine.... ¶ Monday, April 14, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "L'Elisir D'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Domenico Trimarchi; Nicola Rescigno.... ¶ Friday, April 18, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday April 19, at 2: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Saturday, April 19 at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, April 10: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Joseph Evans, and David Hall conducted by Christopher Keene.... ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "La Cenerentola" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi RoseMarie Freni, Rockwell Blake, and Alan Titus; Brian Salesky.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Sherry Zannoth, Jacque Trussel and Vernon Hartman; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 13: "La Cenerentola" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, RoseMarie Freni, Rockwell Blake, and Alan Titus; Brian Salesky.... ¶ Sunday evening, April 13: "Faust," with Diana Soviero Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz, and Brent Ellis; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 16 "La Cenerentola" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, RoseMarie Freni, Rockwell Blake, and Alan Titus Brian Salesky.... ¶ Thursday evening, Apri 17: "Faust," with Diana Soviero, Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz and Brent Ellis; Christopher Keene... ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Les Conte d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 19: "Carmen," with Anita Terzian, Judith James, Michele Molese, and David Holloway; Charle Wendelken-Wilson.... ¶ Saturday evening April 19: "Faust," with Diana Soviero Kathleen Hegierski, Barry McCauley, Justino Díaz, and Brent Ellis; Christophe Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

New York Lyric Opera Company—Michael Bartos directing a performance of Jean-Baptiste Lully's "Acis et Galatée," with Ann Monoyios and Josephine Mongiardo, sopranos; Paul Tomasko, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, baritone (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-1993.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 2; Saturday, April 12, at 8; and Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30 (all with Jerome Lowenthal, piano); and Thursday, April 17, at 8; Friday, April 18, at



N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

Yellow
Antiques

"SURE I CAN GET IT ALL IN. I GOT IT ALL OUT."

Skeptical?

You needn't be, you know.

All the assorted paraphernalia that you see in the picture above really did get into a 1980 Volkswagen Rabbit before it came back out again. Because although the outside is definitely all Rabbit, superbly snug-looking and stylishly compact, the inside is all Volkswagen. And you know what that means.

It means that thanks to a fold-down rear-seat, a Rabbit can be terrifically useful whenever you're thinking of transporting things.

Even surprisingly large things.

Like a steamer trunk.

Not to mention your favorite bric-a-brac or knick-a-knack.

But just in case you prefer chauffeuring people to things, we've got some good news in that department, too.

Because, you see, the Rabbit's got ample room to fit four of them comfortably.

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So think about packing you and yours into a 1980 Rabbit.

And remember, when you do, you won't just have a Volkswagen Rabbit.

If you so desire, you'll have a stuffed Rabbit.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2; and Saturday, April 19, at 8 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin).

Texas Little Symphony—John Giordano conducting this orchestra appearing here for the first time. With Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" in concert form, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Osceola Davis, soprano; William Johns, tenor; and the Choral Guild of Atlanta. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 7:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one a program of American music, 1960 to the present, with Joan La Barbara, soprano, and the Columbia String Quartet. Mr. Foss will participate in a forum at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting, with Kari Lövaas, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by the Temple University Orchestra, conducted by Jonathan Sternberg; the Temple Trio; the Kean College Chorale and Concert Chorus; and the Riverdale Choral Society. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, April 13, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Richard Versalle, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of motets by Bach, Poulenc, Copland, Ernest Krenek, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Cathedral Singers—Richard Westenburg directing a mostly Mozart program. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 13, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. and 64th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by James Moeser. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 5:30.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of eight new works by him and seven friends, with Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Moore, cello; and Jeff Kraus, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

John Marco—Clarinet, with the Emerson String Quartet and James Gemmell, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 9, at 8, an all-Schubert program; and Thursday, April 17, at 8, a Haydn-Smetana-Dvořák program.) . . . ¶ A Haydn-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (College Parlour, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Thursday, April 10, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Malka Schwarz—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

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Peter Rosenfeld and Robert Levin—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

William Matthews—Guitar and lute. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—With Jaime Laredo, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, bass; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 2.)

New York University Contemporary Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shlomo Mintz, violin; Paul Schenly, piano; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 12, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, April 13, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 7:30.)

Gilbert Kalish—Piano, with the Juilliard String Quartet, in a Mozart-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Marian Thompson—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of six recitals will be performed by Susan Robinson, soprano, and Lucy Cross, lute. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 13, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 8.)

Edmund Battersby—Piano, in a Debussy-Granados program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 13, at 8.)

Gustav Leonhardt and Sergiu Luca—Harpsichord and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, April 13, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Eulàlia Solé—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

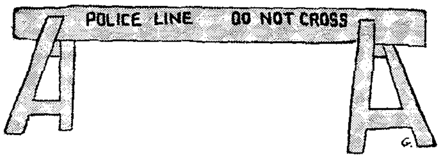
Joseph Porrello—Tenor, with Fortunato Arico, cello; Kenneth Merrill, piano; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 570-5736, Monday through Friday, from 1 to 5.)

Kenneth Cooper and Carol Wincenc—Harpsichord and flute, preceded by a performance of Charles Wuorinen's "Percussion Symphony," by the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble, conducted by Raymond DesRoches. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Steve Reich and Musicians—A program of music for six pianos and octet. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Tuesday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-3611.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Paula Robison, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)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Folger Consort—The last in a series of concerts of early music. This program is entitled "Triptych III: France." (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

Orpheus—With Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

Concert Royal—Eight instrumentalists in a mostly Mozart program. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

L. Subramaniam—Violin, with T. Ranganathan, mrdangam, in a program of South Indian classical music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Benjamin Hudson and Elizabeth Wright—Violin and piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 18, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord. (Christ Church, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Susan Gregory—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Jerome Barry—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Monster Concert—Eugene List and twenty-nine other pianists performing a program on ten pianos. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Alban Berg Retrospective—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Raymond Murcell, baritone; Evelyne Crochet, piano; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Brooklyn College Chamber Chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—A two-part program, one segment featuring pianist-conductor Marvin Hamlisch and members of the New York Philharmonic in a concert of Mr. Hamlisch's music, with pop singers Kelly Bishop, Priscilla Lopez, Nancy Lane, and Kay Cole; and the other segment featuring Gerard Schwarz conducting the Philharmonic group in a Rossini-Stravinsky concert. The beneficiary is Cancer Care Inc. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—First league games here—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 15-16, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs—Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 9, at 7:35, and, if necessary, Monday, April 14, at 7:35.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Monday, April 14, at 8:05.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Excel-

Left to right: Garland Dusenberry (age 68), Clarence Rolman (78), Lem Tolley (82), Herb Fanning (78), Charley Walker (69), Lawrence Waggoner (89), "Spook" Harrison (70).

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sior Handicap, Saturday, April 12, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Minnesota. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles World Cup: A five-day round-robin between players from the United States (Stu Goldstein), Canada (Sharif Khan), Mexico (Mario Sanchez), Pakistan (Hiddy Jahan), and New Zealand (Bruce Brownlee). (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. 860-8630. Wednesday through Friday, April 16-18, at 7; Saturday, April 19, at 4:30; and Sunday, April 20, at 5.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

ST. MARK'S POETRY PROJECT BENEFIT—At Town Hall—Saturday, April 19, at 2: Philip Glass, Andy deGroat & Dancers, Kenneth Koch, Grace Paley, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: Larry Rivers, Taylor Mead, John Ashbery, John Giorno, and others. (For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

POETRY READINGS—Paul Zweig reading from his own works. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, April 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Robert Hayden and Tomas Tranströmer reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, April 14, at 8.). . . ¶ George MacBeth and Mark Strand reading from their own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 14, at 8.). . . ¶ David Wagoner reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Richard Hugo and Howard Moss reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 17, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

WALKING TOUR—"Brooklyn Heights: The Fashionable Brooklyn of a Century Ago," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 13, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

FLOWER SHOW—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Wednesday through Sunday, April 9-13, from 10 to 4. No admission fee Wednesday through Friday.

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 9, at 10:15 and 2:30: Books and autograph letters, including the Blaeu Atlas (1662), a first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and some early Hemingway letters (1919-24). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 2: American autographs, among them two Washington letters. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bonnard, Rodin, and Signac. . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: European porcelain, pottery, and *objets de vertu;* from the estate of Nelson A. Rockefeller. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 10:15 and 2: French furniture. . . . ¶ Monday, April 14, at 2, and Tuesday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: European porcelain, including a collection of Wegely Berlin figures, an eighteen-piece monkey band from the Meissen factory, and some First Period Worcester dishes and bowls (from the estate of Donald S. Morrison). Exhibition starts Thursday, April 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, clocks, watches, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 12. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 10, at 10: French and other Continental furniture, objects of art, rugs, and tapestries. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 10 and 2: Books and manuscripts, among them a collection of works by John Gould. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: Part I of the George R. Hann collection of Russian icons and other works of art.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 13: "The Fearless Vampire Killers."
April 14: Theatre closed.
From April 15: "On Company Business."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 12: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" and "The American Friend."
April 13-14: "La Salamandre" and "The Spider's Stratagem."
April 15-16: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" and "Tout Va Bien."
April 17-19: "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 10: "Chapter Two" and "Just You and Me, Kid."
April 11-17: "American Gigolo" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From April 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Little Darlings."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 10: "When Time Ran Out."
From April 11: "A Small Circle of Friends."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serial."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Gilda Live."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 12: "The Changeling."
From April 13: "Incorrigible."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420)
Through April 10: "Cruising."
From April 11: "A Small Circle of Friends."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 17: "Wise Blood."
From April 18: "Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022)
Through April 10: "Simon."
From April 11: "The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-0774)
Through April 10: "A Small Circle of Friends."
From April 11: "Simon."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 10: "Chapter Two."
April 11-17: "The Last Married Couple in America."
From April 18: To be announced.

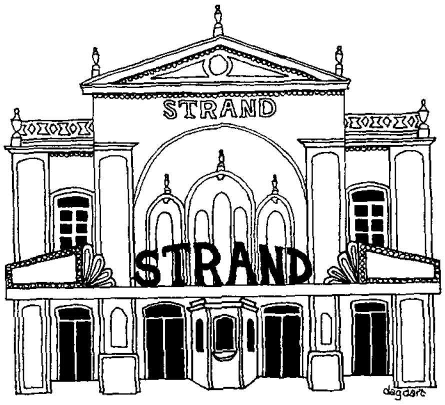
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Little Darlings."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 10: "When Time Ran Out."
From April 11: "Night Games."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hide in Plain Sight."



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Penitentiary." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The Changeling." From April 18: "Wise Blood."
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "American Gigolo." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 4: "Hide in Plain Sight."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 16: "Apocalypse Now."
From April 17: "The Watcher in the Woods."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Being There."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Clair de Femme."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Wicker Man."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Left-Handed Woman."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through April 17: "Chapter Two."
From April 18: "Wise Blood."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "The Fog." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 2: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Island at the Top of the World."
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "The Changeling." From April 11: "The Fog."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through April 10: "The War at Home."
From April 11: "Hide in Plain Sight."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 10: "The Fog" and "Winter Kills."
April 11-17: "Chapter Two" and "Just You and Me, Kid."
From April 18: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Gilda Live." (†) April 11-17: "Simon." (†) From April 18: "Sitting Ducks."
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Cruising." (†) From April 11: "Gilda Live." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 17: "The Rose." From April 18: "Simon." (†)
Theatre 4: Through April 10: "The Fifth Floor." From April 11: "The Fog." (†)
Theatre 5: Through April 10: "When Time Ran Out." (†) From April 11: "A Small Circle of Friends." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Chapter Two." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Serial." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through April 10: "The Fog." (†)
From April 11: "Night Games." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Penitentiary." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
To be announced.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Lady and the Tramp" (†) and "The Island at the Top of the World." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 9: "Häxan" (1922; "Witchcraft Through the Ages"), a Swedish documentary film; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
April 10: "Los Olvidados" (1950; "The Young and the Damned"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.
April 11: "Lenny" (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine; and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded at Basin Street West, San Francisco, in August, 1965.
April 12-13: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
April 14: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; "Local Color" (1977), directed by Mark Rappaport; "One Way Boogie Woogie" (1979), directed by James Benning; and "The Death of Maria Malibran" (1972), in German, directed by Werner Schroeter.
April 15: "Zatoichi's Revenge" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Inoue, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Magoichi's Saga" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Kinnosuke Nakamura.
April 16: "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977), directed by John Boorman, with Linda

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; and "The Medusa Touch." (†)

April 17: "The Battle of Algiers" (†); and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971), in French, directed by Fernando Arrabal.

April 18: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

From April 19: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through April 12: Nine new French films, with English subtitles. Call theatre for titles, dates, and times.

April 13: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966), in French, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Philippe Erlanger; and "Phèdre." (†)

April 14: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "Shadowman" (1974), directed by Georges Franju, with Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin, and Jacques Champreux.

April 15: "Rio Lobo" (1971), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne; and "Viva, Villa!" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks and Jack Conway, with Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, and Donald Cook.

April 16: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; "La Bohème" (1926), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish, John Gilbert, Renée Adorée, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Salome." (†)

April 17: "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova and Delia Garcés; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

April 18: "Madame Rosa" (†); and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

April 19: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 10: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976), directed by Lewis John Carlino, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.

April 11-12: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

April 13-14: "Lord of the Flies" (1963), directed by Peter Brook, with a cast of children; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

April 15: "The Sorrow and the Pity." (†)

April 16-17: "The Story of O" (1975), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin; and "Madam Kitty" (1977), directed by Tinto Brass, with Helmut Berger and Ingrid Thulin.

April 18-19: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson. In 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 12: "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton.

April 13-14: "Alice Adams" (†) and "Father of the Bride." (†)

April 15-16: "The Ipcress File" (†); and "Topaz" (1969), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Frederick Stafford, John Vernon, John Forsythe, and Dany Robin.

April 17-19: "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone; and "Captain from Castile" (1947), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power and Jean Peters.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 9: "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire, Fran Drescher, and Jay Leno.

April 10: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort; and "The Best Way" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Miller, with Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal.

April 11-12: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.

April 13: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†); and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.

April 14: "I Shot Jesse James" (1949), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Preston Foster and Barbara Britton; and "The Steel Helmet" (1951), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Robert Hutton and James Edwards.

April 15: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (†); "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Study in Scarlet" (1933), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Reginald Owen and Anna Mae Wong.

April 16: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; and "Faust" (1926), a German silent film, directed by F. W Murnau, with Emil Jannings, Camilla Horn, and William Dieterle.

April 17: "Sex Madness" (1937); "Marijuana, The Devil's Weed" (1936), directed by Dwain Esper; and "Trapped by the Mormons" (1922).

April 18-19: "Blackboard Jungle" (†); and "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254 7400)

April 9: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; and "Portrait in Black (1960), directed by Michael Gordon, with Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, John Saxon, and Sandra Dee.

April 10: "Watch on the Rhine" (1943), directed by Herman Shumlin, with Bett Davis, Paul Lukas, Geraldine Fitzgerald Lucile Watson, and Beulah Bondi; and "The Searching Wind" (1946), directed by William Dieterle, with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young, Ann Richards, and Dudley Digges.

April 11: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

April 12-13: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

April 14: "The Front Page" (†) and "I Cover the Waterfront." (†)

April 15: "Wonder Bar" (†) and "Go Into Your Dance." (†)

April 16: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with

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April 17: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey; and "Honey." (†)

April 18: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "The Fallen Idol." (†)

From April 19: "The Great Gatsby" (1949), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "This Gun for Hire." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 10 at 2:30: "Made for Each Other" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart.... ¶ April 10 at 6: "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, and Alida Valli.... ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift.... ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Duel in the Sun" (1946), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, and Lillian Gish.... ¶ April 12 at noon: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935), directed by Jack Conway, with Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, and Edna May Oliver.... ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "A Farewell to Arms" (1957), directed by Charles Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Rock Hudson, and Vittorio De Sica.... ¶ April 13 at noon: "A Tale of Two Cities."... ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Light's Diamond Jubilee" (1954), a three-hour television broadcast, directed by William Wellman, King Vidor, and others.... ¶ April 14 at noon: "How to Look at a City" (1964), directed by George C. Stoney; "Nightlife" (1976), directed by Robin Lehman; and "Saga of the Sea Otter" (1976), directed by Jeff Foote.... ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "A Farewell to Arms."... ¶ April 15 at noon: "How to Look at a City," "Nightlife," and "Saga of the Sea Otter."... ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "The Brat" (1931), directed by John Ford, with Sally O'Neil, Alan Dinehart, and Virginia Cherrill.... ¶ April 17 at 2:30: "Light's Diamond Jubilee."... ¶ April 17 at 6: "Avital" (1979), directed by Tal Larish.... ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Ethel Barrymore.... ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "The Wild Heart" (1952), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, and Hugh Griffith.... ¶ April 19 at noon: "Viva, Villa!" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks and Jack Conway, with Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, and Donald Cook.... ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 11 at 6: "Return of the Secaucus Seven" (United States; John Sayles).... ¶ April 11 at 8:30: "Drugstore Romance" (France; Paul Vecchiali).... ¶ April 11 at 11: "Without Limits" (Mexico; Arturo Ripstein).... ¶ April 12 at 6: "Top Dog" (Poland; Feliks Falk).... ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Radio On" (Great Britain/West Germany; Christopher Petit).... ¶ April 12 at 11: "Tapdancin'" (United States; Christian Blackwood) and "Memories of Duke" (United States; Gary Keys).... ¶ April 13 at 6: "The Outsider" (Ireland/United States/the Netherlands; Tony Luraschi).... ¶ April 13 at 8:30: "Baara" (Mali; Souleymane Cissé).... ¶ April 14 at 6: "Drugstore Romance."... ¶ April 14 at 8:30: "Interviews on Personal Problems" (U.S.S.R.; Lana Gogoberidze).... ¶ April 15 at 6: "Radio On."... ¶ April 15 at 8:30: "The Outsider."... ¶ April 16 at 6: "Interviews on Personal Problems."... ¶ April 16 at 8: "Doomed Love" (Portugal; Manoel de Oliveira).... ¶ April 18 at 6: "Baara."... ¶ April 18 at 8:30: "Black Goddess" (Brazil/Nigeria; Ola Balogun).... ¶ April 18 at 11: "Tapdancin'" and "Memories of Duke."... ¶ April 19 at 6: "Black Goddess."... ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "The Phans of Jersey City" (United States; Abbie H. Fink, Stephen L. Forman, John Fraker, and Dennis Lanson) and "Daughter Rite" (United States; Michelle Citron).... ¶ April 19 at 11: "Without Limits." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 13: Two films by Alfred Guzzetti—"Scenes from Childhood" (1979), showings at noon and 4:30, and "Family Portrait Sittings" (1975), showings at 2.... ¶ Starting April 17: Two installations by Chris Burden—"B-Car" (1976) and "C.B.T.V." (1977). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 10-13: Two documentary films—"The Free Voice of Labor: The Jewish Anarchists" (1980), directed by Steven Fischler and Joel Sucher; and "Avital" (1980), directed by Tal Larish.... ¶ Starting April 17: "The Battle of Chile (Part 3): Power of the People" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzmán; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Beacon, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—A program called "The World's Worst Films Festival." There are twenty-one of them, and they will be shown from April 15-20. Call theatre for titles, dates, and times.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Art; through April 12.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only with a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Regency; April 13-14.)

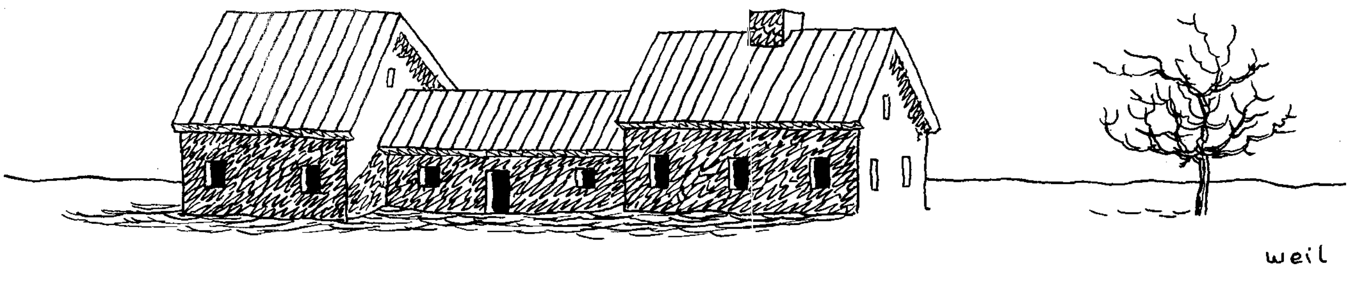
All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoes on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Art; through April 12.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Quad Cinema; through April 10.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 11-17.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld; through April 16.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 17.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidently rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Rainer Werner Fassbinder here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Art; April 17-19.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Based on a novel by Evan Hunter, and with a mostly sensible and sage screenplay by the director, Richard Brooks. About a wild bunch of city school kids who torment authority with rape, mayhem, and gutter witticisms. The hero blithely believes that teaching is a creative activity, and tries to inculcate a love of Eng. Lit. in class. His good will is much strained, but he is of a rare breed. With Glenn Ford and Anne Francis, plus some welcome horse sense from Louis Calhern. The usual cop-out of films about delinquency (including this one) occurs in the plot, which says that the answer is to weed out the savable from the beyond hope; the glibness of the story incites easy cynicism in an audience. (Thalia; April 18-19.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

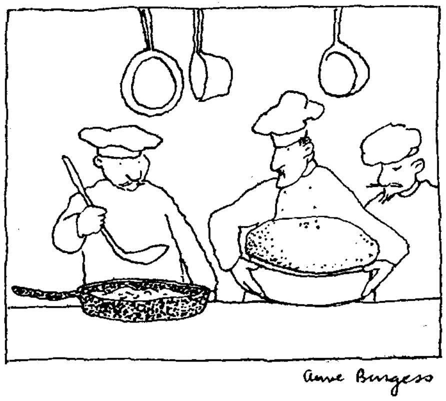
Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Changeling—With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Melvyn Douglas, and Jean Marsh; directed by Peter Medak. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 83rd Quad; through April 10. . . . ¶ Plaza; through April 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 17.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through April 10. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 17. . . . ¶ Olympia; April 11-17.)



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Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich Playhouse 1.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack are repellent but powerful, yet the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot only encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 2, and Criterion Center; through April 10.)

Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of a small boy (Bobby Henrey), an ambassador's son, to protect the butler (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. With Michèle Morgan, Denis O'Dea, Jack Hawkins, Dora Bryan, and Bernard Lee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

Father of the Bride (1950)—A heavily conventional, plushly middle-class view of normal romance and marriage, seen from the standpoint of the banker-father (Spencer Tracy) of the bride (Elizabeth Taylor, still in her teens). Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich wrote this comedy with an eye to the father's misgivings about the groom and his Oedipal fixation on his daughter; it's an archetypal sit-com situation. Vincente Minnelli directed very simply and skillfully, keeping us at a discreet distance; we look on at the follies of sensible, prosperous people in their clean, comfortable, Waspy homes. Within its own terms, the picture is sensitive and very well done, but it's also tiresomely fraudulent: an idealization of a safe, shuttered existence, the good life according to M-G-M—twenty-four-karat complacency. Tracy, at the center of things, gives his basic sturdy-clod performance, somewhat better modulated than usual. Elizabeth Taylor is gentle and soft-toned, and Minnelli uses her sparingly, resisting the temptation to feast on her in closeup; she and Joan Bennett, who plays her mother, match up together neatly. Don Taylor as the groom is a mistake, though; he lacks solidity—he's so nice-boy lightweight he's like an updated David Manners. With Leo G. Carroll, Melville Cooper, Billie Burke, Moroni Olsen, and Russ (then Rusty) Tamblyn. From the book by Edward Streeter. (Regency; April 13-14.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written by, acted in, and then disowned by Roman Polanski, who made it in Britain under the title "Dance of the Vampires." When the picture was first shown in the United States, eighteen minutes were cut. The full version is being shown here—cut dance sequences have been restored, as well as the use of Polanski's own voice, which was dubbed in the original release. The film flails, but the talent is visible somewhere. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 13.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia; and Loews State 1; through April 10. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting April 11.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; April 17-19.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone. It stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version of 1940 or the 1974 one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clark as the neurotic prostitute and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

Gilda Live—Filmed at Gilda Radner's stage performance on Broadway last August (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Criterion Center.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one but she retains he peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archi Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Apri 15.)

Hide in Plain Sight—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who i suddenly and cruelly deprived of his tw young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture which is based on an actual series of event that began in the late nineteen-sixties (th worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection) was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essentia to a story that stretches over many months James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portraya of a case-hardened federal cop. (86th St

East, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; starting April 11.)

Honey (1930)—Paramount in its frivolous, popular-musical-comedy glory, when it was raiding Broadway and the Algonquin. The original material was by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas; Herman J. Mankiewicz did the adaptation; and the star is Nancy Carroll, as the aristocratic young Southern girl who rents her family mansion to rich New Yorkers and takes the job of cook, while her brother (Skeets Gallagher) plays butler. A great hit, it was followed by dozens of movies that aped its characters and situations; television sit-coms finally exhausted them, just recently. The cast includes Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts, Harry Green, and Jobyna Howland; Wesley Ruggles directed. The musical numbers include "Sing You Sinners." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Thalia; April 15.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese to the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

Incorrigible—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Plaza; starting April 13.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Michael Caine as a myopic spy in Sidney J. Furie's overwrought (and rather silly) version of a Len Deighton novel. This film was a big box-office hit; Caine must have been the chief reason. (Regency; April 15-16.)

The Island at the Top of the World—From the Disney studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria.)

Just You and Me, Kid—With George Burns and Brooke Shields, directed by Leonard Stern. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; April 11-17.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria.)

The Last Married Couple in America—A depressed, haggard comedy about infidelity among the Jacuzzi set in lower California. Everyone talks fast and plays around, and the adulterers are rewarded with guilt, impotence, and venereal disease. With Natalie Wood, George Segal (mugging like Lionel Barrymore on speed), Valerie Harper, and Richard Benjamin. (72nd Street East; April 11-17.)

The Left-Handed Woman—With Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz, directed by Peter Handke. In German. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Forum.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (St. Marks Cinema; April 11-17.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

The Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (Thalia; April 13.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic upturn. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Medusa Touch (1978)—An absurd thriller about a lonely writer endowed with telekinesis—the apparent ability to move, or even destroy, through psychic powers. Sometimes hilariously silly, but worth seeing for Richard Burton, a clap of thunder that still resounds around the acting world. Directed by Jack Gold, with a cast including Michael Hordern, Lee Remick, and Lino Ventura. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

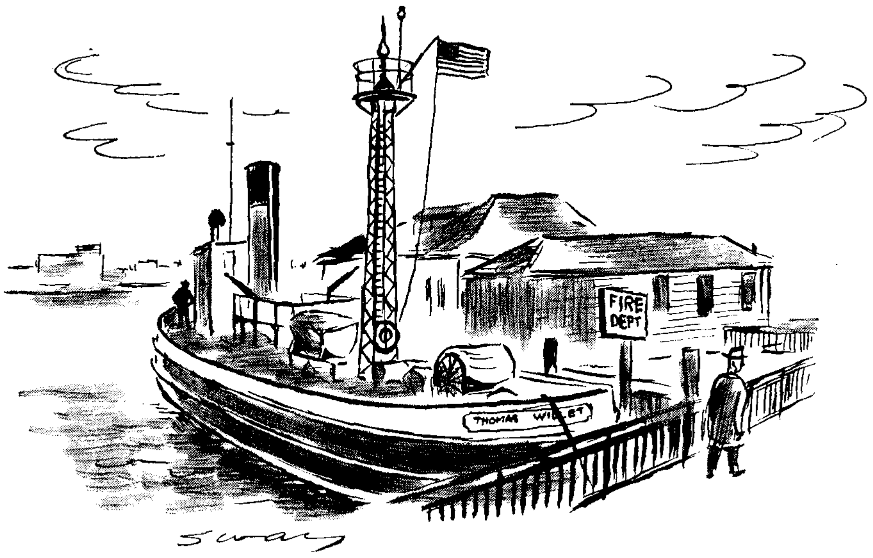
Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—Fassbinder again. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Art; April 15-16.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Night Games—With Cindy Pickett, Joanna Cassidy, and Barry Primus; directed by Roger Vadim. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting April 11.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

On Company Business—A three-hour documentary about the C.I.A. Directed by Allan Francovich. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting April 15.)

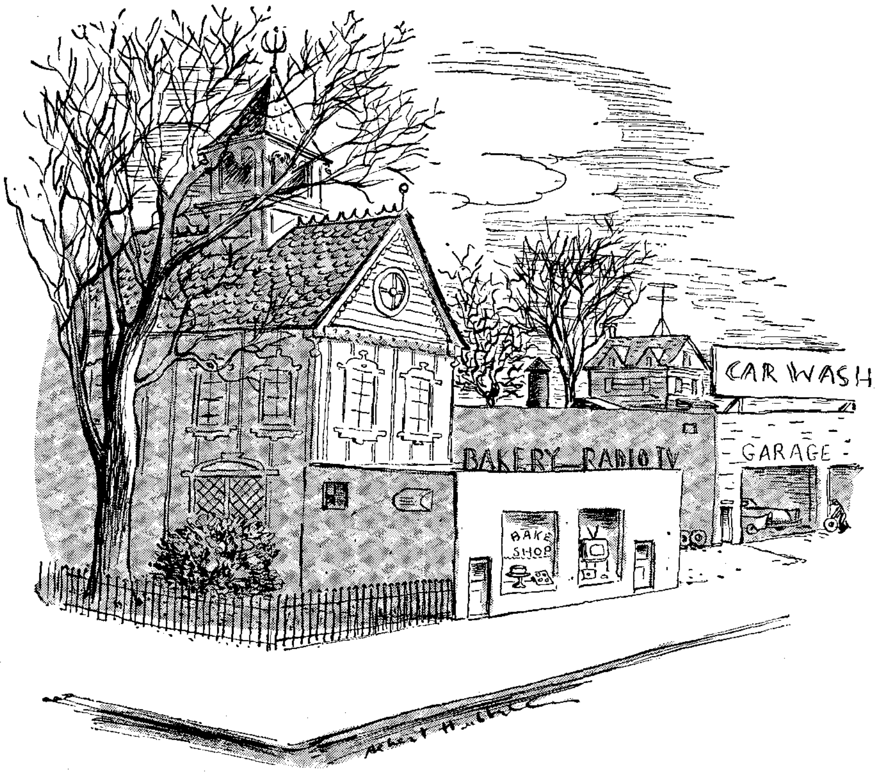
Penitentiary—With Leon Isaac Kennedy, directed by Jamaa Fanaka. (National. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

Phèdre (1968)—Marie Bell has been acclaimed as the greatest Phèdre since Bernhardt. Most Americans must take this judgment on faith, but at least it's possible to see her legendary performance and to glean an idea of the sound and look of the classic French style of acting from this somewhat shortened version of the Racine tragedy in Alexandrine verse, directed (in color) by Pierre Jourdan. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 13.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Art; April 13-14.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed her own name also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes, based on Beardsley's drawings. The strange results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16.)

Serial—With Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld, directed by Bill Persky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



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Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema I; through April 10. . . . ¶ Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting April 11.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

A Small Circle of Friends—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (Cinema II; through April 10. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Manhattan 2, and Criterion Center; starting April 11.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Cinema Village; April 15.)

Soupçon—With Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (Baronet; starting April 18.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Art; April 13-14.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting April 19.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Glossily amusing Paramount version of the Graham Greene spy-intrigue thriller, with Alan Ladd as the nervous, gentle, and sensitive gunman without a trace of human kindliness. What heart he has he gives to the care of sad cats, mongrels, and such. Laird Cregar is the sinister stout villain with fussy habits; the proprietor of a night club, he hires Veronica Lake to entertain the patrons. This was Veronica Lake's first big starring role, and she is the most stylized character of all. Her face is so impeccably blank that when she smiles, as she does perhaps twice in the film, hearts can be heard to break—smack—in the theatre. Frank Tuttle directed; Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett did the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 19.)

The Tin Drum—Based on the Günter Grass novel, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Cinema 1; starting April 11.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Art; April 15-16.)

The War at Home—A documentary about the anti-war movement between 1963 and 197 in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. (New Yorker 2; through April 10.)

The Watcher in the Woods—With Bette Davis Lynn-Holly Johnson, David McCallum, and Carroll Baker; directed by John Hough (Ziegfeld; starting April 17.)

When Time Ran Out—With Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, and William Holden; directed by James Goldstone. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center; through April 10.)

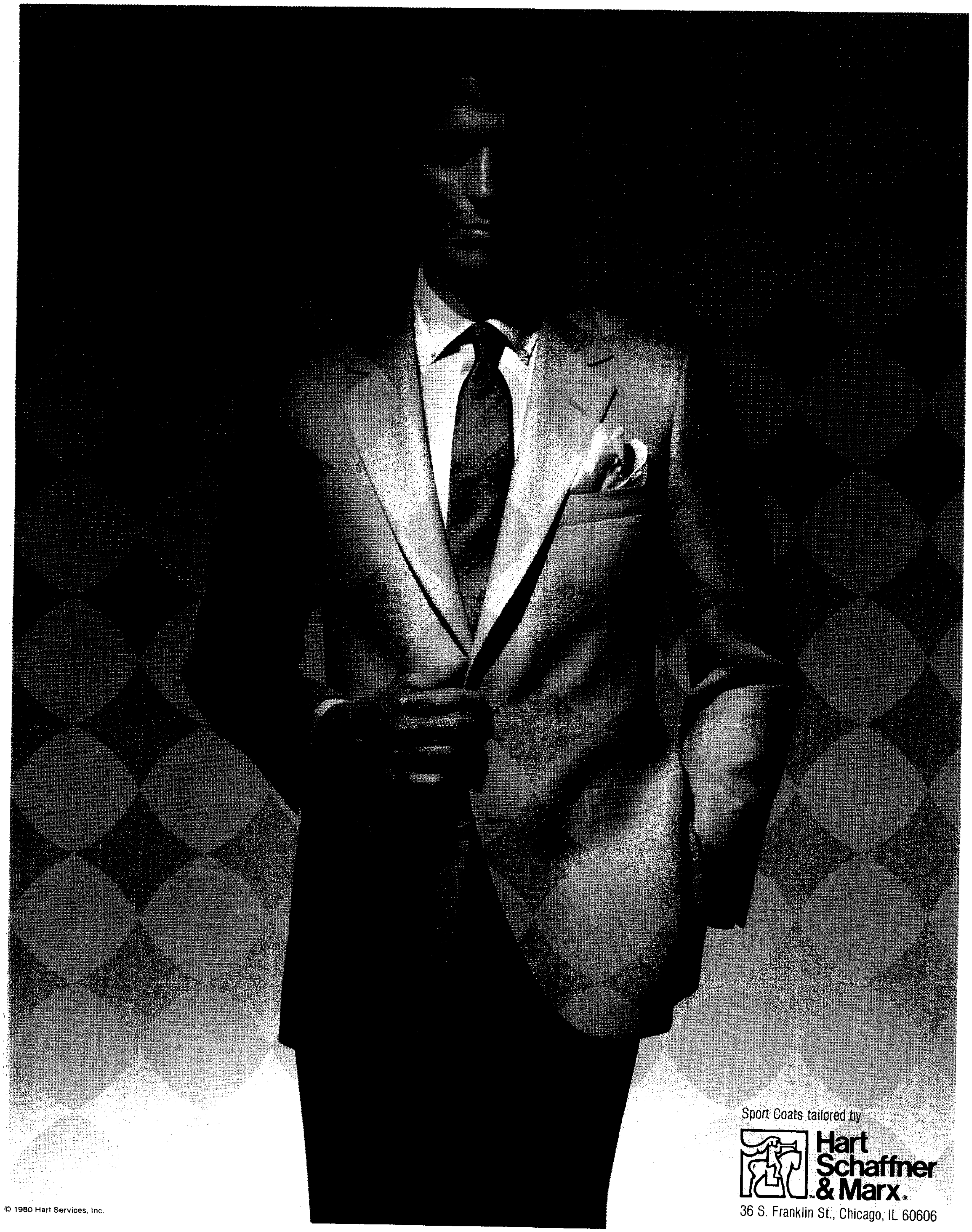
The Wicker Man—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy (Paramount.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a nove by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb a a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer (6/4/79) (Olympia; through April 10.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor' first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film tha has not quite made up its mind whether i wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce (2/25/80) (Baronet; through April 17. . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. starting April 18.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15.)

Christian Dior



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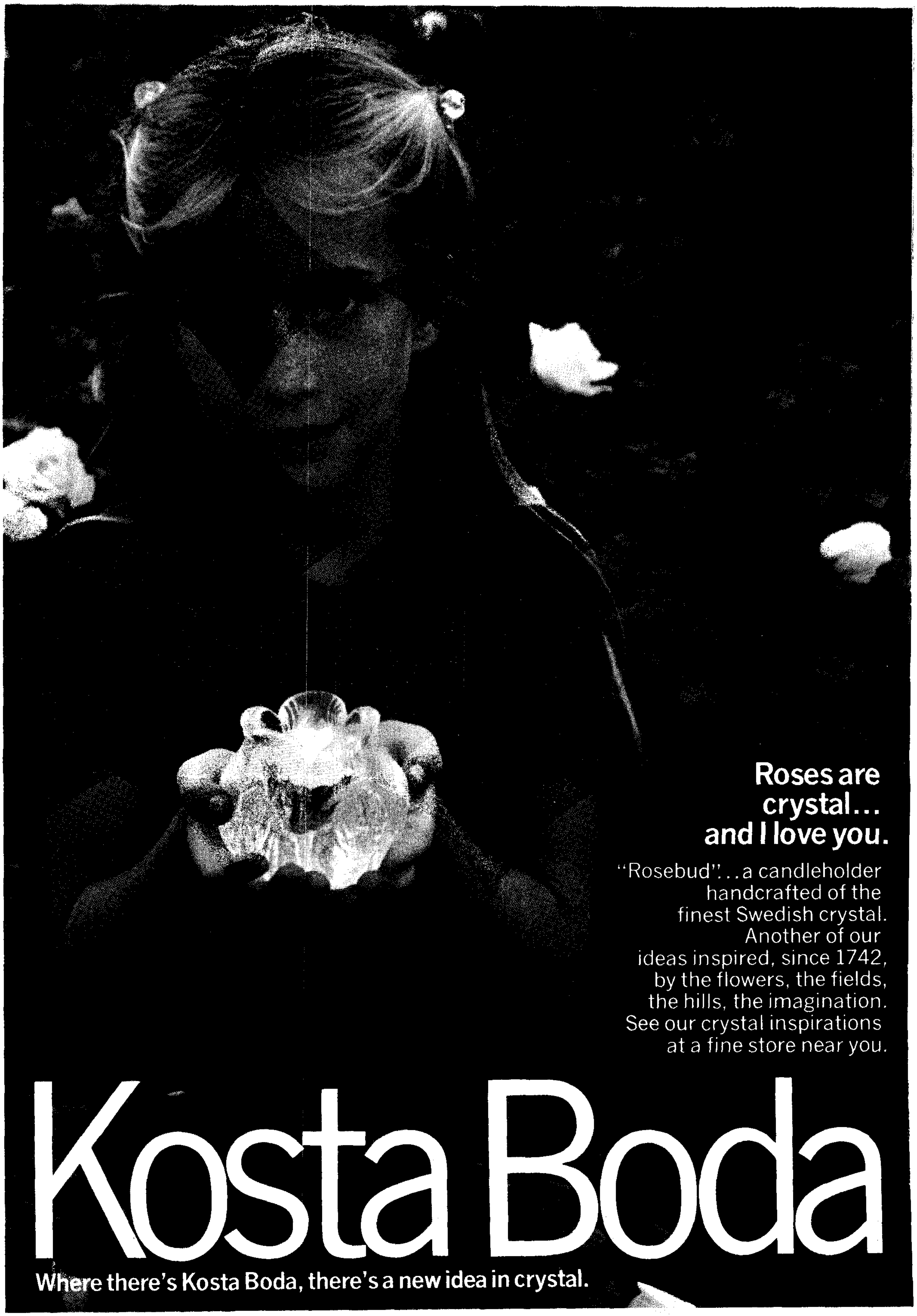

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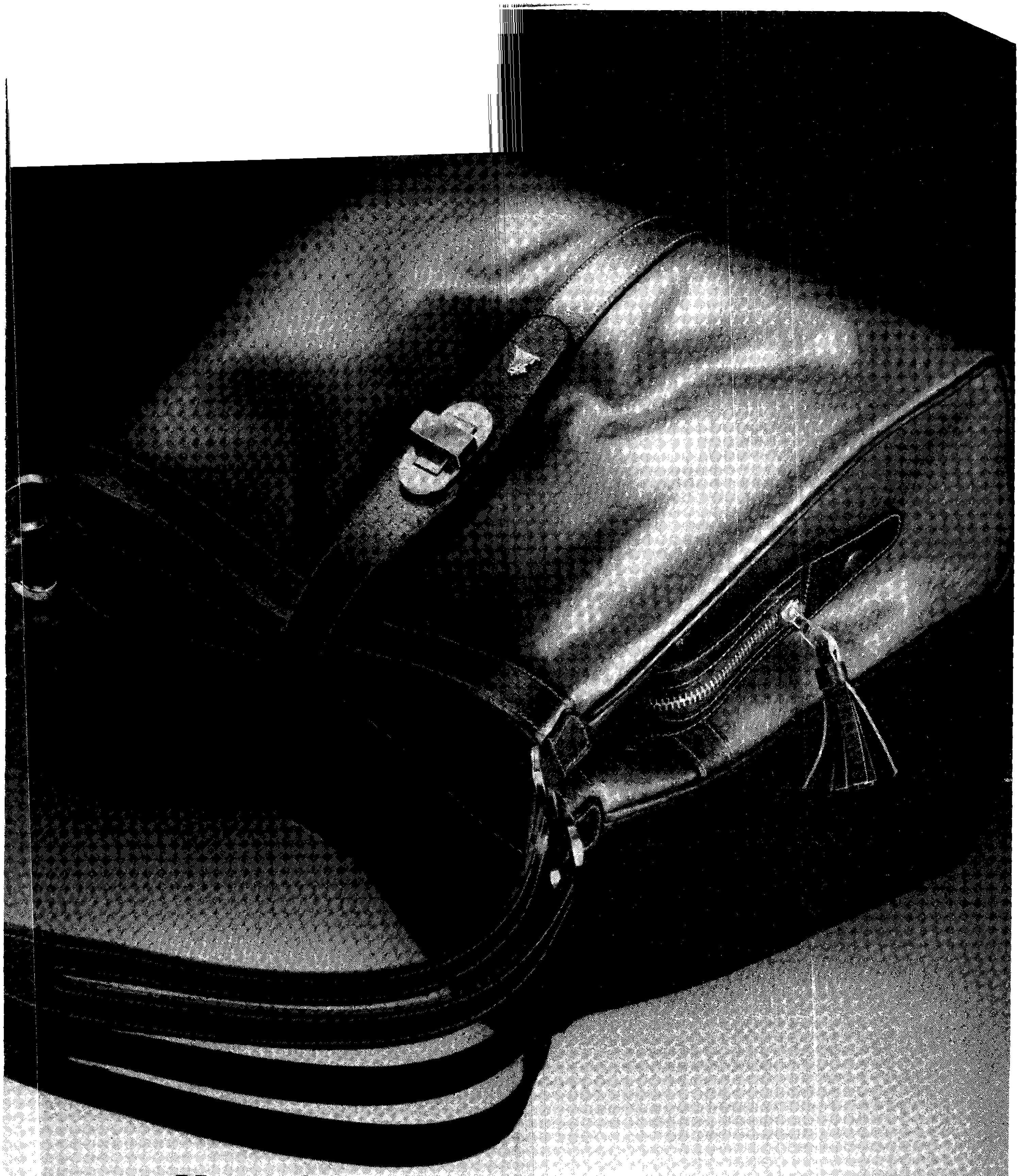

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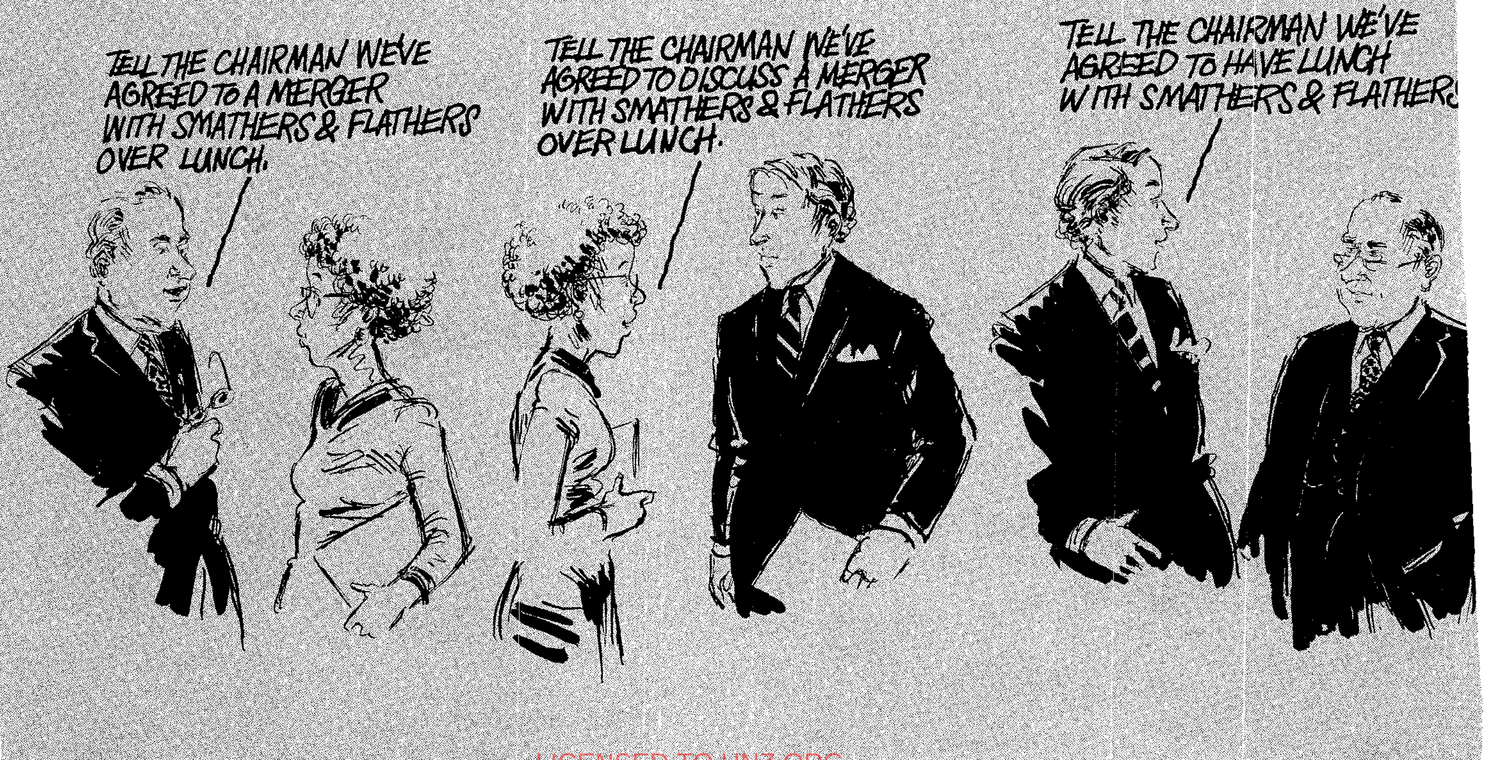
TELL THE CHAIRMAN WE'VE AGREED TO A MERGER WITH SMATHERS & FLATHERS OVER LUNCH.
TELL THE CHAIRMAN WE'VE AGREED TO DISCUSS A MERGER WITH SMATHERS & FLATHERS OVER LUNCH.
TELL THE CHAIRMAN WE'VE AGREED TO HAVE LUNCH WITH SMATHERS & FLATHERS

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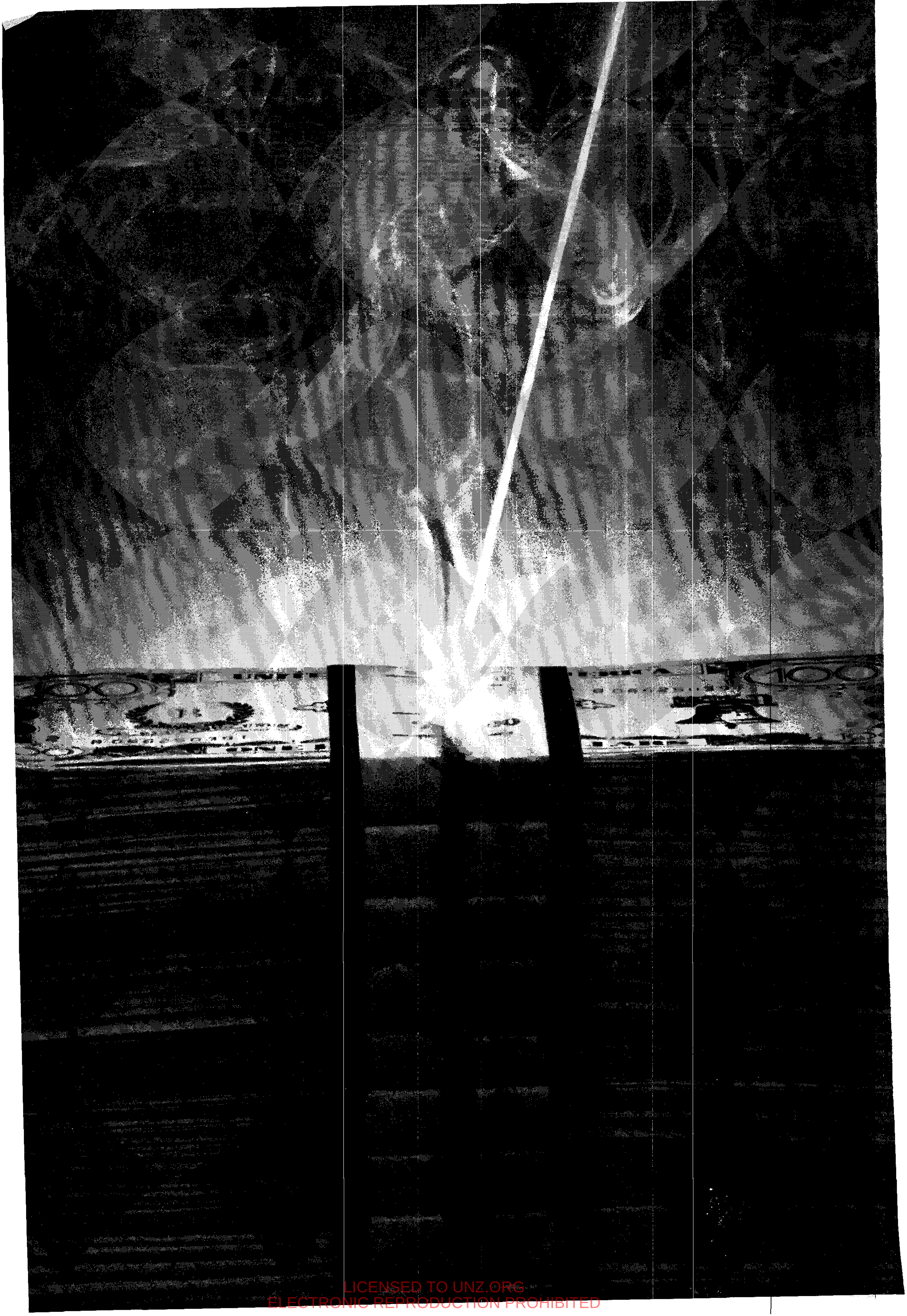

This is what lasers cut best.

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Western Electric has many lasers at work.

And all are focused on one objective: helping the Bell System bring you the best possible telecommunications service at the lowest possible cost.

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Western Electric gave the laser its first application in industry. In 1965, scientists at our Engineering Research Center designed a laser operation that vaporized holes through the diamonds used as dies for drawing copper wire. It turned a five-day drilling job into a 90-second flash.

It may sound simple, but it wasn't. There's much more to working a laser than "ready... aim... fire". Years of exhaustive research preceded that first laser-drilled diamond.

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Making *any* laser an industrial tool requires a host of experiments to determine not only which laser is best for the job, but how best to adapt it to the production process.

Spectrum of questions

Complex questions of physics, chemistry, metallurgy, electronics and mechanical engineering must be answered and coordinated.

That's why there's a full-time laser studies group at our Engineering Research Center. It's the reason that Western Electric now uses lasers not only in drilling, but also in many other operations.

And these lasers are paying off – with better products manufactured for the Bell System at lower costs.

Light of the future

Even with these uses, Western Electric has only begun to tap the laser's potential for telecommunications.

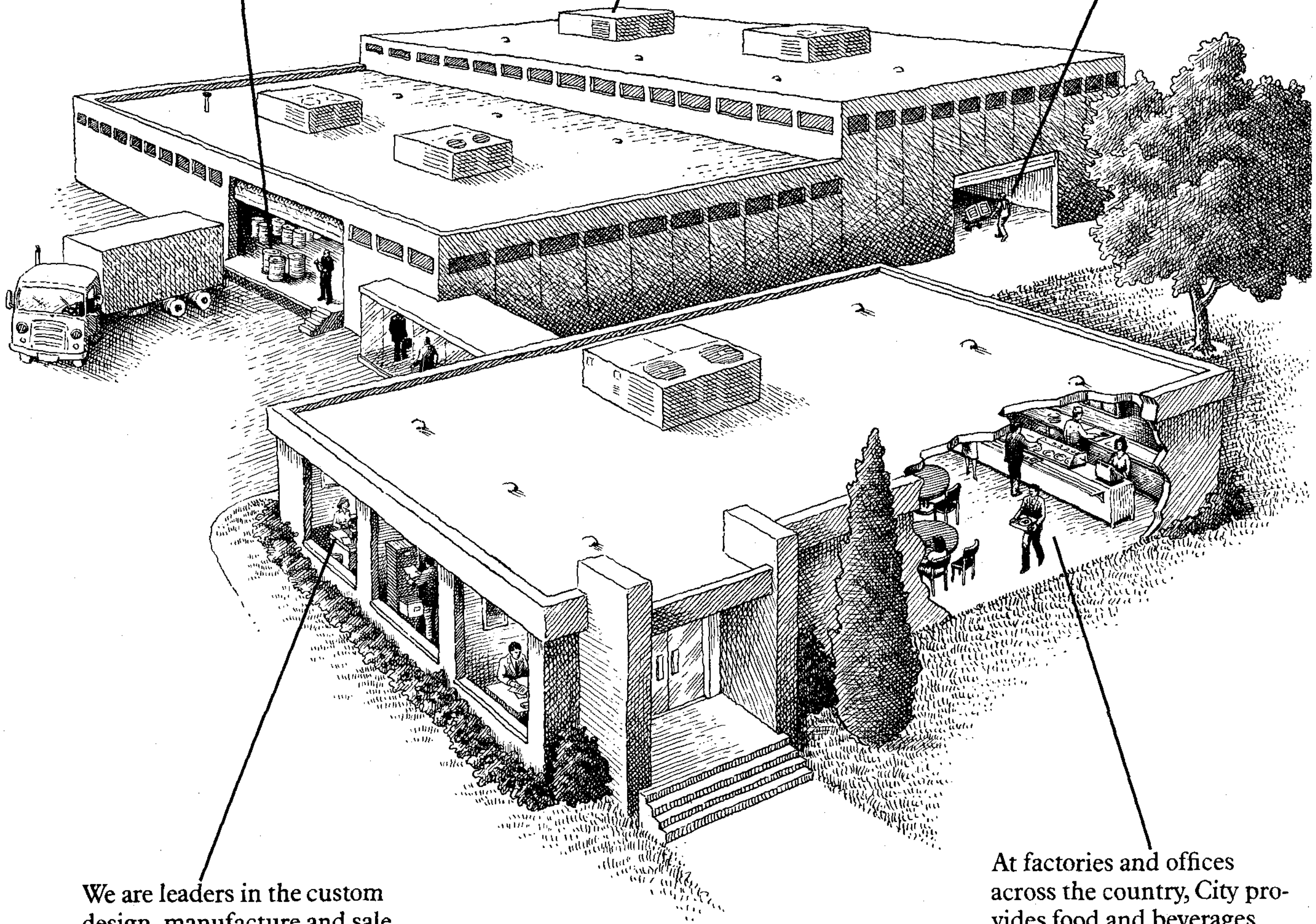
More applications are on the way. And they will bring more savings, more and better products made with laser technology.

Using lasers to cut costs is just one innovation from the Engineering Research Center. The Center's research in manufacturing techniques is an important part of Western Electric's total commitment to using the latest and the best in technology to keep the cost of your phone service down.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

City Investing reports to it



We are one of the leading U.S. manufacturers of central heating and air-conditioning equipment, and the world's largest producer of storage water heaters.

City Investing is the world's largest manufacturer of steel shipping containers for the chemical, petroleum, paint and food industries.

In insurance, we are one of the largest property and casualty underwriters in the United States.

We are leaders in the custom design, manufacture and sale of printed business forms.

At factories and offices across the country, City provides food and beverages through cafeteria operations and vending machines.

ockholders on manufacturing

n 1979, City Investing's revenues rom domestic manufacturing were nore than $1.2 billion. That's an ncrease of 47 percent over 1978.

Our performance in these activties has been good. Our interests re diversified, both in the products ve produce and the markets we erve. We are expecting continued rowth in the 1980s.

We keep buildings warm, cool and efficient

ur heating, water heating and air-onditioning systems are basic and ssential.

We build them for domestic nd commercial applications, and ngoing technological improvenents have made them among the nost efficient systems on the narket today.

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Our high efficiency air-conlitioners can be more effective in ooling an entire home than indiidual room conditioners.

Heat pumps represent a growng market for us in many parts of he country. And in commercial pplications, they can deliver sigificant operating economies in reas where electric heat is being sed.

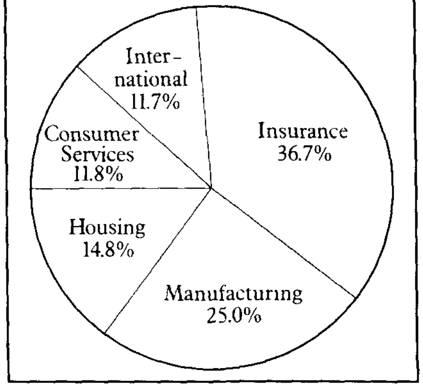
We design and sell conventional vater heaters under the Rheem nd Ruud brand names, and very romising solar water heating ystems.

The domestic water heating narket is surprisingly reliable. More than sixty percent of the busiess is replacement business, not ied to housing starts.

We also produce the famous 55-gallon steel drum, other steel ontainers and innovative plastic containers, for shipping raw materials and finished goods, at 72 plants in the United States and 19 other countries.

Our international manufacturing operations delivered more than $591 million in revenues in 1979, up 26.6 percent over 1978.

City Investing Revenues 1979
Total $5,040,700,000



We are making an impression in printing

We operate one of this country's leading magazine printers, which prints some of the best known publications on the newsstand, most of them under long-term contracts. There are three main plants. We are spending more than $30 million on new offset printing facilities in Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

We are also leaders in the design, manufacture and sale of printed business forms, processing systems and equipment—for everything from small businesses to direct mail operations and computer processing.

A company that fits together for growth

City Investing's total revenues in 1979 were more than $5 billion. Total assets are now more than $7 billion.

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To learn more about us, and the businesses that are part of City Investing, just clip this coupon.

NK-414

John Herndon, Vice-President
City Investing Company, Dept. M
767 Fifth Avenue
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Dear Mr. Herndon:

Please send more information on City Investing

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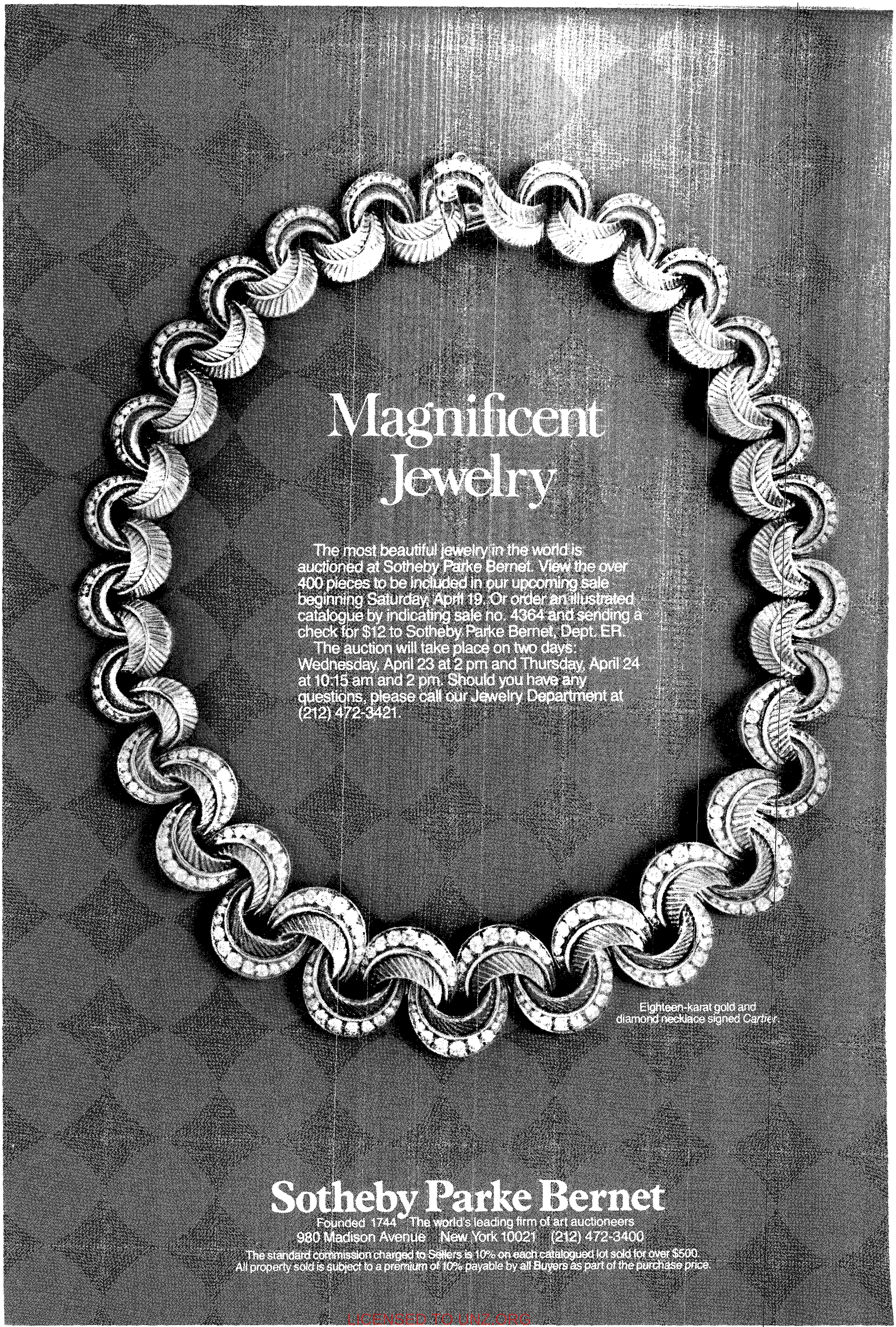
City Investing fits together for growth



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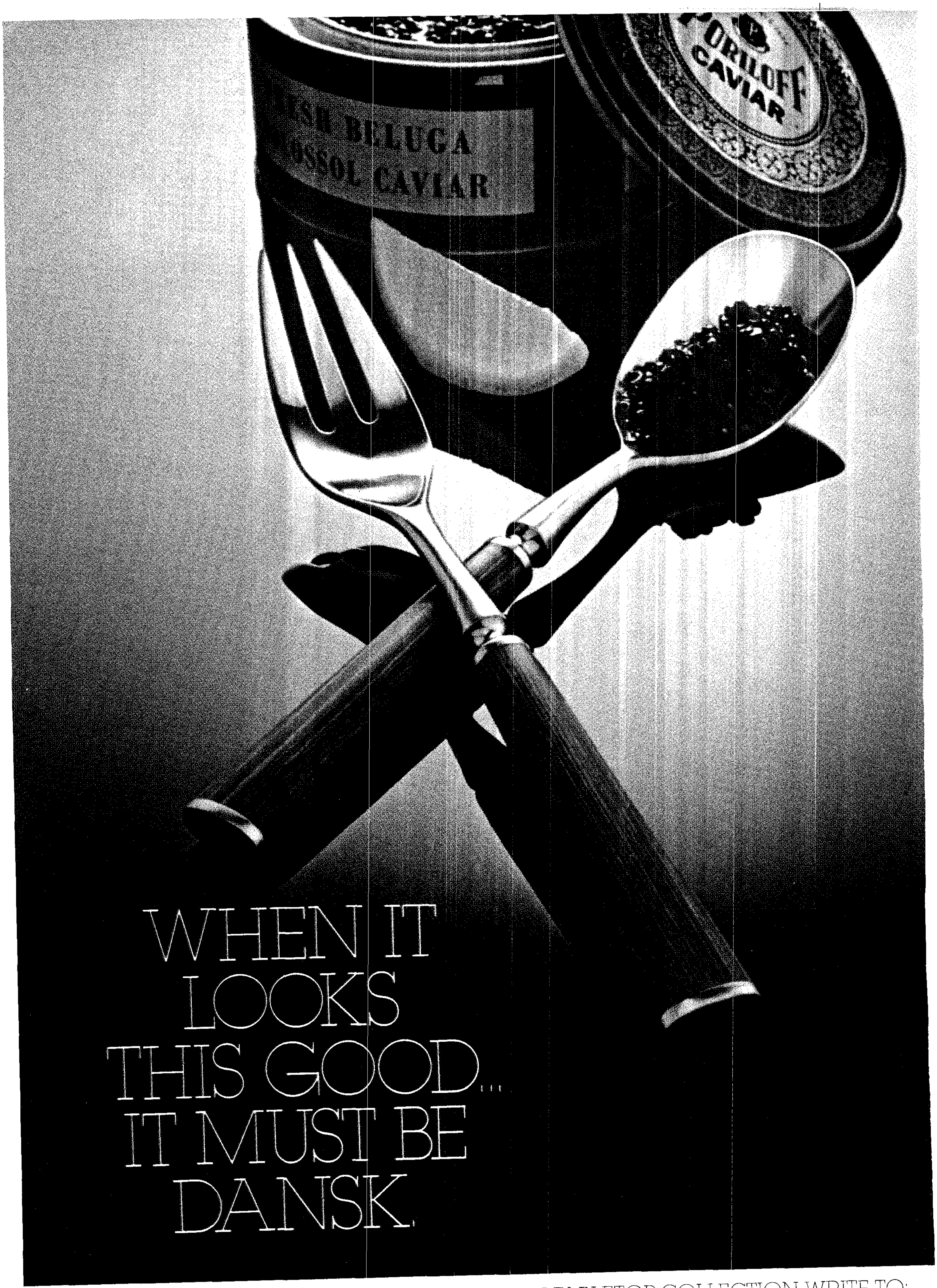

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHILE New York City waited for the public-transit strike last week, three disasters, two of human origin and one of natural origin, were in the news: the collapse of the oil platform in the North Sea, which caused the death of more than a hundred people; the accident at the nuclear power plant at Three Mile Island, which was commemorated around the country on its first anniversary, March 28th; and the volcanic activity of Mt. St. Helens, in the state of Washington, which blew smoke, ash, and pieces of stone onto the surrounding landscape, apparently in anticipation of a full-scale eruption. Amid the news of the collapsing or out-of-control man-made devices, the belching volcano had a disturbing anomalous quality, like a character from another play who has stumbled onstage by mistake. One tended to feel confused by the intrusion—even a bit resentful of it. In earlier times, before men laid their scientific hands on the universe's basic sources of energy, the earth's natural disasters captured their imaginations. A flood or a cyclone could symbolize divine might, and when, in "Candide," Voltaire sought a telling representation of vast and meaningless destruction he found it in the Lisbon earthquake of 1755. But as human power multiplied, human action overtook nature as the source of the most impressive perils. Today, "nature, red in tooth and claw" has been supplanted by the mild, lovable, vulnerable, beautiful ecosphere that every schoolchild is being taught to cherish and protect. In this mental scheme, natural disasters have little place. Now that they have been outdone by more complex and deadly disasters, we would like them to retire gracefully into obsolescence or extinction, like carriages and dinosaurs, leaving us a free hand to deal with the menacing offspring of our own busy brains. Absorbed as we are in this struggle with ourselves, we find it disconcerting to be reminded by a mere volcano that we still share the earth with other powers.

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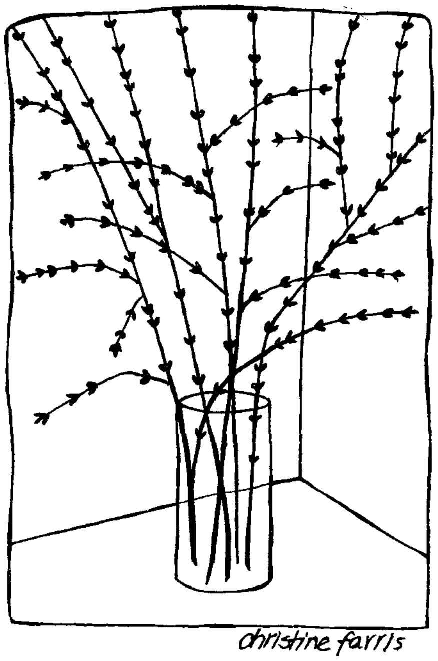
Strike

A SHUTDOWN of this city's transit system involves a lengthy, complicated, and inescapably mournful procedure, but, watching it last week, we found a modicum of comfort. Whatever issues had kept the unions and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority from reaching contract settlements, at least the two sides were able to agree on how to suspend operations coöperatively and efficiently.

At the time that John E. Lawe, the president of Local 100 of the Transport Workers Union, made the formal announcement of the strike—at twelve minutes after two last Tuesday morning, to television cameras and reporters waiting in a second-floor ballroom of the Sheraton Centre Hotel—orders to shut down the system had already gone out, from management negotiating teams, on the hotel's forty-seventh floor, and from members of the union's executive board, who in traditional fashion burst from their chamber, on the second floor, with the cry of "Strike! Strike! Strike!" The subsequent explanations to reporters of the final gap in negotiating positions were for the most part delivered on the run. "I can't stop to give you the details now," we heard one delegate say apologetically. "I've got to make it back to the Bronx before I get stranded by my own work stoppage."



Following the union leaders into the night, we walked west to the garage of the Manhattan and Bronx Surface Transit Operating Authority, at Ninth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street—only three crosstown blocks from the Sheraton Centre. By the time we arrived, a little after two-thirty, this facility had, in the words of the principal executive then on duty, Pat Curran, "just about buttoned up." Of its fleet of a hundred and fifty-nine buses, only two—a Forty-second Street crosstown and a Seventy-ninth Street crosstown—remained on the streets. "And here comes the Seventy-ninth Street one now," Mr. Curran said as he strolled to the Ninth Avenue side of the facility and pressed a button, opening a garage door and admitting the next-to-last bus.

How did the word get out so fast, we asked Mr. Curran.

"Bus radios," he explained. "The driver finishes the run and comes back to put the bus away."

Before the bus drove into the garage, Mr. Curran waved a greeting to its driver. "As an assistant location chief, I'm management now," he said to us. "I think it's a damn shame that these guys and I have to be on opposite sides, but what can you do?"

A few minutes later, when the bus was parked, its driver, Norton Walsh, expressed a similar feeling of helplessness over the strike. "I'm not surprised, though," said Mr. Walsh, a Queens resident who has been driving buses for ten years. "I had a bet with myself that the word would come before I finished the westbound run, and, sure enough, that's when it came. By then, I had only four passengers on the bus, and they all got off at Broadway, so that's where I turned downtown to come on in."

Outside, a group of Mr. Walsh's fellow-drivers had already begun forming a picket line, and by the time Mr. Curran closed the electric garage door behind the last of the garage's buses, and the final driver emerged from the building, it was two-fifty-five—less than three-quarters of an hour after the strike announcement. Transport Workers Union members were picketing, and only Mr. Curran and a squad of transit patrolmen were inside the locked building.

A few minutes later, we headed for the Times Square subway stop, where we found some transit patrolmen stringing twine across the subway entrances. One of them, Thomas Lupia, permitted us to accompany him as he went down to patrol the emptying concourses. "This isn't my normal station, but I've had a few tours here, and it's spooky to see it as empty as this," he said as we walked under Forty-second Street. "It's been a quiet night for us all around. Only one report of an attempted robbery."

We saw perhaps a dozen passengers waiting for the final B.-M.T. Sea Beach Express to Brooklyn. Mr. Lupia explained, "The procedure is that once a train leaves its yard, it completes the round trip, so if you figure that this last train pulled out a minute or two before the strike call, these people will be able to catch it and get out to Brooklyn all right—still." Turning to an elderly couple waiting on the platform, he said, "I think you people really are cutting the time a little thin."

The final Sea Beach Express pulled in shortly afterward, and the B.-M.T. platform cleared. Resuming patrol with Mr. Lupia, we waited for the final northbound I.R.T. train. Following the arrival and departure of that train, the concourse and the platforms were empty of all but transit patrolmen. "There will be a few more trains, for subway employees only," Mr. Lupia told us. "The token clerks have to wait for supervisors to account for their receipts, but after that this is going to be the loneliest place in town."

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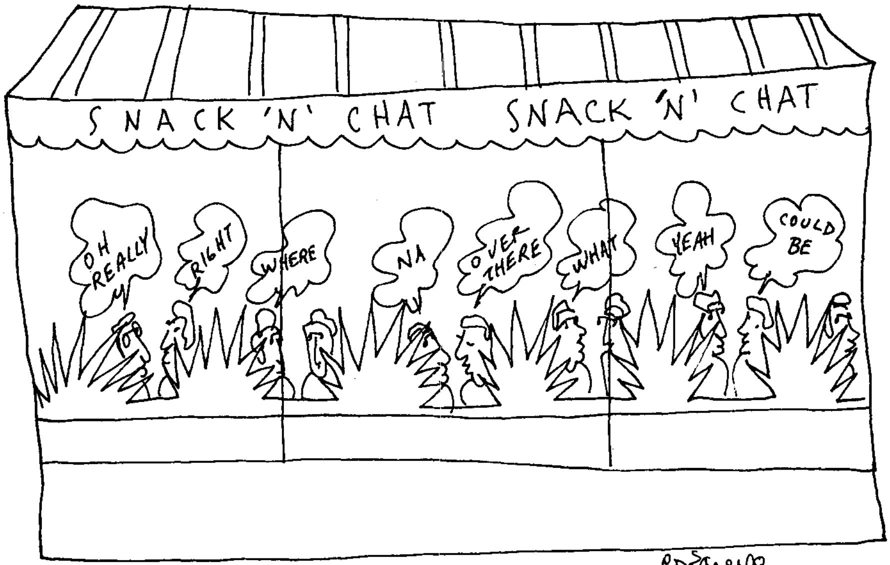
ONE of the pleasantest ways to get to work in Manhattan on April 1st was by boat. The sky was blue, the sun was warm, the wind was blowing gently from the southeast, and there were no traffic jams on the upper or lower bay. Around 7:30 A.M., a small flotilla of fishing boats that had been chartered by Wall Street firms began to round Governors Island and jockey for landing space at several East River piers. (A few venturesome captains discharged passengers onto the concrete wall that runs around Battery Park, but this was discouraged by the Coast Guard.) We walked out onto East River Pier 11 as the Speedy VI tied up, and watched two middle-aged men wearing Humphrey Bogart raincoats and carrying Mark Cross briefcases jump onto the dock. They turned to look back at a second wave of blue-and-white fishing boats, coming around Battery point.



"It looks like Fire Island on a Sunday afternoon," said one of the men.

"It looks like Dunkirk in 'Mrs. Miniver,'" said the other.

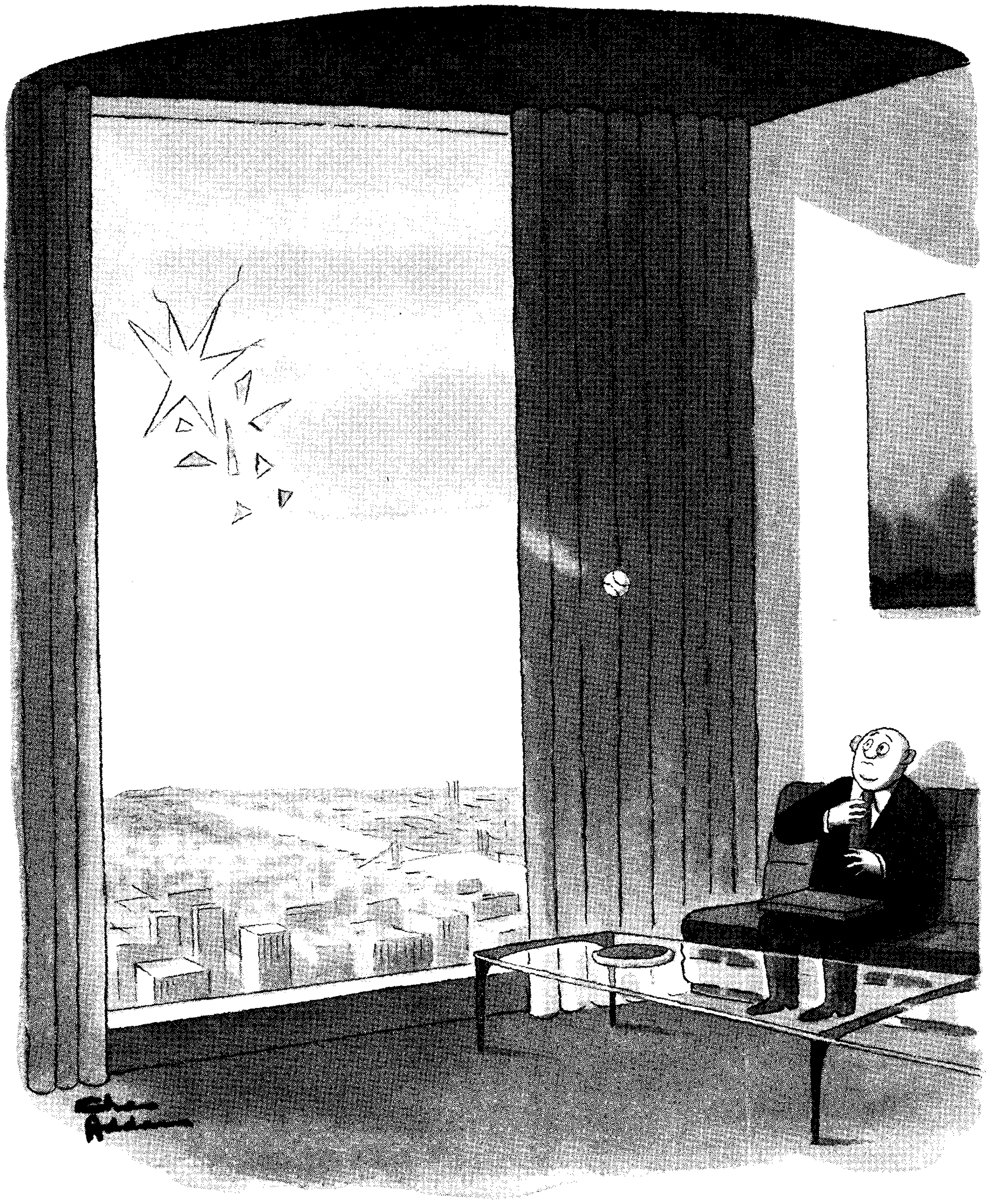
Out at the end of the pier, we found two solemn young Coast Guard officers ("We're here to enforce safety standards"), two police boats, and Mr. John Marinelli, who told us that he was a lawyer and was in charge of landing operations for the Bradford National Corporation—an enormous Wall Street conglomerate, which includes three banks, an insurance company, a systems-management operation that processes state Medicaid claims, and the largest stock-transfer operation in the country. Mr. Marinelli said that Bradford had chartered four fishing boats to bring in a thousand people a day from Sheepshead Bay. "A large percentage of our employees live in Brooklyn or in Nassau County, so we've arranged for them to park in a special lot and go back and forth by boat," he explained. "The morning run is from six-thirty to nine-thirty. The afternoon run is from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Our overnight Medicaid processors will car-pool and drive, since the roads will be relatively empty."

The Helen H, a large, handsome deep-sea fishing boat, pulled in to Pier 11 and discharged a gaggle of sleepy-eyed but cheerful Bradford employees. We hopped aboard for the return trip to Sheepshead Bay (each boat makes four runs a day) and joined her co-owner, Captain George Thomas, in the pilot's cabin. As Captain Thomas backed the Helen H expertly into the swift East River current, he told us that she was a hundred-foot aluminum-hulled all-weather boat (a sign on the bow said "HEATED RAILS") and had been built in Mamaroneck four years ago. "We can take a hundred passengers," he said, "but we're limiting ourselves to ninety-eight, to make sure we obey the safety rules." The Helen H headed south to the Battery, cut across the busy Staten Island ferry lanes, and then turned to port to travel straight down the center of a main shipping channel, marked by lines of red and black buoys. As Al, the first mate, wrote down the buoy numbers ("We can feed them into our Loran piloting computer and use them to retrace this exact route in fog or darkness," the Captain explained), two marine radios crackled with the voices of incoming captains asking for information on landing procedures. Captain Thomas recognized most of the voices and was able to reassure several smaller boats about the piers.

"How about the height of me?" inquired a Zephyr.

"I'm a foot higher than you," replied Captain Thomas, "so the pier will be a foot over your rail at high tide. Hang the gangplank over your rail and you'll be O.K."

Just before we reached the Verrazano Bridge, Captain Thomas flipped on his Si-Tex machine to show us the depth of the channel. "I've got sixty feet underneath me right now," he said. "And plenty of open water. The only shallow spot in the bay is south of Governors Island, and I wouldn't go that way." He told us that the Helen H was equipped with two radarscopes and two Loran sets, and with a Vidisea 1 Triton screen, which was so sensitive that it could practically pick out the size and shape of fish. As we passed under the bridge, another Sheepshead Bay boat came toward us in the channel. Captain Thomas grinned, turned to Al, and said, "Jerry's got so many tires on his sides this morning he looks like a tugboat." Grabbing his microphone, he said, "Hello, Tugboat Traveler!"



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We turned hard aport around Nortons Point and travelled along the Coney Island beach to the mouth of Sheepshead Bay. As the open Atlantic set the boat rocking gently, Roy, the second mate, said, "Look at those big, low swells coming in. It must be pretty rough out beyond Ambrose Light."

At eight-forty-five, the Helen H docked at Pier 9 in Sheepshead Bay, to find that another Bradford charter, the Starstream II, had picked up the last full load of passengers for Manhattan. There was only one man left—a small, sad Filipino in a blue suit who had missed the Starstream by five minutes. His name was Ernesto Santamaria, he told us, and he worked as a clerk in the securities-exchange vault. When we asked where he had come from, he said "Manhattan."

"What?" we said.

"That's right," said Mr. Santamaria. "I drove my wife and brother-in-law into the city at six o'clock this morning, but I couldn't find a Wall Street parking lot that would take me, so I drove back out here to park and take the boat."

Captain Thomas, looking slightly distressed at the thought of using precious fuel to transport a single passenger, checked with the dockmaster and was told to return to Manhattan with Mr. Santamaria. "Then we'll tie up at a Jersey pier until it's time to make our first evening trip," he said.

On the way back to Manhattan, the boat passed through a tidal slick—an uneven dark line of turbulent water that marks the collision of two ocean currents. A formation of small gray birds flew across the bow, and a tiny beige boat sat motionless near the Staten Island shore. Al, looking at the boat through binoculars, said, "He's doing it on the sly! He's putting down lobster pots without the flag!" He explained that the lobster fisherman would locate his pots by navigation and retrieve them with a grappling hook. If he marked

Appalachian Spring

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them, someone else might take them.

We said that we were surprised to learn that there were edible lobsters in the lower bay.

"There are, if you know where to go," Captain Thomas said. He looked out at the glittering gray water and added, "This would be a pretty good fishing day. Whiting."

•

AFTER that, we joined in the pedestrian rush at the Brooklyn Heights end of the Brooklyn Bridge, to walk over the river to Manhattan. Though technically it was spring, most people were still bundled in heavy, dark winter coats. The look was of well-shod refugees: lots of spanking-new running shoes were to be seen, but some women were trying to walk the bridge boardwalk in stiletto heels. Many people were first-timers on the bridge. There were Wall Streeters with briefcases and the *Journal*, teenagers with barely portable fifteen-pound disco tape decks, runners in sweat pants (frustrated to a trudge by the crowd), cyclists walking their bikes—all in good humor. The air was sparkling; the harbor was full of tugs and ferries. At the middle of the bridge, a young man was selling pop under a sign that read "SAVE THE 50¢ SODA."

Shortly after noon, we were at Second Avenue and Sixtieth Street, where we started walking up one of the ramps leading to the lower level of the Queensboro Bridge. Earlier, we had heard on the radio that automobiles would be barred from the two outer lanes of that level during the strike, and that pedestrians would be asked to use the outer lane on the north side of the bridge, and cyclists the outer lane on the south side. When we reached the bridge proper, where the concrete ramp becomes a lane with a metal-grid surface, we found that most people seemed to be sticking to the lanes assigned them. Almost all the pedestrians and cyclists—there were four or five hundred of them—were headed toward Manhattan. Several hundred cars and trucks were using the five center lanes, going in both directions, and they were spaced well apart and appeared to be moving smoothly.

As we approached Roosevelt Island, which the Queensboro Bridge crosses, we stopped for a moment and looked north. The sky was still clear, and the sun was bright on the olive-green water of the East River. Ripples scudded across the surface of the water, and a motor launch sped by, its white hull gleaming. A woman in running shoes jogged past us, and a man in a windbreaker walked toward us wheeling his bike.

We resumed our walk toward Queens, and as we descended the ramp that ends at Crescent Street and Bridge Plaza South we saw two men with official-looking clipboards standing near the entrance to the north lane, which was blocked by orange Day-Glo cones. We spoke to the man nearer us, and learned that the two were from the city's Department of Transportation, that they had been assigned to those posts only this morning, and that they might continue to work there as long as the strike lasted. The man we were talking to, a tall fellow in a brown jacket, said that his name was Mike Ferguson. "I'm a transportation engineer, and I usually work down on Chambers Street," he said. "But I live way out on Parsons Boulevard, in Flushing, and it would be almost impossible for me to get all the way to downtown Manhattan and back. They're assigning those of us who can't get to our regular jobs to positions like this." Attached to his clipboard was a counting device, and as he talked he kept pushing colored buttons on the counter. We glanced at them, and saw that there was a green button marked "BUS," a yellow button marked "PASS" (for "passenger car," it turned out), a red button marked "TAXI," and a gray button marked "TRUCK." Each time a vehicle approached the bridge, Ferguson pushed the appropriate button, and a figure on the counting device changed.

We asked him how many vehicles had passed this way since he came on duty.

"Well, let's take the half hour between ten and ten-thirty," Ferguson said. "There were four hundred and eighty-three passenger cars, fifty-six taxis, a hundred and ninety-nine trucks, and forty-one buses. But earlier this morning it was much more crowded. In fact, between about six and seven-thirty they had a real traffic jam here. The cars were backed up so far that people came out and sold the drivers and passengers coffee."

Two young cyclists started to ride up the north ramp, and Ferguson called out, "Sir! You! Hey, guys! The other ramp is for bikes. You turn left, turn left again, and go under the bridge."

The cyclists shrugged, and followed his directions.

We started back across the bridge, and this time we clocked ourself. The bridge is a little more than a mile long. Walking briskly, we made it to Second Avenue in twenty-one minutes.

A half hour later, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, we saw people gesturing excitedly toward the street. In one of the traffic lanes, not far from the sidewalk, a gray-haired man was tooling along in a three-wheeled motorized chair. We trotted beside him for a moment or so and asked him what sort of vehicle it was.

"It runs on batteries," the man called out in a sturdy voice. "It's made by a company named Amigo, in Bridgeport, Michigan. I recommend it."

Before we could ask him another question, he had glided away.

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IN midafternoon, we visited Athletic Attic in the Village, a store on Sixth Avenue that sells running shoes and accessories. "We're real busy," said Tomi Gomory, one of the owners. "It's a pretty festive atmosphere here. We're selling a lot of shoes, a lot of everything. I didn't expect this. Actually, I haven't been in the store all day. I just got back from a very pleasant bicycle ride. I went uptown to take a swim."

Meanwhile, one of Gomory's competitors, Gary Muhrcke, who is the proprietor of the Super Runner Shop, at Eighty-ninth and Lexington, had inaugurated a policy of giving away a yellow T-shirt bearing the slogan "Strike Back! Run to Work" with each pair of shoes sold.

Fred Lebow, the president of the New York Road Runners Club, regards the run-to-work movement as an idea whose time has come again. The first time it came to Lebow was in February, 1979. During that month, he ran everywhere—to and from his office, business meetings, luncheon appointments, dinner parties, and concerts, and to Central Park, where he officiated at four Road Runners Club races. He avoided public transportation the entire month, found it necessary to ride in cars twice, was turned away from one restaurant because he lacked the proper attire, flew to New Orleans and back, and calculated that the experiment had resulted in a net saving of sixty hours and around two hundred dollars in transportation costs and dry-cleaning expenses. On Tuesday morning, a member of the Road Runners Club stood at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge and during one half-hour stretch counted a hundred and twelve people jogging to work. Fred Lebow is convinced that when large companies get around to providing employees with locker rooms and shower facilities the city will be a more civilized place.

•

WE saw clusters of blue, yellow, red, and green bicycles being ridden uptown on Sixth and Eighth Avenues. Many of them went through red lights, and some of them raced taxis, wheeling sidewise in indignation when the cabs pulled sharply over to pick up fares. One woman we saw, however, who was smartly dressed in office tweeds, and who was heading up Eighth, her back rising straight from the saddle of an English racer, waited at a light as if she were in a Rolls-Royce.

Day Two

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 A.M. Sturdy carriage horse is taking in oats from white plastic pail at Central Park South and Seventh Avenue, anticipating boom in business.

It's all so simple: WALK or DONT WALK.

Proprietor of laundry on Columbus Avenue, genially, to elderly woman coming in at 8 A.M.: "Did you have any trouble getting here today?"

Elderly woman, drawing up chair and settling down at sewing machine: "No. I walked the whole block."

Onlookers enjoying sight of important-looking man standing under awning of expensive-looking apartment building on Central Park West. He stares at street impatiently, as if insisting that a taxi materialize. He wears dove-colored overcoat, superbly pressed trousers, well-shined shoes. Holds *Times* in hand. Enjoyment vanishes when big limousine slides to a stop, he gets in, it drives off.

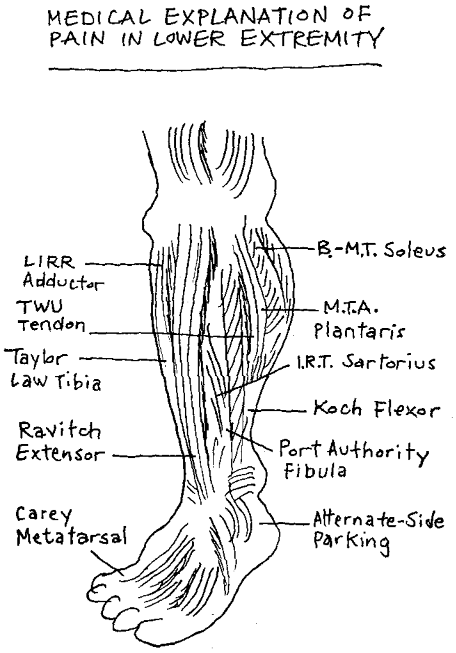
When people walk, they go up and down. This is not particularly noticeable in individual pedestrians, but a crowd of them produces a gentle wavelike motion.

Uniformed doormen seem to have a haunted look, their whistles dangling soundlessly.

Face of Nelson Bunker Hunt on *Newsweek*, on newsstand at Columbus Circle, provokes economic theory: No man should be allowed to own more of anything than he can actually carry during a transit strike.

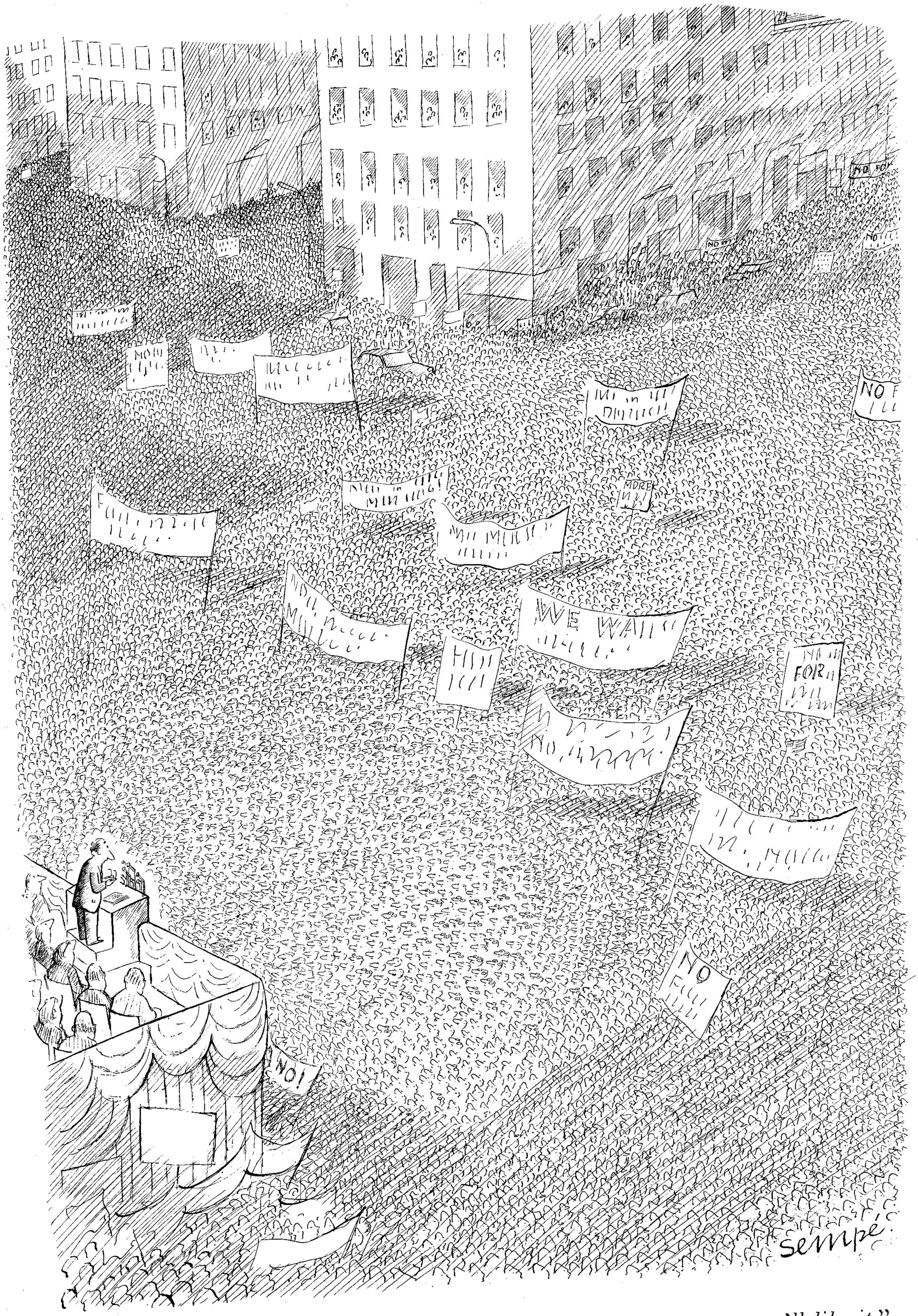
Musical medley put to use during twelve-block segment of walk to work: "These Boots Were Made for Walking" (Nancy Sinatra); "I'm Walkin'" (Fats Domino); "Walk on the Wild Side" (Lou Reed); "Walkin' down the Line" (Odetta); "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" (Nat King Cole); "I Walk the Line" (Johnny Cash); "Cakewalkin' Babies from Home" (Bessie Smith); "Lambeth Walk" (Django Reinhardt).

Walking Through Central Park's Amazing Assortment of Tunnels, Bridges, Pathways, Etc., Scat Song: *Vaux-de-o-do . . .*



Q. What common New York City object has a truly superb design—simple, functional, humane?

A. Park bench, after a two-mile walk.


WE WANT
FOR
MORE
NO
NO!

"I was up till all hours fiddling with this speech, so I sure hope you'll like it."

WOOLEY

I SPEAK of George Wooley, my friend. Wooley the watchful. Wooley the wily. Wooley the warm. I speak of him because he is dead. The world never knew him, never gave him a chance, and he passed unacknowledged into his grave.

Wooley was a dashing figure—a sportsman, an inventor of games, a poet, a tireless lover. He moved with the ease of the famous—as if a red carpet were unrolling perpetually before him. He wore tailored tweed jackets, faded cotton shirts, Italian corduroy pants, Justin boots. His wavy hair, which he combed straight back, was sandy-colored and matched his eyes. Women adored him, but not for long. He always moved on. He was Wooley the wild to some. Wooley the weird to others. To me he was Wooley the wonder.

It is the shadow of Wooley's voice that you hear in mine. I was nothing until I met Wooley. I remember his words when he described his Rocky Mountain retreat to some dinner guests one night. He looked up to the ceiling. His hands were before him as if he were holding an invisible basketball. And he began: "There you would see cloud towers, floating bushes of shade, great scoops of vapor, milky mountains of air, blouses blown up and away, buttocks adrift, bleached wigs, powdery potatoes, albino clods, blurred faces of everybody you ever knew, all the paraphernalia of sleep—eiderdowns, pillows, and nimble sheep—strung along high winds, hissing their long, unfinished histories, passing from east to west day after day, with monotonous comic appeal and mysterious pomp, over hot, haze-filled cities. . . ." I tell you he was out of sight! When he finished, there was silence except for me, his old friend, who began to weep. It was not only the beauty of his speech but the odor of Gorgonzola sauce rising from the gnocchi on my plate that undid me. Unparalleled, heavenly incongruity!

Compared with Wooley's, the lives of all my other friends seemed aimless. They complained of boredom. An excess of afternoons, Wooley would have said. Tom and Harriet, Pete and Greeny, Phil, Floss, Willis, Milly—the whole gang, they never understood him. They were shocked when he challenged Monty Bianco, the tennis star, to a match at the field club. They were concerned when an ambulance pulled up at courtside and a heavily bandaged, wobbling Wooley was helped to the court, with racquet in hand. When Monty saw him, his eyes bulged in disbelief. He didn't know what to do until Wooley, his voice cracking with anguish, told him to serve. Monty served three double faults. On the fourth point Wooley returned Monty's first service but released a scream of such hideous magnitude that if an elephant with a human voice had watched its children slaughtered it would not have sounded as pained. Monty was stunned and missed his shot. At this moment the hired ambulance driver and attendant rushed out to help the brave Wooley back into the ambulance. What a breath of fresh air his humor was!

Wooley was a fabulous inventor of games, but they were often misunderstood. Death, his greatest, was probably ahead of its time. It was played on a Monopoly-like board, and each player picked at random a card telling him what disease he would have for the duration of the game. The object was to avert death as long as possible, and the winner was the one who outlived the others. Wooley, why did you have to die!

He loved children especially. The dolls he invented for them—beautiful dolls—could never be marketed. They came in little sickbeds or in wheelchairs, and, reversing the usual fate of dolls, were programmed to get well or to walk again if given love and encouragement. Some would reward the child with heartfelt utterances like "I can walk! I can walk!" or "I can see! I can see!" Oh, shortsighted parents! If only you had known him!

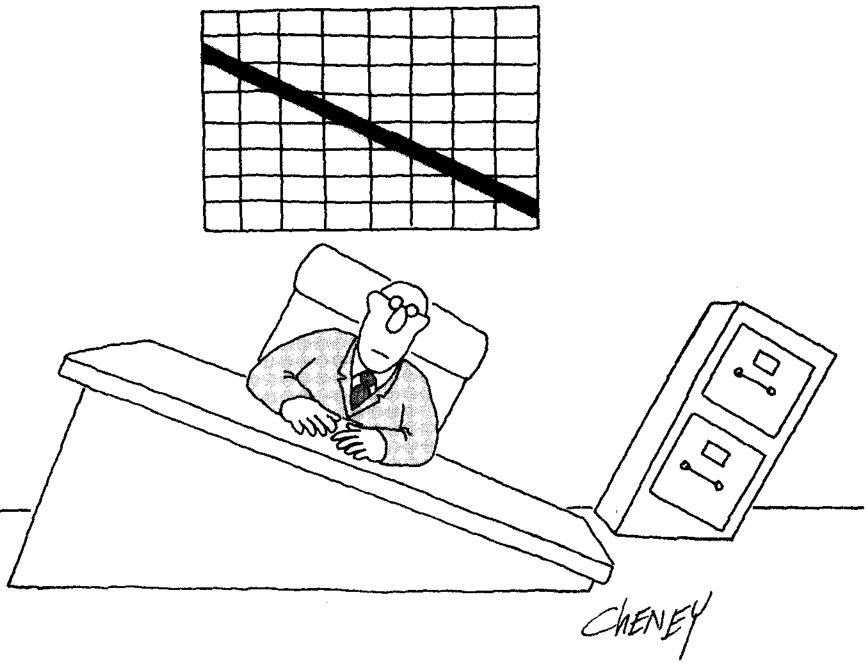
I remember asking him about the days when he was in love with Isabel Bell and his saying, "That was another season of the year—a vague indefinable season, whose trees were neither with leaves nor without, whose air was neither warm nor cold. I have no memory of the days or of the time." Not a mean word about Isabel, who left him for the flashy Monty Bianco. How considerate, how selfless.

When I asked him how he felt after his father cut him off without a penny, he said, "I would go out under the stars and enter the smallness of being that was mine, and I would disappear into the emptiness within, and it seemed enormous." Again there was no anger.

Once, while we were swimming, I asked him if things came easily to him. He said, "I see the world through a small eye, an eye so small the world does not notice." I was so moved by his answer I almost drowned.

But it was Wooley who drowned, a few years later, while skating with Milly and Pete and Greeny and Floss and me. We were out on the lake at night, standing around a fire, smoking cigarettes, listening to Wooley tell us about the dark towns of Central Europe, each with its own muddy main street over which chickens strutted aimlessly. Suddenly he skated away over the endless black pane of ice. None of us followed him. Under the stillness of the night sky, we stood together, a shivering, frightened little group, and through the cold dark flew the sound of our voices calling, "Wooley, Wooley, Wooley!"

—MARK STRAND



THE SMALLEST LOSS

THE first Saturday I was in London, I woke, finally woke, and felt that if I stayed in bed another minute I'd drown. Edward lay asleep and still. He used to talk in his sleep. Years ago, I heard him say, "You're fired." His eyes were closed and he was curled tight as a turtle, but he spoke distinctly. "I'm President," he said, then, annoyed, "you're Secretary of Defense. You're fired."

I went to the windows and pulled open the curtains, but that didn't add much light. Edward had borrowed this apartment for us, just off the Finchley Road—one large room between garden and street. The garden had a small wooden gate that opened onto an unmowed field. A pony grazed in the field, even in the soaking rain.

I'd come to London full of things to tell Edward about our families and friends, about my time without him, but once I was with him it all seemed unimportant. Edward stirred in his sleep and raised one arm. In high school he played football, in college he ran track. His arm was lean and muscular, and I thought how I'd missed watching him make the simplest gesture. He opened his eyes, stretched, and saw me sitting beside the bed. "Been up long?" he asked.

"Not very long."

Edward turned to look out the window, and groaned. He reached out his hand and pulled me back into bed. I lay against him, holding his hand. "It was three weeks straight sunshine before you came," he said. "I swear."

BRIAN SAVAGE

"Mind a little constructive criticism? You're a damned fool."

"I could leave. To improve the weather."

"No. I like having you right here. But we haven't done much, have we?"

"We must have done something." I'd been there six days. I touched his forehead where a frown was forming an arrow of a wrinkle.

"The British Museum has a show of prints. Japanese."

"'A Dream of Fair Women,'" I said. "I've seen the posters in the Underground."

"Anyway, there's a nice restaurant in walking distance of the museum. We'll have lunch there afterward."

"You hate museums on weekends," I said.

"You shouldn't hold me to everything I ever said."

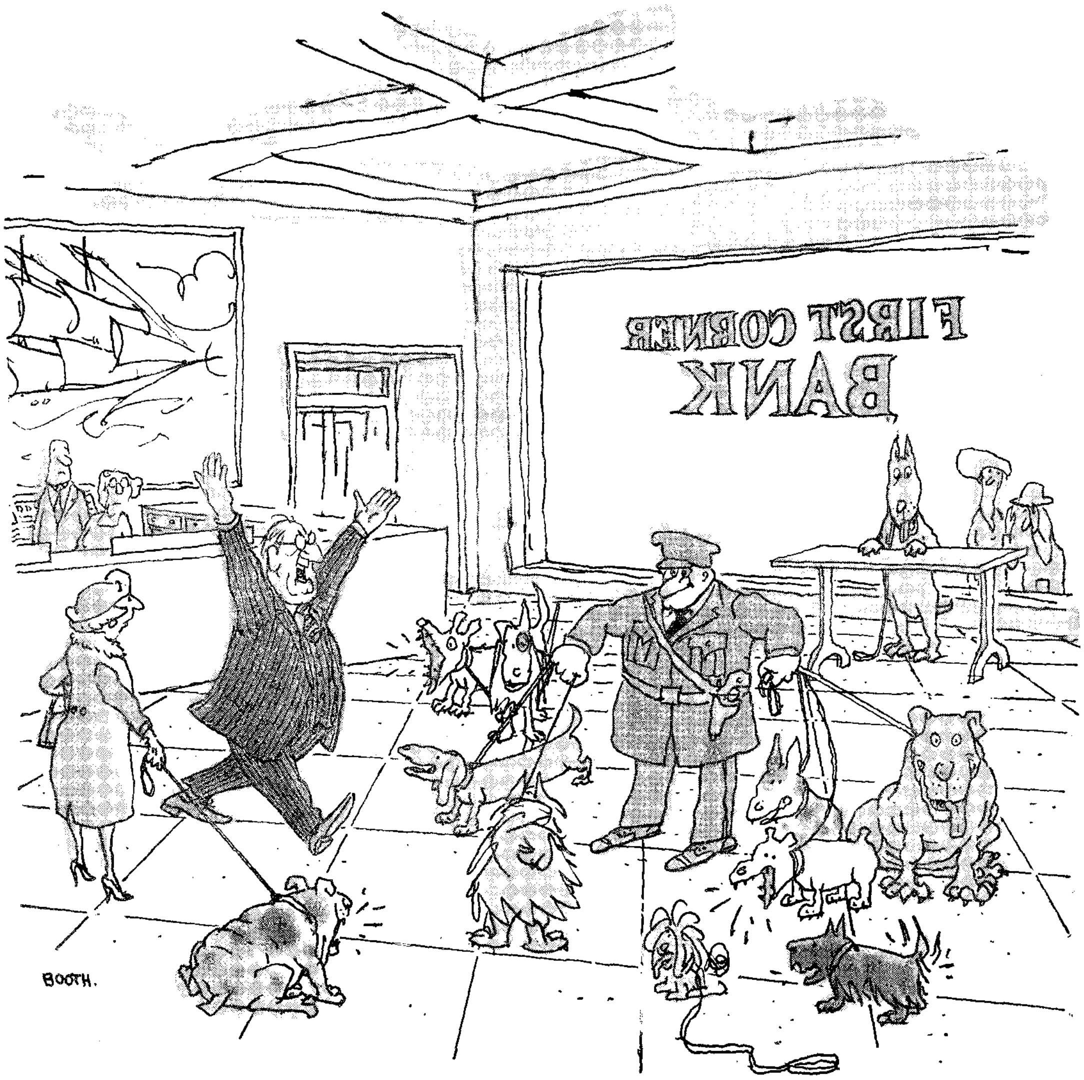
We'd been together for so long—we'd met at college and married at twenty-two—that sometimes I had to look around to be sure he was with me, that I didn't simply assume that where I was so was Edward. Yet when we'd been married only three years I had been ready to leave him. I packed my bags and lined them up at the door like little soldiers. Edward stood in our foyer, watching me. I was putting on my blue coat, looking at him in our hall mirror, when he asked me to stay. He couldn't tell me why I should. For once, he was at a loss for reasons. But it was enough for me that he wanted me to. How much more is it than that in the end, I asked myself then, and my answer has been our time together since.

When his firm offered a transfer to London, Edward agreed to go immediately. I had to stay in New York to finish up a phase of my research for an art foundation that was sponsoring a book on eighteenth-century American town plans. Edward had been hoping for some kind of change; he'd had interviews for jobs in San Francisco, Houston, and Boston. In London, he was doing the same sort of work for the same sort of clients—not precisely the point of moving, but he was tired of looking.

Once the rain let up on Saturday, we stopped in at a few bookstores, then went on to the British Museum. As usual, Edward's instincts were right; the central lobby was jammed with people deciding where they wanted to go. We found our way to the print exhibition upstairs, though I offered to skip it.

"Fair's fair," Edward said, "and we've come all this way."

I paused awhile by one small print,



"Not dogs today, Coontz! Today is piano music!"

• •

and when I looked up Edward was all the way across the room, at the door. In the print, a woman dressed in a kimono was standing behind a bamboo shade, looking out at a harbor. A ship was arriving. I could see the harbor the woman was watching as well as the woman herself. Her hands were touching the shade.

"Better than I thought it would be," Edward said later, though he seemed glad to be leaving. We were working our way downstairs.

"How long since you've seen the Elgin marbles?" I asked.

"Not long enough. Let's get out of here." Edward was heading for the main entrance.

I told him about the print of the bamboo woman, and he asked why I hadn't pointed it out to him.

"You were all the way across the room," I said. "I could tell you were ready to go."

"How did you know?"

"We can go back. I didn't know you cared about prints."

In the rain, we walked through the courtyard of the museum out to the street. A wrong turn on our way to the restaurant put us in front of an antique shop. In the window was a small watercolor of a pink speckled fish. It was a lovely shade of pink. We stood looking at it until Edward said, "Buy it if you like it."

"I'm not sure how much I like it," I said.

He took me then to a restaurant on Charlotte Street where the waitresses wore black dresses with white collars. On each table was a white cloth and a pink flower. Another man would go back another day, I thought, and buy the watercolor for me, but not Edward. Yet if I wanted it I knew I was welcome to get it. Before he left for London, Edward had said that plenty of couples were separated by circumstance and that it would betray a basic flaw if our separation were to harm us. I'd worried that we'd made a mistake, but that afternoon I began to think it would be all right, that Edward and I could regain what we'd risked—taking each other for granted as you do the color of your eyes or the weather.

WE were to go to dinner at Penelope and Don's, friends from college whom we used to see when they visited Don's family in New York. By evening, the rain had stopped completely and we walked through St. John's Wood to the Edgware Road and Penelope's neighborhood. Edward had been to parties in two of the houses we passed; he described the rooms to me. His months alone in London had made him notice things I usually noticed, and I was pleased. With only one look at the map, Edward led me up hills, around unexpectedly half-circular streets, then down Sutherland Avenue to Penelope's. He was beginning to look English, I told him, but he said it was only his new raincoat. Though he's a large and solid man, Edward's pale coloring and high cheekbones make him seem fragile. We were always told how sweet we were together—Edward slightly worried and serious-looking, and I with the clear brown eyes, red cheeks, and unwrinkled brow of a girl on a package of cookies. Penelope, on the other hand, always looked glamorous. I said this to Edward as we turned in to her street, but he didn't agree.

"She's just pretty," he said. "The way a lot of blondes are. Scandinavians. She looks like my cousin Helen."

"She has so much energy. I feel as if I'm standing in a strong wind."

"You take her too seriously," Edward said.

Penelope's block in Maida Vale was developed in the late nineteenth century—rows of identical white houses with thick columns and heavy porticoes. Penelope's door was red, unlike the black doors on all the other houses. As we waited for her to answer the bell, Edward told me her flat oc-

FOUR BROTHERS

1

Pino the Lizard in his patent-leather shoes
wears cologne none of us ever heard of,
though he must have told us a dozen times
Pinaud, you dopes. It's French. Who cares?
Everything we know is hearsay, and what we see
depends on what we know. Pino's the one
who made it big, the only brother of three.
There would have been a fourth, but for something
Mrs. Pino did one night to the lastborn
because she felt too old, too tired. So nobody
talks about it. That was years ago. Now Pino
works outdoors, selling nickel bags to blacks,
writing numbers, lending money to men
outside the neighborhood. He doesn't know
how short his life is going to be, how one day
he'll blink and won't be there anymore to see
himself the way we see ourselves in how we act.
The first time men in good suits came
and took him to jail, in a big honest afternoon
while everybody stood outside watching, Mrs. Pino
stayed in her doorway, silent, and the car door closed
as if a stranger's hand had touched a pillow pressed
on an infant's face, then held it and held it there.

2

Out of respect, maybe out of danger, people refuse
to talk about Frankie, the oldest, as if he were
religion. I don't understand his story, but it
loiters in its mystery the way most stories do.
The morning after the youngest died, Frankie
locked himself inside his upstairs room
and has lived there ever since. His mother
delivers papers, cigarettes, and food
while Frankie listens to the radio
and draws those faces, all big names,
Carole Lombard, Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe,
sending sketches out with half-eaten meals.
All gifts to his mother, a vengeance
to punish her with images of ladies
who love wild light—real stars who never
have to remember anything. Frankie
isn't crazy but he needs certain things.
Sometimes I catch myself waiting for him to die
as if I knew he'd leave me his charcoal
or ruffled pads, or a picture of himself. The worst
would be to find he left nothing, cared nothing
about remembering or being remembered.
If he needs death, surely he needs memory, too.

3

Sally may be trucking through pine barrens
or selling taffy to Camden Puerto Ricans.
Hating both his brothers, snorting what's left of love,
while he drinks with the Strongman in Toms River
or buys thread with the Blockhead in Wilmington.
He watched Frankie go upstairs, saw skinny Pino
driven off to prison, and he knew even more.
So he signed on with the carnival. I saw the ad
in a Jersey paper: SEE STRANGE SALVATORE EAT WILD FIRE!
I try to see the strange places he must love
passing through, his mouth his only real house,
every night those knots of fire, big fists between
his lips, past his teeth, down the tunnel to his belly,
all fire in the center of him, then to save it all
at the last minute, *Pull out the fire, pull it out!*
Later, closing the show in mud and fog, he hauls
canvas with a midget and runaway murderer.
Everybody knows the carnival always brings rain.
Sally remembers everything, so he doesn't need
memory, only his mouth deep in a pillow, breath
trapped in a fire deep inside his throat
while he sleeps with two women, or a man,
owing himself only the need to go and go.

—W. S. Di Piero

* * *

cupied the garden and parlor floors.

"Have you seen her a lot?" I asked.

"Not all that often. Three months is a long time."

But when Penelope opened the door it was as if two years, the time since I'd last seen her, was no time at all. She might even have been wearing the same white shirt and silver-gray trousers—a combination that made her hair look brighter than ever and gave her blue eyes an extra intensity.

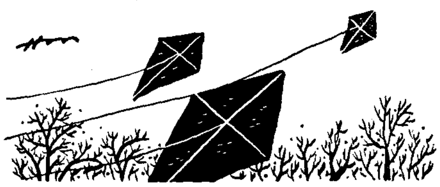
"Corinne. Thank God! I never have enough women around," she cried, and she gathered me in a hug. We were standing in a hall wide enough to accommodate several bicycles and skateboards and an oak sideboard. On the way to the kitchen, I glimpsed a large room filled with plants and paintings. The kitchen itself looked larger than it was because the floor was covered in black-and-white tile. There was a long wooden table in front of French doors that opened onto a narrow balcony. It was just light enough to make out an expanse of lawn in the garden below. The fragrance of honeysuckle came from a vine that was feeling its way through an open vent window toward a shelf of cookbooks.

"Where are the girls?" I asked. "Where's Don?"

"All in Italy," Penelope said. "Did Edward forget to tell you?"

I turned from the garden. She was handing Edward a glass of Scotch, just light enough, just enough ice. That was how to be a femme fatale, I thought: have dinner with a man a few times and remember what he drinks. I asked, "What did Edward forget to tell me?"

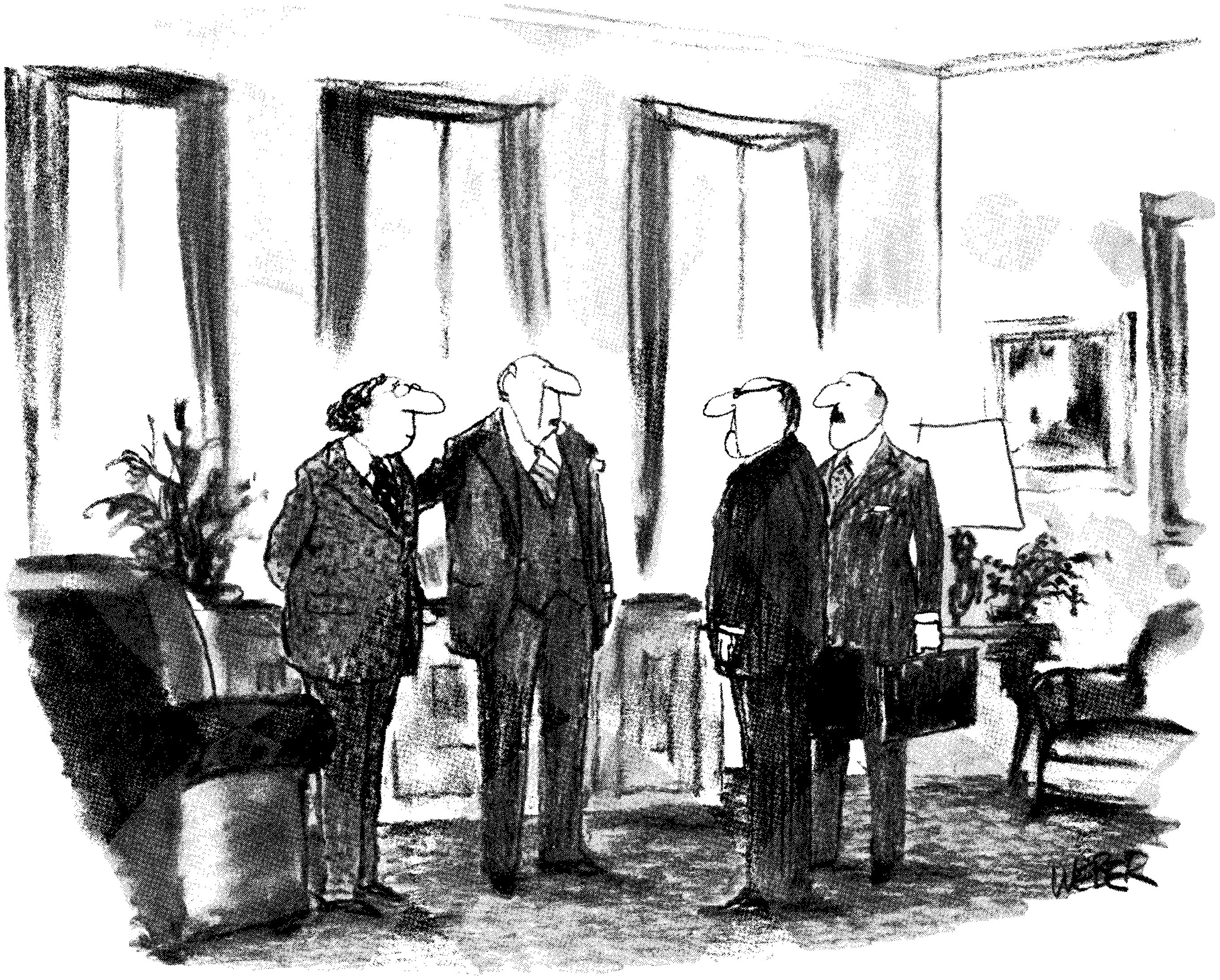
"I'm getting divorced. I mean, I'm not legally, because it's expensive and complicated. But we haven't been together for nearly a year. We're friends, of course, for the children. I had faith in our gossip network, Corinne, so I never wrote."



"Corinne lives in a world of her own," Edward said.

"It doesn't matter," Penelope said as she handed me a glass of iced white wine. "Not anymore, after all this time. We went to Italy last summer. Actually, I joined Don there. He'd been working on a documentary in Florence, and I took the children there for our summer holiday. We met some people. This woman and her husband among them. Don fell in love with her, and I don't blame him a bit. She's marvellous to look at. Very bright. I was friends with her first."

"That all sounds very civilized," I said, and thought it also sounded unlike Penelope; in college she kept men on a string and didn't tolerate rebellion, even from those she made fun of



"This is Willis Dunwoodie. His department is corporate feelings."

• •

and didn't much care for. Unlike the rest of us, who learned to suffer our losses, Penelope hedged against even the smallest loss.

"You know me better than that." She laughed. "I'm not at all civilized. I was furious and I haven't spoken a word to her since they started sleeping with each other. But I was getting tired of being married. You know what marriage is, Corinne. You and Edward are practically the last married people of our old friends."

This wasn't true, but I didn't want to argue. I felt sorry for Penelope, losing Don, whom I'd always liked. "I'm glad to be here," I said. "We'll have a chance to get to know each other again."

"Why again?" Penelope said. "We know each other already. Anyway, we'll have to hold off until September."

"Why September?"

"Edward doesn't tell you anything, does he? I'm going to Japan for two months. I leave next week."

For dinner, Penelope served pot roast at the long kitchen table, and I noticed how careful she was not to eat fat or potatoes. She hadn't changed much since college, only thickened in the way we all had. She looked more mature than I'd ever felt. It could have been having her children. Where I'd hovered above that decision for years, Penelope had plunged in early.

After dinner, we sat in the living room drinking brandy and coffee. Edward and I sat an arm's length apart on deck chairs from a luxury liner, opposite Penelope, who was stretched out on the couch. At one time, the room must have been both the front parlor and the dining room, but someone had removed the double doors and made one enormous space. On the floor in front of the TV was a large brass tray that was covered with shards of marble and glass, metal and stone figurines, seashells and feathers. Tables and chairs were draped with embroidered cloths Penelope had picked up on her trips around the world with Don. But it was Penelope's collection of plants that dominated the room. There was a rubber tree that must have been seven feet high, and next to Edward, leaning toward him, an elephant ears larger than any I'd seen outside a nursery. Where the front window rose almost to the ceiling were built-in cabinets, and on top of them more plants, some as tall as two or three feet. In this small jungle Penelope had installed wooden carvings of animals—a giraffe, an elephant.

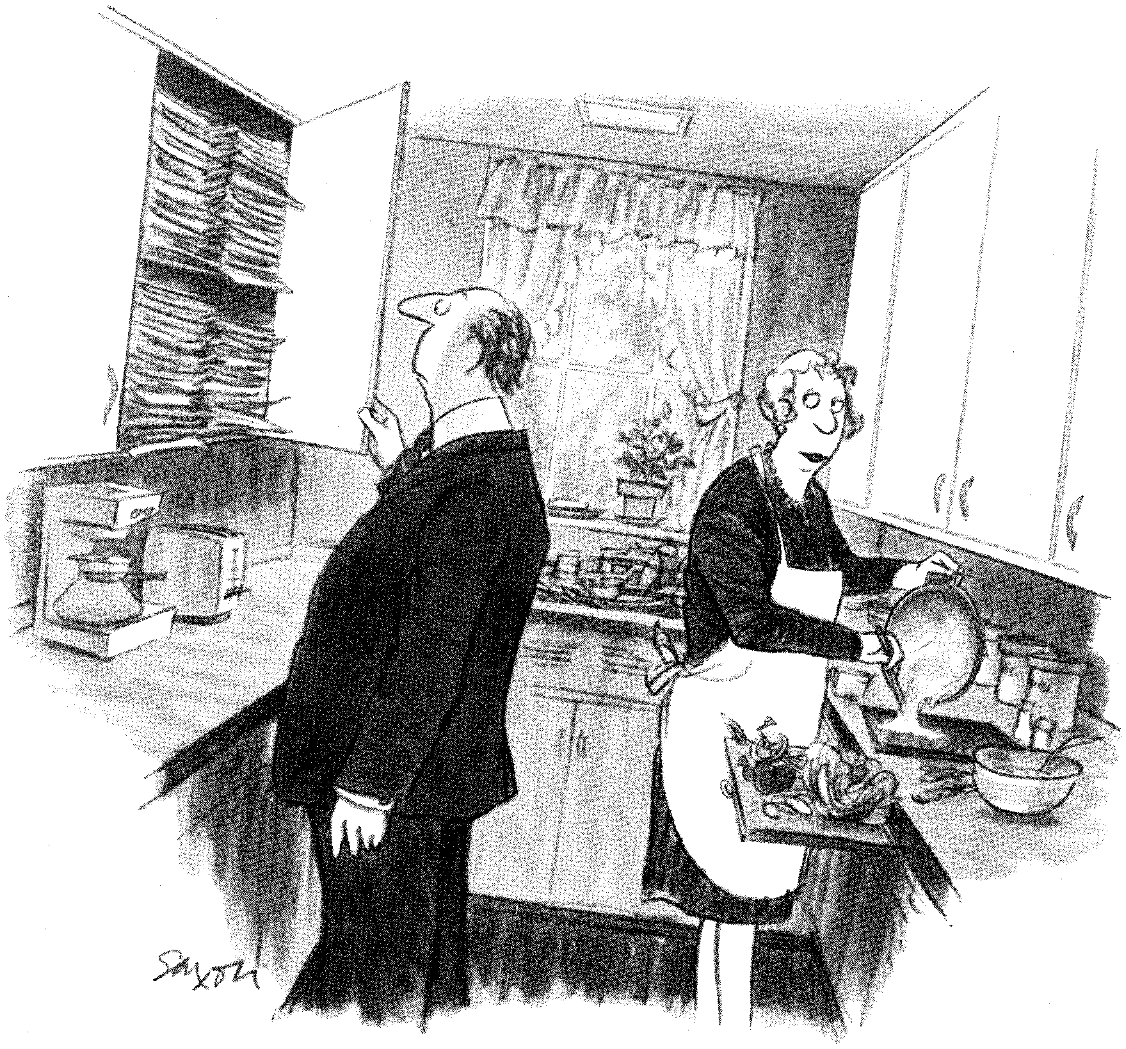
"Where will you live?" Penelope asked. "Have you decided?"

"I've been looking," I said. "I don't know. I've seen a few places, but nothing's right for us. Next step is a rental agency, I suppose."

"First day in London," Edward said, "Corinne was off, map in one hand, apartment list in the other."

"I've always hated it that you and

APRIL 14, 1980



"The vermouth is over the refrigerator. That's my novel."

Edward were in New York and I was here," Penelope said. "I won't have you move into some awful flat and be unhappy and return to New York. You must take your time and find the right place."

"Our time's almost up," Edward said. "The apartment we're in is only ours for another week." He reached for the brandy bottle. Edward hated theoretical discussions of practical matters. Either an apartment was there or it wasn't. And we'd decided that as long as I wasn't working it was my task to find a place.

I said, "We'll take what we can find for the moment."

"That's absurd," Penelope said. She sounded almost angry.

"Not really absurd," I said.

But she interrupted. "This flat is available for two months. Take it. It'll be my gift to you."

"We'll pay rent, of course," I said. I looked at Edward, who didn't appear happy at this unexpected solution to our problem. "We'll talk it over," I said then, "and I'll call."

"What in the world is there to talk over? There's been a housing shortage in London since World War II," Penelope said. "Take it. Just take it. I'll be offended if you don't."

We could always change our minds after we'd discussed it privately, so I said, "Done," and Penelope and I arranged that I would come the morning of her departure—in three days' time—to get the keys. Watering her plants was the only chore Penelope seemed concerned about. Edward didn't say anything. He went to Penelope's bookshelves and stood with his back to us, reading the titles.

When it was time to leave, Penelope watched from her door as we walked toward the taxi rank. The street was so quiet that when she closed the door the sound echoed down the block.

"I'm not moving in there," Edward said quietly.

"What's the alternative? If we find something while we're there, we'll move out and I'll water the plants until she gets back. She's being very nice."

"I won't live there. It's inconvenient for work."

"There's an Underground right there. It won't be for long. Living in the neighborhood, I might be able to find something nearby."

"I hate Maida Vale. I refuse to move into any place you find there."

"Did you have a fight with Don or something?"

"I haven't seen Don for years. I just feel awkward there."

"It won't be forever."

ON Tuesday morning, I called Penelope. She was still sleeping, she said, though I thought I heard a man's voice in the background. She told me to be at the flat at one. When I arrived, on time, she looked more annoyed than glad to see me.

"Things are in an awful mess," she said. "I'll never get packed. People keep bothering me." As we passed the kitchen, I saw breakfast dishes for two and the morning papers strewn over the long table. Penelope's bedroom was downstairs. One wall was almost entirely windows; a set of doors opened onto a small patio. A screen decorated with Victorian greeting cards hid a rack of her clothing. A huge spider plant, a scented geranium, and all kinds of ivies hung in front of the windows. "Be careful of the busy Lizzie when you close the blind," Penelope warned. "It gets caught sometimes."

There were two suitcases open on the bed, and Penelope held up pieces of clothing for my advice on whether to take them with her. I was reminded of college when one or the other of us was going away for the weekend. I almost always went to Edward's college, fifteen miles away, while Penelope actually attended legendary occasions like Winter Carnival. We toured the apartment, and Penelope showed me the hot-water heater and the locks for the doors. She showed me the girls' room—bunk beds, toys on the floor, and a goldfish to feed. She instructed me on watering the plants and told me to turn them every once in a while so they'd keep their shapes. She gave me Don's number in Italy and her extra set of keys and told me the name of a place on Church Street where I could get a set made for Edward and where the best butcher and greengrocer were in the neighborhood. The phone rang three times, and Penelope talked for a while with each caller, though she began by saying, "I can't talk. I'm out the door for Tokyo."

I began to think I was bothering Penelope by being there. It was always like that with her. Our meetings left me waiting for more—an intimate conversation, a quiet moment that never came. Penelope might have felt the same about me, for at the door as I was leaving she said, "Why is it that we never really talk, Corinne? I wanted to hear everything about your life. You and Edward are my models for conduct."

"We're such models there's nothing to tell but the day-to-day. Are you a gay divorcée or non-divorcée?"

"I have three lovers," Penelope said, "but it's not all that gay. There are always little misunderstandings, but I feel really free, past the problems and the arguments." One of her lovers was older and very rich, she told me, and also slightly famous. He was perhaps her favorite because he feared her more than she did him. He'd never married and assumed that every woman wanted marriage from him, and how wrong he was, Penelope said, in her case. Another lover was very young—she smiled and then grinned—and very unstable, crazier than anyone she knew of any age. Then there was her third lover, from whom she'd just broken off for good. He would never leave his wife, Penelope said, and I thought for a moment she would reach out and touch me. "I never wanted him to, Corinne. Honestly. But he didn't understand that ever, and that's why it had to end. Does all this sound awful to you? I think about you. Sometimes I wonder how you'd fare in my position."

"Differently," I said. "But we've always done things differently, haven't we? You probably think I've been married too long. Or maybe you don't."

"I just wonder what your secret is," she said. She smiled at me fondly and expectantly, as if I had wisdom I could dispense if I chose.

I was sure by then that Penelope was the one with the secret. She'd never been good at keeping anything to herself. I thought of a few words I could say about Edward, but decided against them, answering only, "If I told, then it wouldn't be a secret anymore."

EDWARD had a meeting outside London the next day, so I called for a taxi and moved our suitcases to Penelope's myself. There was still the smell of perfume in her bedroom. I tried to open a window but found they were all painted shut. Finally, I opened the doors that led to the patio.

I straightened the flat, putting away the clothing and books Penelope had flung about in her rush to leave. In college, we went to antique stores, and I noticed, among the goods she'd collected over the years, some she'd bought then. She'd never learned to stop buying, nor had she learned to part with what she had.

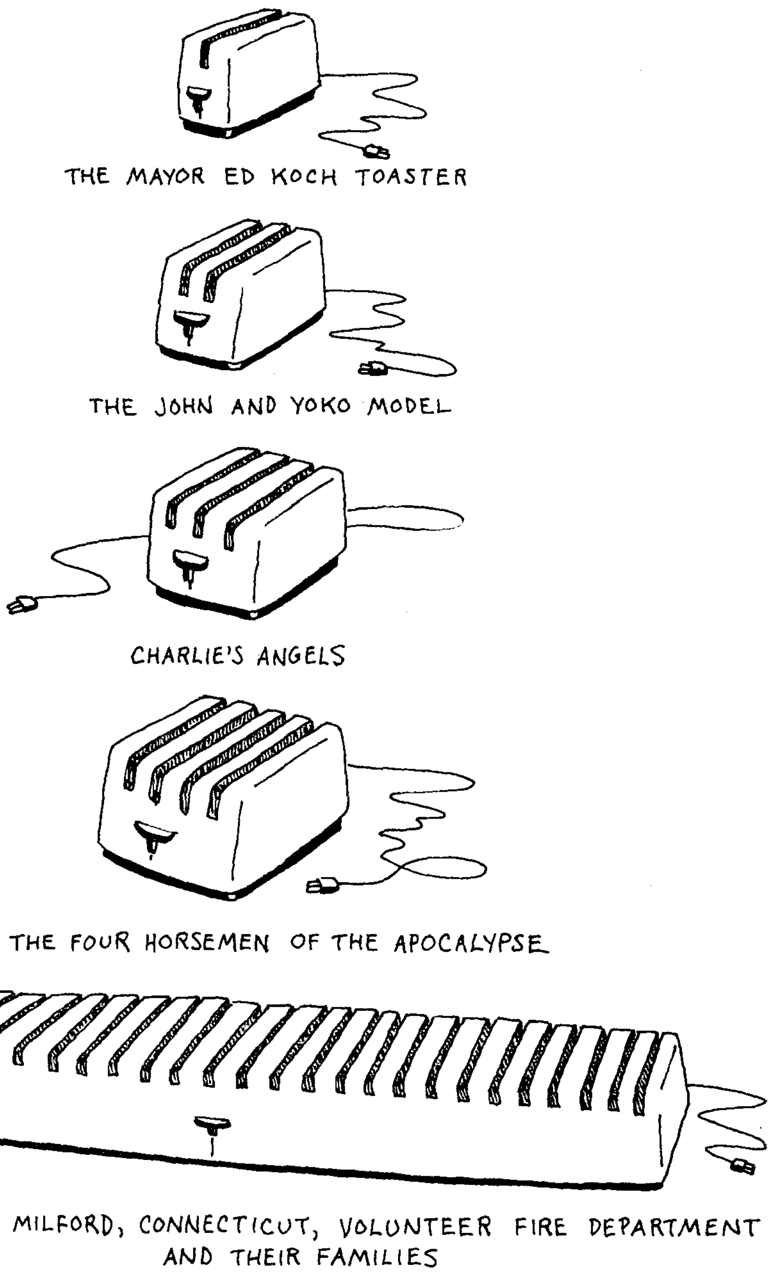
I shopped for food and drink, had a set of keys made for Edward, and then all I could think of was sleep. Edward didn't return until long after dark. He'd stood at the door, he said, ringing and ringing to try and wake me. When he came into the bedroom, he asked, "Couldn't we sleep somewhere else? I hate sleeping in other people's bedrooms."

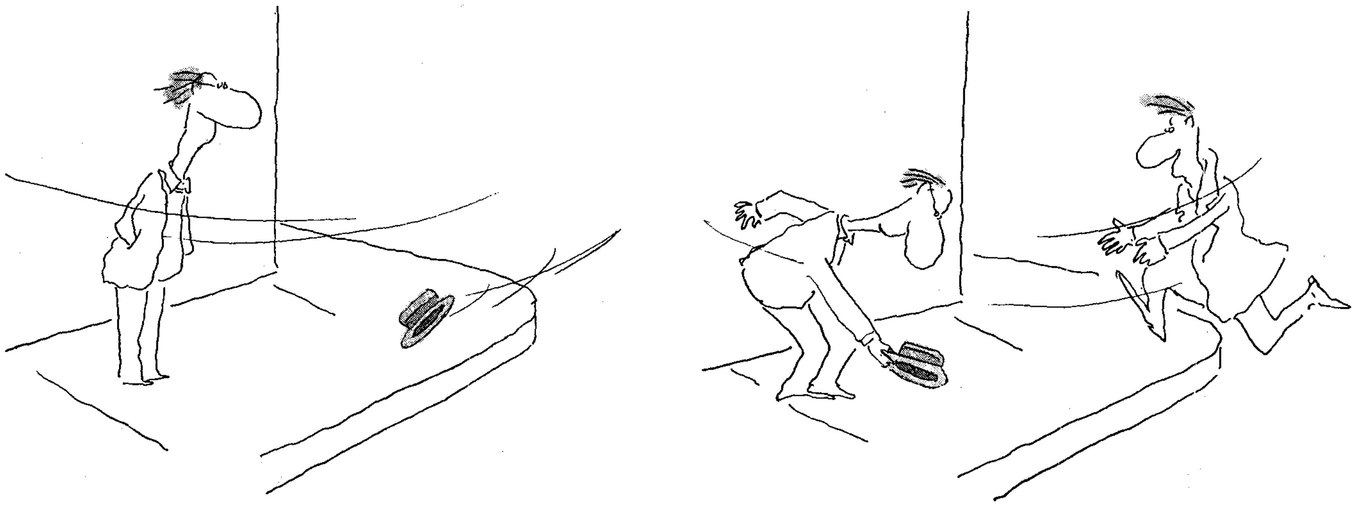
"Do you?" I asked.

"It's strange to be here."

"It's strange for me, too," I said, meaning London, and then I fell back to sleep.

THE garden was mostly lawn, edged by a gravel path, with a hill and a small grove of trees. In the mornings, the garden was mysterious, like the beach before people get to it. It was a garden for children, really,


THE MAYOR ED KOCH TOASTER
THE JOHN AND YOKO MODEL
CHARLIE'S ANGELS
THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE
AND THE NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT AND THEIR FAMILIES



and until eight, sometimes nine, at night the children worked the garden in packs—hiding, running, resting in threes and fours on the grass. I could hear their conversations in snatches from the kitchen as I was cooking, or from the living room when I sat reading. I could never hear enough to make sense of it, but their shouts were clearly of rage or triumph, so different from the adult laughter and murmurings I heard from the neighboring houses at night.

Most afternoons I looked for apartments and continued to have no luck. I had one friend in London—Margaret, whom I'd met when she was in New York as a graduate student. She'd come to study some prints the foundation I worked for had in its collection. Margaret was married now and had a baby. I'd pick her up at her flat near Tavistock Square, and we'd put the baby in his stroller and then we'd walk—to Soho for fresh noodles and cheese, to St. James's Park to hear the band. Margaret was a serene mother. When Tomtom did something particularly annoying, she looked at him carefully, giving him the benefit of the doubt, as if perhaps he had some idea there, better than hers. Watching them, I thought that finally it might be time for me to have a child. Soon it would be too late to have much choice. In London I had no job, nor did I plan to get one; and I could imagine having a baby in that city. I thought about the baby as I walked and window-shopped. I picked out a mohair blanket from a Scottish store, silver shoes from a shop in Covent Garden, a padded jacket from a Tibetan store. All my life, I'd been in school or at work. I'd never before been so free.

At Penelope's, every night before we went to sleep Edward opened the doors to the patio and moved the screen to block neighborhood cats from entering. Aside from that, he might not have been living in Penelope's flat. He didn't like the nearby pubs and wouldn't go to any of them. He wouldn't help water the plants. He hated Penelope's knickknacks and said that he wanted to live in a series of empty rooms.

One night in August, Edward joined me for dinner with Margaret and her husband, and we left their house too late for the last Underground. We walked up Marylebone Road, hoping for a bus, but the ones that came were going in the wrong direction and there were no cabs. We walked miles until we came to the Edgware Road. Edward paused at the hi-fi and appliance stores. I looked at the opaque cases, the padded speakers, the buttonless turntables, and took Edward's hand to make him keep walking.

"If I could buy anything," I said, "I'd get a mohair blanket for our bed . . ."

"Better find us a bed of our own first—"

"And that watercolor of the pink fish we saw. And some silver shoes."

"Get them," Edward said. "I didn't realize you were mooning around wanting things. Get them."

"No," I said. "I don't want them just like that—just to go from store to store and buy them."

"It's exactly the way you eat ice cream. So carefully," Edward said. "Lick by lick, saving it up."

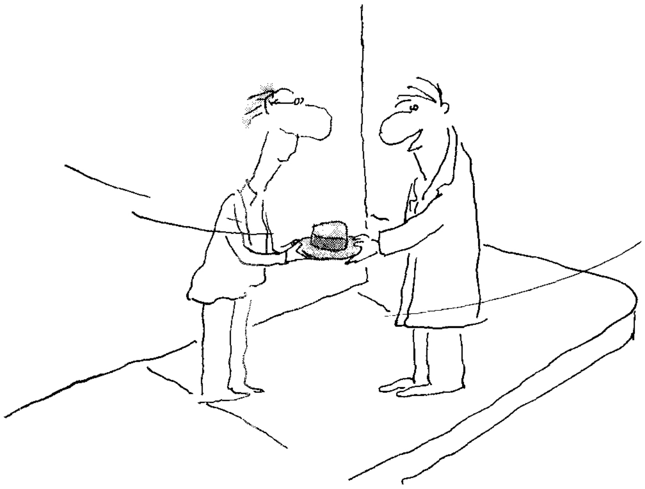
That didn't seem particularly true, but by this time we were at the red brick hotel near Penelope's street. I wished a pub were open or the hotel bar. I didn't want to go back to the flat, climb into bed, listen to Edward sleep, and be caught by sleep myself. I wanted to keep going, though there was nowhere to go. I lagged behind Edward, who walked on at his steady pace. He had his key in the door, waiting for me, when I caught up with him.

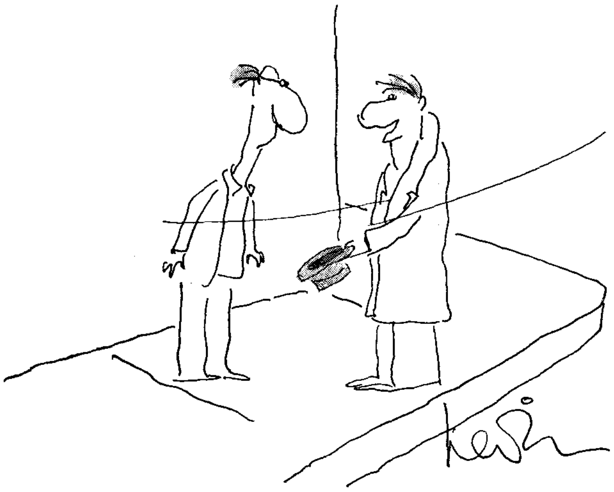
IN the near-darkness of the hall, the first thing I noticed was the phone on the floor. The cord was slashed. "We've been robbed or something," I said, but Edward was on his way to the living room. In the dark, the room was quiet. The TV was still there. We returned to the entry hall, and when I turned on the light I saw red drops of blood shining on the carpet. Edward and I followed the trail of drops down the carpeted stairs and onto the wood floor of the downstairs hallway into Penelope's room. Edward walked straight in. I stayed behind.

"Well, we know how he got in," Edward said.

The window was smashed. Pieces of glass were spread over the skirt I'd left on the rocker. There was glass and blood on my new straw bag. A piggyback ivy had been thrown onto the bed, and dirt had fallen from the broken pot. The busy Lizzie was stripped bare, its leaves scattered on the floor. I moved toward the telephone by the bed and felt glass crunch beneath my feet. "I'm calling the police," I said.

When I'd given our address and reported the break-in to a sergeant at headquarters, Edward and I went through the rest of the flat. Downstairs, Penelope's was the only room touched. In the upstairs bathroom, we found a carving knife in the toilet, blade in the water. The knife was about two feet long. I reached for it, but Edward held my hand before it touched the knife and said, "Fingerprints. Maybe."





The water was discolored, and I thought it was blood. "It's only rust," said Edward.

I'd left the kitchen in perfect order. Now there was a saucepan on the sink and a small puddle on the floor with a sponge lying beside it. "Blood and water," Edward said. "He tried to clean up."

In the living room we found the worst of it, though I was never sure if it was what he'd come for. The elephant ears lay in pieces on the floor. The longest branch of the rubber tree had been amputated and lay next to the trunk. Earth spilled from the broken pot. Everywhere I looked I saw broken pottery and slashed leaves and roots, mounds of earth. Pots had been hurled against the walls and onto the overturned chairs and the couch. The table lay on its side. All of Penelope's little arrangements—her ceramic animals, a bowl in the shape of a shoe—were turned upside down. I looked around for a place to sit, but there wasn't any. Edward was leaning against the doorjamb as if he were taking inventory.

"This is the biggest mess I've ever seen," I said.

"At least."

Though we'd left the door wide open, the policemen rang the bell and waited politely for us on the stoop. There were two of them, the taller one a detective—Criminal Investigation Department, he told us. His name was Pettit. He was silver-haired and dressed in what I assumed was a disguise: bluejeans ripped at the left knee, a sweater that came halfway down his thighs. The constable, Williams, was rosy-cheeked and curious, and as we took them on a tour of the flat he made appreciative comments. From their point of view, I saw that the flat was of some interest. Starting with the bedroom, we showed them all we'd found, and when we reached the living room Constable Williams commented, "Not a lover of plants by any means."

Edward and I stood silent. "Anything missing?" Pettit asked.

"It's hard to tell," Edward said. "At the best of times, you hardly know what's in the place—now you could hide an elephant. We're only guests here. As my wife explained."

"Personal," Pettit said. "In my experience, these incidents are usually personal."

"I find that hard to believe," Edward said. "With all respect to your experience, it's probably neighborhood kids."

"Stands to reason," Pettit continued, in the tone of one whose mind is made up. "No sign of robbery. Nothing but silly mischief, though a bit sinister, I'll admit, this attacking of the plants. Only living things at home, you see. From the looks of it, you didn't come home a minute too soon—you must have just missed." Pettit turned to me. "Where were you tonight? Who knew you'd be gone?" He turned quickly to Edward, saying, "Not that it's any of my business, sir."

"We had dinner with friends near King's Cross," I said.

Pettit surveyed the room, frowning at a small oil painting of a slice of chocolate cake. "And the lady whose flat this is, has she a husband?"

"In Italy with their children," I said. "They're separated."

"Pardon me for asking," said the detective, "but any boyfriends about?"

I waited for Edward to give me a clue, but he was looking at the carpet and the broken pots. "I don't really know," I said. "We're friends from college, not current friends. I just came from New York." I wasn't going to tell him about the rich one or the crazy one or the married one. "I doubt this is personal. She isn't like this at all."

"Few people are," Pettit said, "until it happens. About the boyfriends . . ."

"Honestly. I don't know. We saw her for dinner. She offered us the flat."

"Nice of her to let you have it," Pettit said. "A nice-size place."

"That's what she's like," I said. What I was saying wasn't exactly true, but it seemed important to pretend it was. "Penelope's a generous person. She gives and gives to all kinds of people. It could be a stranger. Someone who's watched her at the store."

"Possibly," Pettit said.

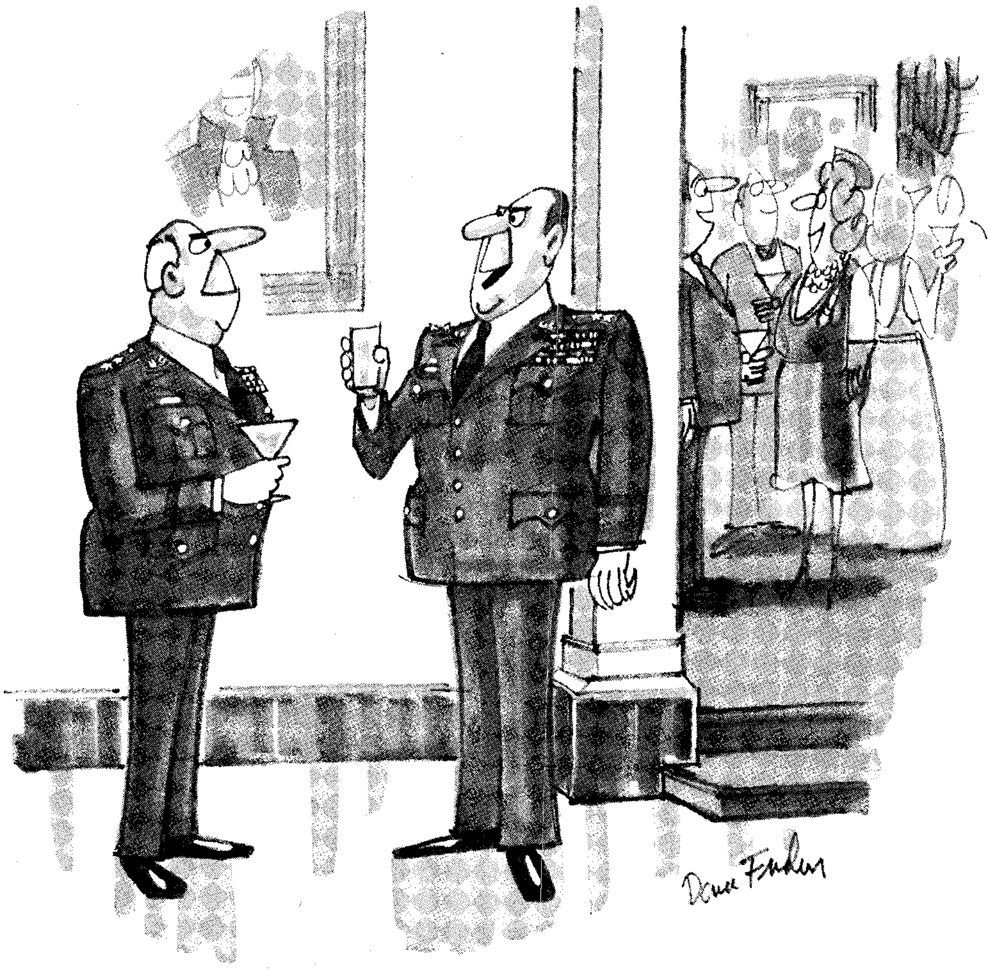
"It could have been anyone, Corinne," said Edward. "It doesn't do any good to speculate."

Pettit gave Edward a dark look, following, I supposed, the detective's rule of suspecting everyone. Edward was pale and haggard, ready for sleep. Pettit turned to me and appeared ready to start all over again about Penelope's boyfriends, husband, children, habits, possessions, so I said, "I have to go to sleep, please. This has been a shock and I don't have anything else to say."

Pettit hesitated, looking from me to Edward. Then he said, "The print men will come in the morning. If there's anything you wish to add, either of you, please ring me. Nothing you care to add at the moment? Nothing you remember?"

EDWARD was out on the patio when I went into the bedroom. He was shaking off the eiderdown. He'd swept the floor near the bed and left a pile of glass and dirt in the corner. I watched him for a moment, waiting to be glad he was doing something.

"Let's lock the doors tonight," I



"And I say one bomb is worth a thousand words."

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said when he came inside. "There's plenty of air from the broken window."

Edward moved the screen in front of the open doors. "I can't sleep without air. Claustrophobia."

I began to undress. "How am I supposed to clean this?"

"I don't know. You'll do it the way you do everything. You'll start at some arbitrary point and get going. Then you won't look back."

"You make me sound very efficient," I said. "Or stupid."

"Look," Edward said. "I have to get up in the morning and go to work. We'll figure this out tomorrow night."

He got into bed and reached for me, to kiss me good night and position me so that he would be comfortable.

"I know who did it," I said.

"What do you mean?" He let go of me. "There's no way you could know."

"The young lover did it," I said. "The one Penelope said was crazy. That's the only possibility I see. If she'd told me his name, I'd get him over here to deal with his own mess."

"Penelope has a young lover?"

"Three lovers. That she told me about. There could be others. There was the young lover, the best candidate for plant-slasher. There was her favorite, the older rich lover. But this isn't his style. Then there was the married lover, the one who thought she wanted him to leave his wife. But he didn't sound capable of this kind of thing." I turned on the light and got out of bed.

"I don't want to hear about this," Edward said.

"Why not? Were you so hurt when you caught on that she didn't want you to leave me? Or did you think you were breaking her heart?"

"Stop it," Edward said. "She shouldn't have told you."

"How stupid do you think I am?" I picked up the broken busy Lizzie and shook some dirt on the floor. "This is your mess. I won't do it. I don't care. I don't care what you were up to with Penelope. I just won't clean this up. Not even for you."

I got back into bed and turned out the light.

"Corinne, I'm sorry," Edward said after a while. "It just happened and I didn't mean to get involved. I didn't know anything about the others."

"I'm sure you didn't."

"I *wouldn't* have left you. I had no such intention. She was the one who brought it up. That I would or wouldn't."

"I know you wouldn't," I said.

"I would never do anything to hurt you. I missed you terribly."

"No, you didn't," I said. "But it doesn't matter." I had the feeling that he was ready to tell me about the whole thing, and I didn't want to hear it. I put my hand on his mouth and he kissed my fingers. He held me against him in the way we fall asleep sometimes.

"It'll be fine again," he said after a while. "I see us years from now. In Rome."

"What are we doing in Rome?" I asked.

"We're laughing at this. At least smiling. Or maybe we're just drinking coffee. I missed you," he said. "I did."

THE next day, Edward stayed home from work and together we put the living room in order. The print men came, and the glazier as well. Neither Edward nor I knew much about plants, but he remembered things from his childhood. I helped him prune limbs and leaves that were slashed beyond recovery, and we tried to repot the plants that had been uprooted. For about a week the plants looked sad; then they got used to their new shapes. One of the print men said that the rubber tree might be twenty years old, judging from its height. That was a far longer time than Penelope, Edward, and I had known each other, longer than I'd been married. The blood came up easily from the wood floor with only cold water and a little soap. The carpet upstairs was shampooed and, once that was done, the stains that remained could have been made by anything at all—wine or tea, or even chocolate milk, spilled by a child on her way down the dark stairs to sleep. —LAURA FURMAN

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After dinner, Alex took a long, very hot bath. The white-tiled bathroom rapidly filled with steam. He lay soaking in the deep tub with the hot water tap sufficiently open to maintain the temperature of the water as hot as he could stand it. Slowly, very slowly, the tension and strain of the day ebbed away. A half-hour later, his body glowing from the bath, he wrapped himself in a long white terry-cloth bathrobe provided by the hotel, ate dinner, and then, naked, slipped between fresh linen sheets.—"Provenance," by Frank McDonald.

He may have been naked, but he certainly wasn't empty.

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE HEART OF KOKOMO

NOT long after basketball was invented, in 1891, at Springfield College, in Massachusetts, by Dr. James Naismith, the game became particularly identified throughout the country with the state of Indiana. I know that when I was growing up, in the late nineteen-twenties and the thirties, in a basketball-oriented town in southeastern Massachusetts, somehow or other the word reached us that Indiana was *the* hotbed of the game—that it was played with more intensity there than anywhere else and was also played better. This was the sum total of our knowledge, though. We had no idea whether Indiana had gained its premier position because some of the great early professional players and teams might have come from there or whether its fame depended on the records of its college teams, the quality of its high-school teams, or a general statewide dedication to the sport which manifested itself in an unmatched profusion of back-yard backboards and baskets.

As basketball grew and altered over the years, and as brilliant players and teams, collegiate and professional, emerged in just about every corner of the country, I gathered that while Indiana still produced championship teams—Indiana University won the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships in 1940, 1953, and 1976—it was no longer the special world that it had once been. Last year, however, I found I had to revise my thinking. One player caused this: Larry Bird, of Indiana State University. The virtuosity of Bird, a husky, quiet, blond young man who stands six feet nine and plays forward, enabled an otherwise unremarkable Indiana State team to go unbeaten through thirty-three games, until the final of the N.C.A.A. tournament, when it lost to Michigan State. Indiana State appeared a number of times on network television, and Bird's style of play made sports fans across the country think once again of Indiana's historic identification with basketball. He averaged close to twenty-nine points a game—he is an exceptionally fine shooter—but, unlike most recent stars, he showed himself to be much more than just a prolific scorer. He averaged fifteen rebounds a game, he was effective on defense, and, above all, he was an extraordinary passer, able to spot a teammate who was open and to devise an imaginative way to get the ball to him. (As a boy, growing up in the small southern-Indiana town of French Lick, where he later attended Springs Valley High School, he had learned to pass by passing to himself: He would whip the ball off a fence, a wall, or whatever else was handy and move quickly to catch it on the rebound.) Skillful passing is the heart of basketball's fascination, and its absence is the main reason that professional basketball, a mélange of race-horse dribbling, slam dunks, jump shots, and heavy weather in the vicinity of the basket, has become a dull and charmless game. Bird, by the way, signed with the Boston Celtics upon his graduation, last June, receiving a contract that calls for him to be paid three and a quarter million dollars over five years. As a professional, he has continued to play solid all-around basketball, and his unselfish approach to the game—his passing, especially—has proved to be contagious and has turned the Celtics from a disjointed collection of individual players into a spirited, coalescent group.

A few months ago, revved up after watching an outstanding performance by Bird, I decided that this was a good time to go out to Indiana and see whether its fabled devotion to basketball was still intact or whether, like so many phases of our national culture, the Hoosier Hysteria, as it had come to be called, no longer truly existed. For guidance, I telephoned an old friend in Indianapolis who has always followed basketball zealously. After assuring me that the game was in a very healthy condition there—regardless of the conduct of Bobby Knight, the obstreperous, though exceedingly able, coach of Indiana University—he told me that he thought it would be wisest for me to concentrate on a high school with a strong basketball tradition. "The excellence of our high-school basketball has always been the basis of the game's popularity in our part of the country," he said. He wanted a few days to think over which high school he would recommend. When he called me back, he suggested that Kokomo High would probably work out as well as any. Kokomo did not have a powerhouse team this year, he said, but it was a good representative Indiana high school, its basketball teams had been first-class for over fifty years, and its present coach, Carl McNulty, was regarded as one of the best around. "McNulty is in his twelfth year at

"*This better be good!*"

Kokomo," he added. "I don't know him personally, but whenever I've watched a Kokomo game, I've liked the calibre of basketball his teams play, and I've also liked the way McNulty handles himself."

I FLEW out to Indianapolis the second week of January and drove to Kokomo, which lies about fifty miles due north of the capital. The last two winters had been extremely severe throughout the Midwest, but this year in early January there was no snow on the ground, and the air was fairly mild. My drive to Kokomo was a pleasant one, across flat frozen farmland that is given over mainly to corn and soybeans. Kokomo, I learned, has a population of about fifty-one thousand. The original village was founded in 1842, by David Foster, a fur trader, on a section of the reservation of the Miami Indians, and was named after a Miami chief. In 1886, the city of Kokomo was hurried into existence when natural gas was discovered along Wildcat Creek, which cuts through the center of town and flows north into the Wabash River. The supply of natural gas was exhausted within ten years, but the city hung on well. It became a center of the automobile industry during that industry's first stirrings. Kokomo firms manufactured the Haynes and Apperson cars until the nineteen-twenties, when they were forced out of business by the assembly-line products of Detroit. But Kokomo has continued to be involved in the automobile industry. At present, for example, it has a large Delco plant that makes radios for General Motors cars and two Chrysler plants, which make transmissions and castings. Until about 1950, Route 31, the main road to South Bend, some ninety miles to the north, ran through the middle of Kokomo, but then the Route 31 Bypass was constructed. Today, the Delco and Chrysler plants are situated on the bypass, a dual highway that arcs to the east of the city. A perfect example of the garish clutter that has become a standard part of the American landscape along our well-travelled interurban motor routes, the bypass has its Ramada Inn, its Howard Johnson's, its Best Western, and its local branches of other nationwide motel chains; it has a large number of fast-food operations; and, of course, it has shopping centers. Downtown Kokomo, as a result, now has the semideserted look of Main Streets in many of our small cities. Aside from one six-story office building, most of the buildings are two-story or three-story brick structures that went up in the last ten years of the nineteenth century and the first ten years of this one. Periodic attempts to improve their appearance by painting their exteriors have only served to accentuate their dilapidation. Except on nights when there is a basketball game or some other attraction at the high school, the town closes down at five-thirty. The high school is unquestionably the center of vitality in Kokomo today—its cohesive force. Actually, since 1968 there have been two high schools: Kokomo High, a few blocks off the main street, and Haworth High, in the southwestern section of the city. In the middle nineteen-sixties, when approximately twenty-nine hundred students were attending Kokomo High—then made up of only the upper three grades—the city school board, anticipating further growth and fearing that the quality of education would suffer if the classes became overcrowded, decreed that a second high school be created. The expected crush did not occur, partly because at this time many families started to move to the countryside on the edge of Kokomo and their children attended suburban high schools. Today, Kokomo High has about fifteen hundred students in its four grades, and Haworth High has about eighteen hundred. I am undoubtedly prejudiced, since I spent all my time at Kokomo High, but I certainly did get the impression that it is the heart of Kokomo.

THE INSOMNIA OF TREMAYNE

The all-night stations—Tremayne pictures them
As towers that shoot great sparks off through the dark—
Fade out and drift among the drifted hours
Just now returning to his bedside clock;
And something starts all over, call it day.
He likes, he really likes the little hum,
Which is the last sound of all night-sounds to decay.

Call that the static of the spheres, a sound
Of pure in-betweenness, far, and choked, and thin.
As long as it lasts—a faint, celestial surf—
He feels no need to dial the weather in,
Or music, or the news, or anything.
And it soothes him, like some night-murmuring nurse,
Murmuring nothing much, perhaps, but murmuring.

—DONALD JUSTICE

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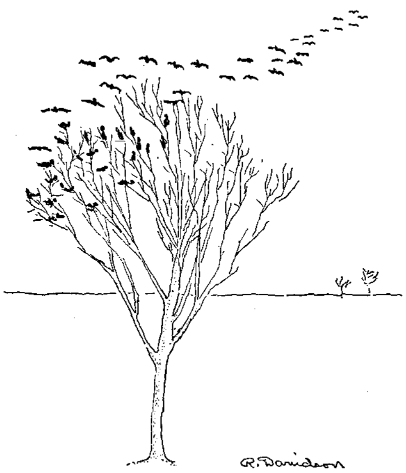

KOKOMO HIGH, which was founded in 1872, moved in 1915 to its present home, a spacious three-story brick building. After the Second World War, a second building, specifically for vocational training, was added. The imposing Kokomo Memorial Gymnasium, which succeeded several smaller gyms, was completed in 1949 and is situated across the street from the high school. When I got to town, I went directly to the gym. It far surpassed my expectations. The basketball court, fifty feet wide and eighty-four feet long—the regulation size for high-school courts in this country—is a beauty. Its floor, of maple, glistens as few gym floors do, and the bleachers, made of Southern fir and stained a darker brown than the floor, have a gleam of their own. The stands on three sides of the court can be rolled back—or, more precisely, squeezed together, like an accordion—and this opens an area behind the stands on one of the long sides, which is now used as the girls' basketball court. When the gym is set up for a game, it seats sixty-eight hundred—a capacity equalled by few college gyms I have been to. For a while, it was among the largest high-school gyms in the state, and among the finest as well. Teams from rival schools enjoyed playing there so much that it was no trouble for Kokomo to line up exactly the schedule it wanted. Kokomo's away games, of course, were a different story; a number of

BENNY & LOUIE
JUNK YARD
B TOBEY

"There it is again, Louie. Didn't you hear a car honk?"

• •

them had to be played on antiquated, undersized courts hemmed in tightly by walls on three sides and with ceilings so low that it was necessary to shoot the ball in a line-drive parabola. In recent years, some high schools in Indiana have built new gyms that are quite a bit larger than Kokomo's. The biggest is in New Castle, about sixty miles to the southeast. It seats ninety-three hundred and twenty-five spectators, but its most striking feature is that the court itself is sunken. It is a delight to watch a game there.

I arrived at the Kokomo gym twenty minutes before the end of the regular afternoon practice, which finishes at four-thirty. No sooner had I taken a seat than the assistant coach, Ron Barsh, introduced himself and told me that Coach McNulty would come over to talk to me at the close of the workout. There were about forty players on the floor, wearing either royal-blue-and-red varsity practice uniforms or the solid-red practice uniforms of the junior-varsity and freshman squads. A lot of things were going on at once, smoothly. On the court, two five-man teams scrimmaged for a while, and then two other fives came on to replace them. Some of the players who were not involved in the scrimmages practiced foul shots or jump shots at four practice baskets off to the sides of the court. Four or five other players, each bouncing a ball as he loped along, were running laps around the perimeter of the court. I noticed that every one of them was dribbling with his left hand, and I found myself recalling a stupid mistake I had made when I was their age. Like most right-handed players, I worked hard to develop a left-hand shot. In time, I mastered an awkward left-hand semi-hook, but I rarely used it in a game, because I had no confidence in my ability to control it under pressure. What I should have been doing instead of practicing that shot was to learn to dribble with my left hand. If I had done that, I would have made myself a much more difficult player to guard, since, in effect, I would have enlarged my vocabulary of offensive moves by about forty per cent. Anyway, I doubted very much whether all the youngsters I watched dribbling around the edge of the court were natural left-handers, and I made a note to ask Coach McNulty about them. At the conclusion of practice, he came over. A slim man a little over six feet three, he has a youthful face and black hair, which is parted on the side and falls over his forehead. I was astonished when I later learned that he would be turning fifty in February, for I had taken him to be about thirty-eight. His manner is genial and earnest without being heavy. Near the end of our talk, I remembered to ask him about the left-handed dribblers. "Oh, we've found that most of the kids are strictly right-handed when they come here,"

"Wow! What a terrific space!"

• •

he said. "We want them to learn to use their left hand, too, so we have them always dribble with their left hand when they do their laps around the floor."

As I was leaving the gym that afternoon, I saw a cardboard schedule attached to the wall. The Kokomo High team, I discovered, is called the Wildcats—obviously, after Wildcat Creek—and this season the Wildcats were playing twenty games between November 16th and February 29th. After that, the complicated, extended, and very important state tournament would begin. The schedule was put out by Artie's Potato Chips ("No Preservatives Added. We're For Real").

DURING my stay in Kokomo, I had a lengthy session with McNulty each day and also talked with various people he thought I would find informative, among them Frank Moore, the school principal; Kenneth Craig, the assistant principal for activities; Ron Barsh; Russ Bratton, a former Kokomo High basketball coach, who was living nearby; Dr. Frank Clifford, an orthodontist and an irrepressible fan, who entered the high school in 1909; and Walter Cross, who coached many sports at the high school, and who, at eighty, serves as the timer at the home basketball games. From these conversations, and with the help of several books that McNulty gave me to read, I learned something about how Indiana's basketball fervor had evolved. The man who is credited with introducing basketball to the state—and, indeed, to the Midwest—is the Reverend Nicholas McKay, who was the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in the town of Crawfordsville, some fifty miles northwest of Indianapolis. Reverend McKay came in contact with the game when he attended a training school that Dr. Naismith had set up at Springfield College, and in the spring of 1893 he made basketball part of the physical-education program at the Crawfordsville Y.M.C.A. Dr. Naismith had originally used peach baskets for his baskets. Reverend McKay improved on this. An iron hoop was attached to the wall at each end of the gym, and a coffee sack (its bottom intact) was fastened to the hoop. The next year, in what was probably the first scheduled game played in Indiana, the Crawfordsville Y.M.C.A. team beat the Lafayette Y.M.C.A. team, 45–21. The instant popularity of the games between Y.M.C.A. teams led to the formation during the ensuing decade of high-school basketball teams in cities, towns, and villages throughout the state. "Many types of places were used in which to stage the games," Herb Schwomeyer, Indiana's preëminent basketball historian, has written. "Down at Madison . . . a skating rink was used. In order to get a crowd interested in coming, they announced that the patrons could skate before and after and between halves of the game. Carmel played her first games in the driveway of a lumber yard, and the spectators found their seats on the great piles of lumber. Atlanta used a disbanded church." As the game grew, so did the number of respectable gyms. In December, 1903, the Indiana High School Athletic Association was established, and in 1911 the first I.H.S.A.A. basketball championship was held, at the Old Assembly Hall at Indiana University. Twelve teams competed, and, appropriately, the winner was Crawfordsville. The game grew so fast that in 1920 three hundred and seventy-two high schools entered teams in the state tournament. That winter, a team from Franklin—the Wonder Five, as it came to be known—won the first of three consecutive championships. Franklin's achievement has never been duplicated. By 1927, the number of teams in the state tournament had reached seven hundred and thirty-one. The winner that year was Martinsville. Its star was John Wooden, a hard-driving player with an instinct for the basket, who subsequently gained All-America honors at Purdue and then went into coaching. (He played some professional basketball in his spare time, and, over a long stretch of games, once sank a hundred and thirty-four consecutive foul shots—a feat that staggers the imagination.) In 1948, when he was thirty-eight, Wooden was appointed the basketball coach at the University of California at Los Angeles. It took a while before his skill for organizing and directing beautifully disciplined teams became fully apparent, but then, beginning in 1964, U.C.L.A. won the national collegiate championship ten times in twelve years. Wood-

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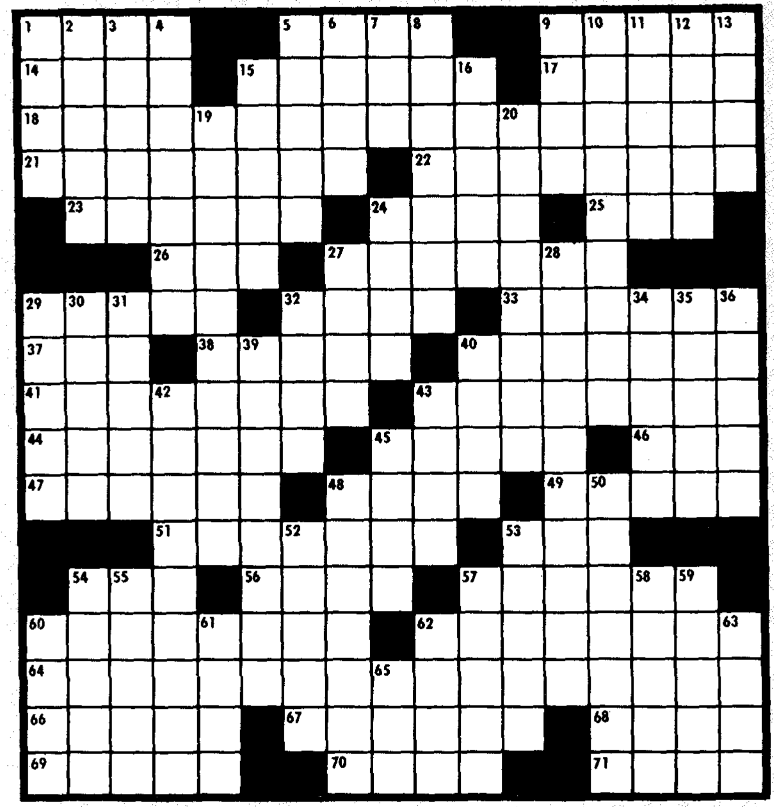
ACROSS

1 Carpenter's file
5 Game with 32 cards
9 Plowed land
14 Nanking nana
15 Audient
17 Noted Finnish philosopher: 1835-1924
18 Start of a poem by Burns
21 Too young to be served liquor
22 "--- tavern..."
23 Rubbernecking
24 Make sound
25 Q-U connection
26 "--- for the road"
27 Composer of "The Red Mill"
29 Middle East weight unit
32 Walleyed pike
33 Matador's lure
37 Raggedy doll
38 Philippine trees: Var.
40 Round Table town
41 China
43 Equipment for Mr. America
44 He has no deity or piety
45 Japanese lyric
46 Seine sight
47 Yucatecs
48 Undiluted
49 "And every --- queen": Kingsley
51 Goes
53 What an R.N. gives
54 Watering place
56 Birds called wahoos
57 Secular
60 Part of an atom
62 Painted the town red
64 Dos Passos novel
66 Famed Austrian contralto: 1803-77
67 Eiffel Tower levels
68 Douglas Hyde was its first president
69 German sculptor-painter: 1440-1533
70 Argus' multiple features
71 Ocular ailment

DOWN

1 Stew, in Siena
2 Mohammed's mother
3 White --- National Monument, N.M.
4 One that may set the world on fire
5 Flock of herons
6 Danny, Sammy or Stubby
7 Estuary
8 Reeling
9 "Kilt him --- when he was three"
10 Church of Scotland clergyman: 1804-68
11 He spawned Hitler
12 "When thou --- this terrible thing": Isa.64.3
13 Author Seton
15 Viscount Templewood
16 Therapy center, to a G.I.
19 Battle site: Sept. 11, 1777
20 Skier's turn
24 Linen marking
27 Darner's target
28 Uproar; fracas
29 Palindromic title
30 Loos or Louise
31 Not bashful
32 Gossip's interest
34 --- Bell (Emily Bronte)
35 End of a Hemingway title
36 Flummoxed
39 Foreign visitor's need
40 Item to go with ale
42 Vexatious situations
43 Man from 40 Across
45 Shebangs
48 Turn the palm downward or backward
50 Impeaches
52 Make --- of (record)
53 Gogol's "--- Bulba"
54 Distort a report
55 Hungarian coin: 1925-46
57 Roman tutelary gods
58 --- as a fiddle
59 Suspicious
60 Australian avifauna
61 Grog quaffers
62 Drayman's charge: Abbr.
63 Scotch for grief
65 Aye neutralizer



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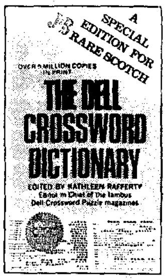
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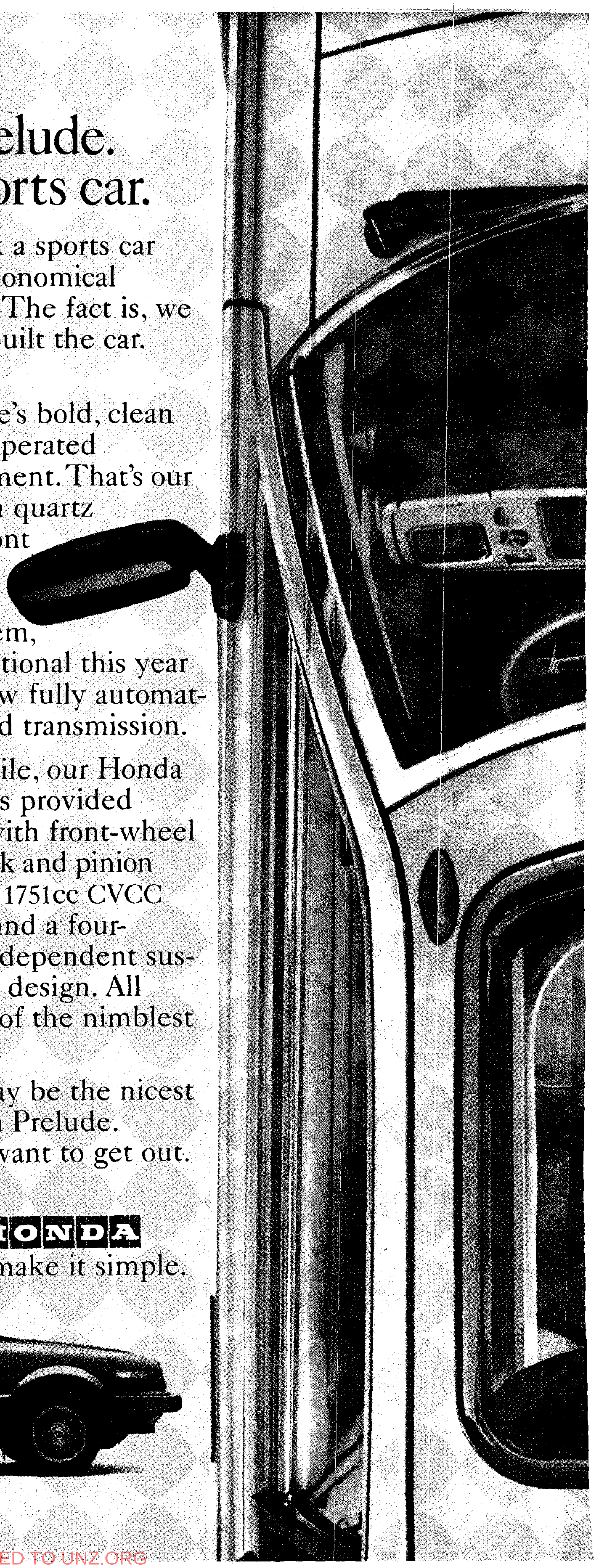

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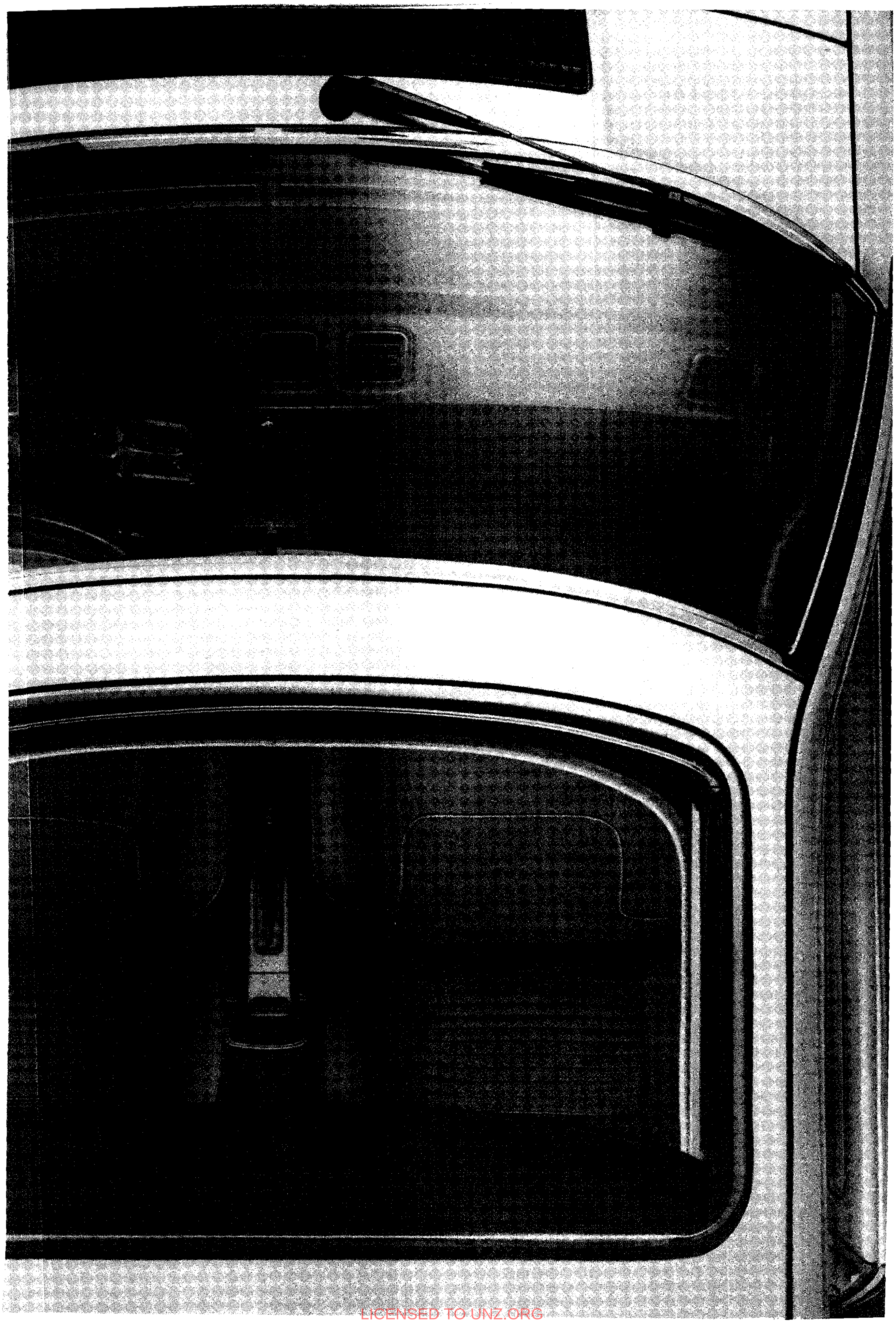

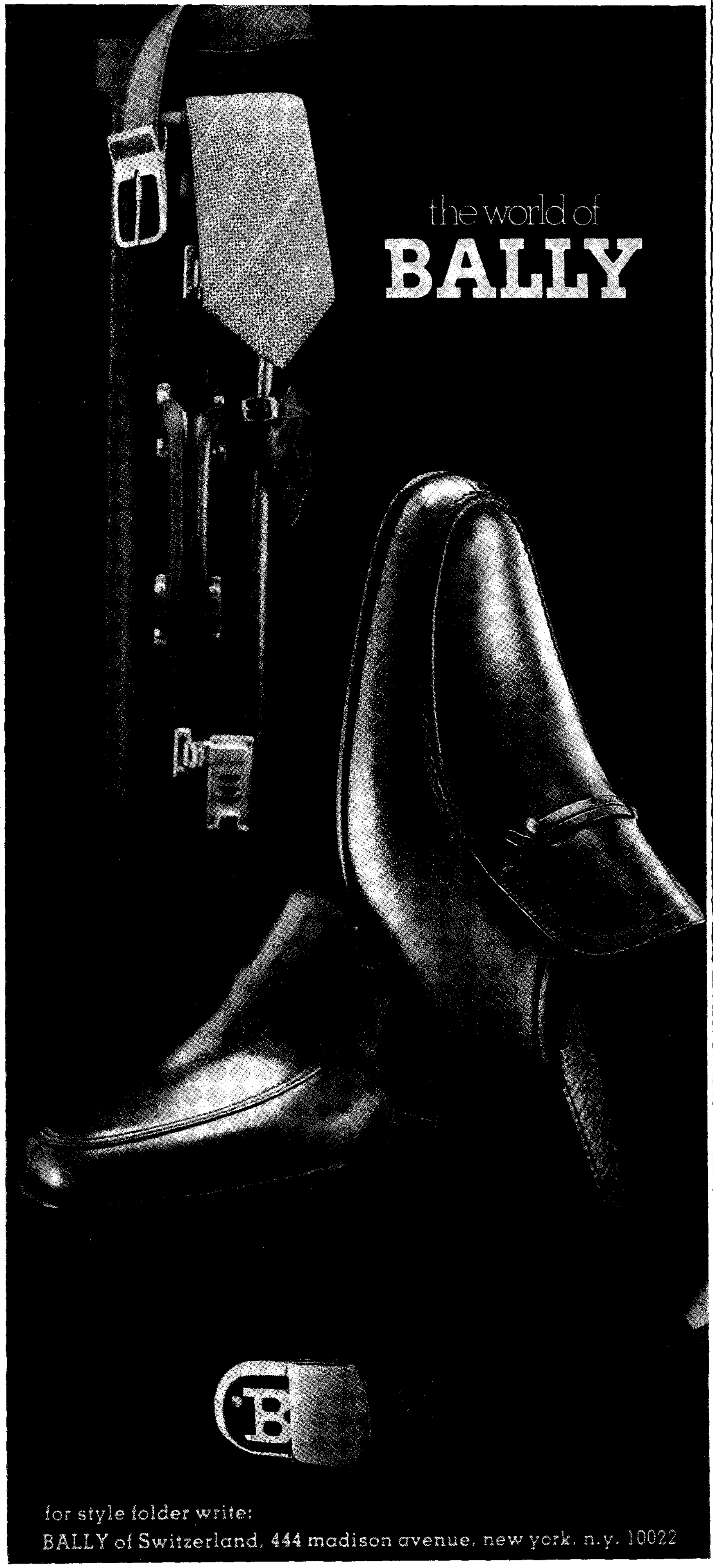

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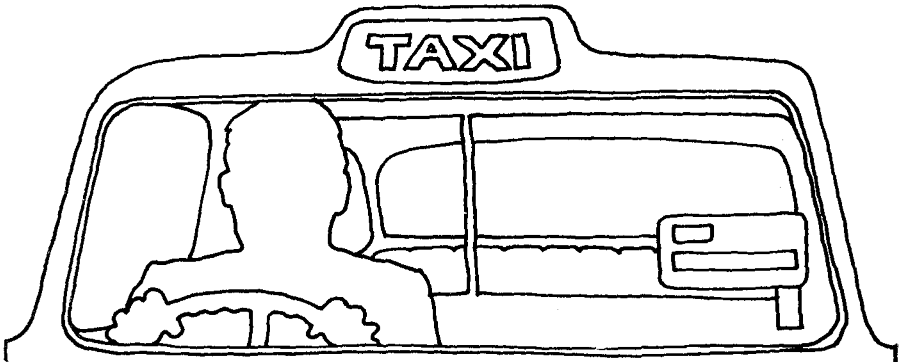
en, who is now retired, is regarded as perhaps the best college coach of all time, and there are many who feel that he is the best coach in basketball history.

In Wooden's day, Martinsville had a population of forty-eight hundred, and the high-school gym had a seating capacity of fifty-two hundred. It was filled for every game. The same situation existed in many other towns, small and large, throughout the state. Granted that there was little to do during the long, cold winters except watch basketball. In any event, Indiana was simply crazy about the game. Sometimes things got out of control. It was not uncommon for the fanatical supporters of one school team to come to blows with the fans of the other team at the conclusion of a close, bitterly waged game. Fans who accompanied their team on buses to games in other towns learned to take along extra clothing, for they often discovered after a game that the windows of their buses had been smashed, and the ride home could be a chilly one.

Just why Indiana's passion for basketball exceeded that of, say, Illinois or Ohio is difficult to figure out, but some probable factors are the early date at which the game put down roots in the state, the fierce rivalries that quickly sprang up, the extremely efficient administration of the I.H.S.A.A., and the contributions of a number of gifted coaches. Glenn Curtis, who coached the 1927 championship team at Martinsville on which Wooden played, coached a total of four teams that won the state title—one at Lebanon and three after that at Martinsville. Two other coaches have won the state championship four times: Everett Case, the inventor of the four-corner stall and countless other ingenious tactics, won all four of his championships at Frankfort, between 1925 and 1939; Marion Crawley won twice at Washington, in the early nineteen-forties, and twice later at Jefferson High in Lafayette. Many of the people I talked to made it a point to mention that several coaches who came to prominence in Indiana were instrumental in raising the level of basketball in other parts of the country. In the mid-nineteen-forties, for example, Cliff Wells, from Logansport, who was a master of the fast break and the pattern offense, took over at Tulane, and the success of his teams had a good deal to do with the development of basketball in the South. In 1947, a year before Wooden went out to U.C.L.A., Case became the coach at North Carolina State and swiftly got things humming in that area, which later became the matrix of the Atlantic Coast Conference. In listing the state's best basketball minds, the people I talked to invariably mentioned Ray Crowe, the black coach of Crispus Attucks High in Indianapolis. Crispus Attucks, which was an all-black school in Crowe's time, carried off the state championship in 1955 and 1956, led by the great Oscar Robertson. When recalling the state's leading basketball characters, past and present, my sources seldom failed to include Howard Sharpe, of North High in Terre Haute, who over a forty-year career has amassed six hundred and seventy-eight victories and, at sixty-four, is out after more. A peppery man with decided ideas about all phases of the game, Sharpe is convinced that there is only one way to shoot free throws: the player places the middle finger of his shooting hand on the valve core of the ball; he does not bend at the knees and then release the ball as he straightens up, the way most current players do, but, instead, starts in the down position and shoots from there. Sharpe believes that since this eliminates one movement it enables the player to concentrate more intensely and so achieve better results. A few years back, he interested a manufacturing company in putting out a training aid that he believed would increase a player's shooting skill. It was a metal ring that fitted inside the hoop and decreased its diameter by four inches. He called it the Sharpie Goal, and it piled up huge sales.

As for Kokomo High, since the early years of the century its basketball teams have been among the strongest in Indiana. Kokomo made the final of the state tournament in 1925, 1944, and 1959, and it captured the championship—its only one—in 1961. The coach at that time was Joe Platt, a former star at Indiana University, who came from the southwestern corner of Cass County, fifteen miles northwest of Kokomo. Platt took over at Kokomo in 1950. A conscientious man who got along well with his players, he made the most of a wealth of talent he had to work with during the 1960-61 season. This included Jim Ligon, a six-foot-seven-inch center, whom many observers regarded as the best in the state. At the finish of the regular season, Kokomo easily swept its three games in the sectional round of the state tournament. The next weekend, it won its two games in the regional



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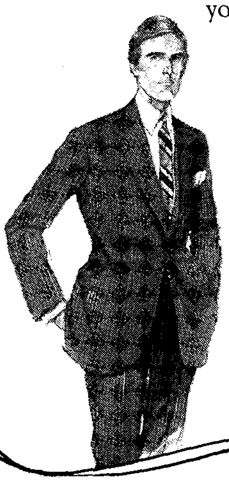

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round of sixty-four teams and went on from there the following weekend to win its two games in what is known as the Semi-State—of the surviving sixteen teams, four teams meet in each of four different places. This put Kokomo into the Final Four a week later, in Indianapolis. In the afternoon, it got by Logansport handily. That night, however, it had its troubles in the final, against Manual High of Indianapolis—a team built around the Van Arsdale twins, Dick and Tom, both of whom subsequently made their mark as professionals in the National Basketball Association. Trailing by seven points with a minute and seven seconds on the time clock, Kokomo mounted a stirring rally and tied the game, 62–62, with only fourteen seconds to go. In the overtime, with the score 66–66 and nineteen seconds left, Platt called time out. He set up a play whereby, after the clock had been allowed to wind down, the ball would go to Ronnie Hughes, a sturdy all-around athlete who played forward. Hughes was fouled with three seconds remaining. He coolly sank his two foul shots, and that did it.

After waiting so long for a championship team, the whole town was ecstatic over its thrilling victory. This excerpt from the Kokomo *Tribune* describes it well:

> Chilling rains failed to dampen the wild enthusiasm Kokomo fans held for their first state championship basketball team Saturday night.
>
> An estimated 10,000 people overflowed the facilities of Memorial Gymnasium to welcome home the team, and bedlam broke loose as the bus load of champions arrived....
>
> A full hour before the arrival of the team, the gymnasium was filled to capacity, and hundreds of fans were seated on a tarpaulin laid across the playing floor....
>
> During the wait for the arrival of the team, each progress report of the trip home was greeted with enthusiasm.
>
> "The team has just passed through Westfield.... The team is reported to be at the intersection of the Tipton Road and U.S. 31.... The team is at the intersection of 26 and 31 and heading into the city."
>
> The arrival of the team touched off a new round of explosives.
>
> Each member of the state championship squad was introduced at a rostrum decorated with crepe paper streamers....
>
> Mayor John Miller read a proclamation to the crowd establishing Monday as Kokomo Wildcat Day.

At ten o'clock on that Monday morning, the student body held a pep rally in the gym in honor of the team, and, following this, with the police force clearing the way, the students

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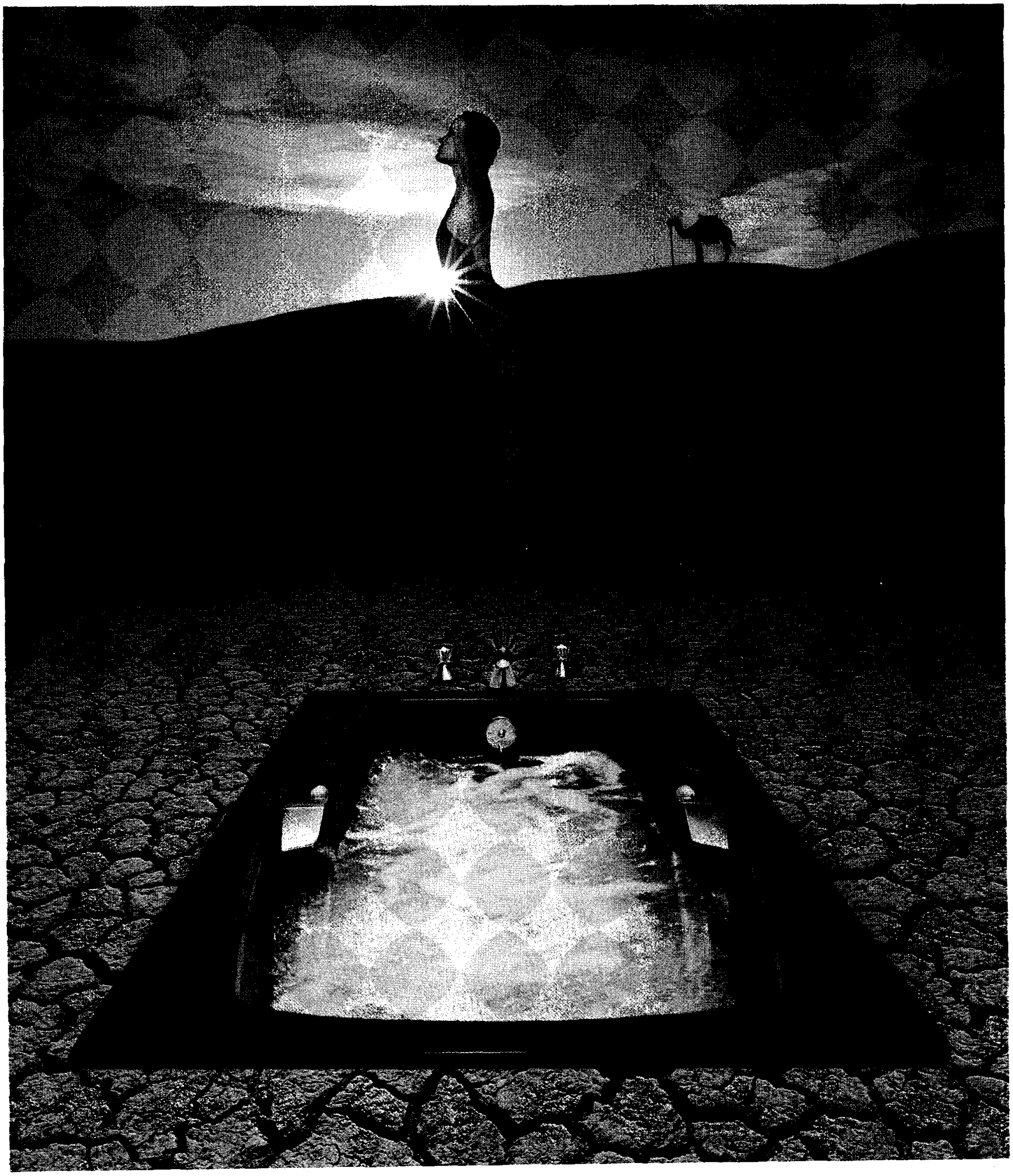

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paraded through the streets of the town.

LIKE Joe Platt, Carl McNulty comes from the southwestern corner of Cass County. He is the second oldest of the six children—five boys and one girl—of a farmer who raised corn, soybeans, and oats and also some dairy cattle and poultry on a forty-acre tract eight miles from Logansport. The McNulty children, after milking the cows and doing their other morning chores, caught the school bus and attended the Washington Township School. All twelve grades were housed in one building, which was set alongside a church, in a bleak stretch of fields in the middle of the township, with no other buildings in sight. Between forty-five and seventy-five pupils were enrolled in the high school in the forties, when McNulty was there. There were eighteen in his graduating class. He went on to Purdue. Shortly afterward a trend toward the consolidation of small high schools began in Indiana, with the aim of upgrading the educational standards. "There was a lot of sense to consolidation," McNulty told me. "At many of the small high schools there were no courses in foreign languages, for instance, and in some you could take only two years of math. We had a memorable example of consolidation, in a different way, close to where I grew up. Walton, a town of seven hundred, and Onward, a little settlement of a hundred, three miles away, were told by the man in charge, a trustee, who, with an advisory committee, ran the school board in that district, Tipton Township, that they must consolidate their schools. The people in Onward and Walton didn't care one way or the other about the educational aspect of consolidation, but they rebelled something fierce, because this meant they could no longer have their own separate basketball teams—their pride and joy. I guess that's when I learned how seriously people took high-school basketball in Indiana. Anyhow, in both Walton and Onward the townsfolk chained the doors of the schools and physically prevented the authorities from removing any equipment. Things got so far out of hand that the state police had to be called in. Eventually, the two schools were consolidated, into the Tipton Township School."

McNulty went to college on a basketball scholarship. On the farm, he and his brothers had played basketball the year round. There is nothing unusual about this in Indiana; the bas-

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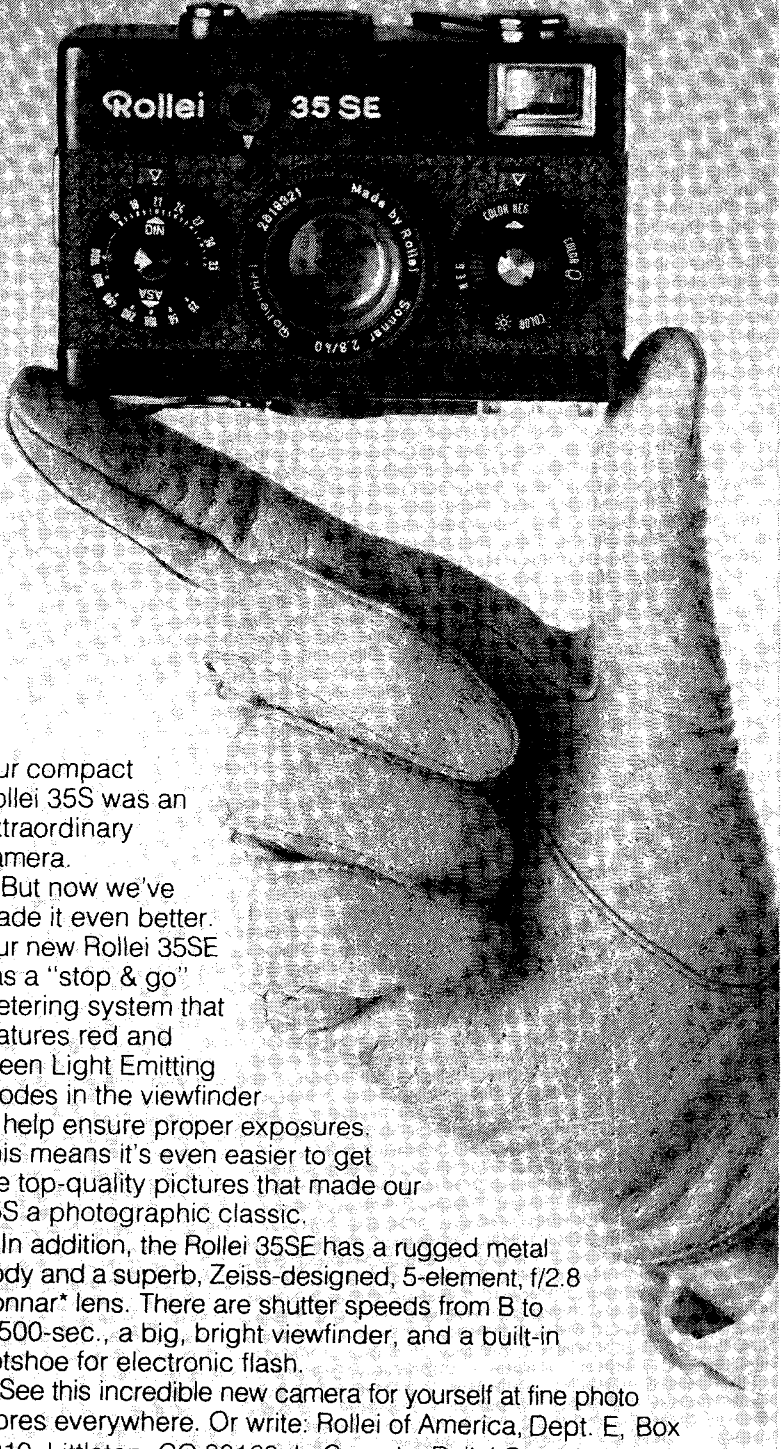

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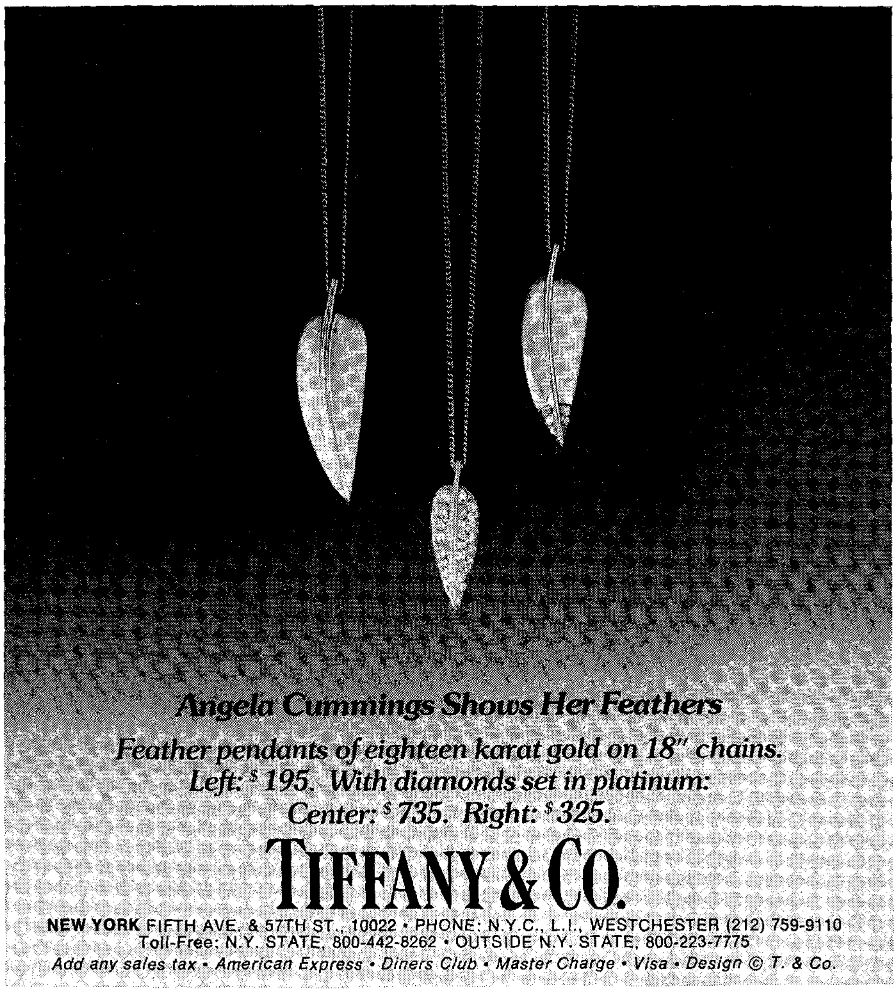

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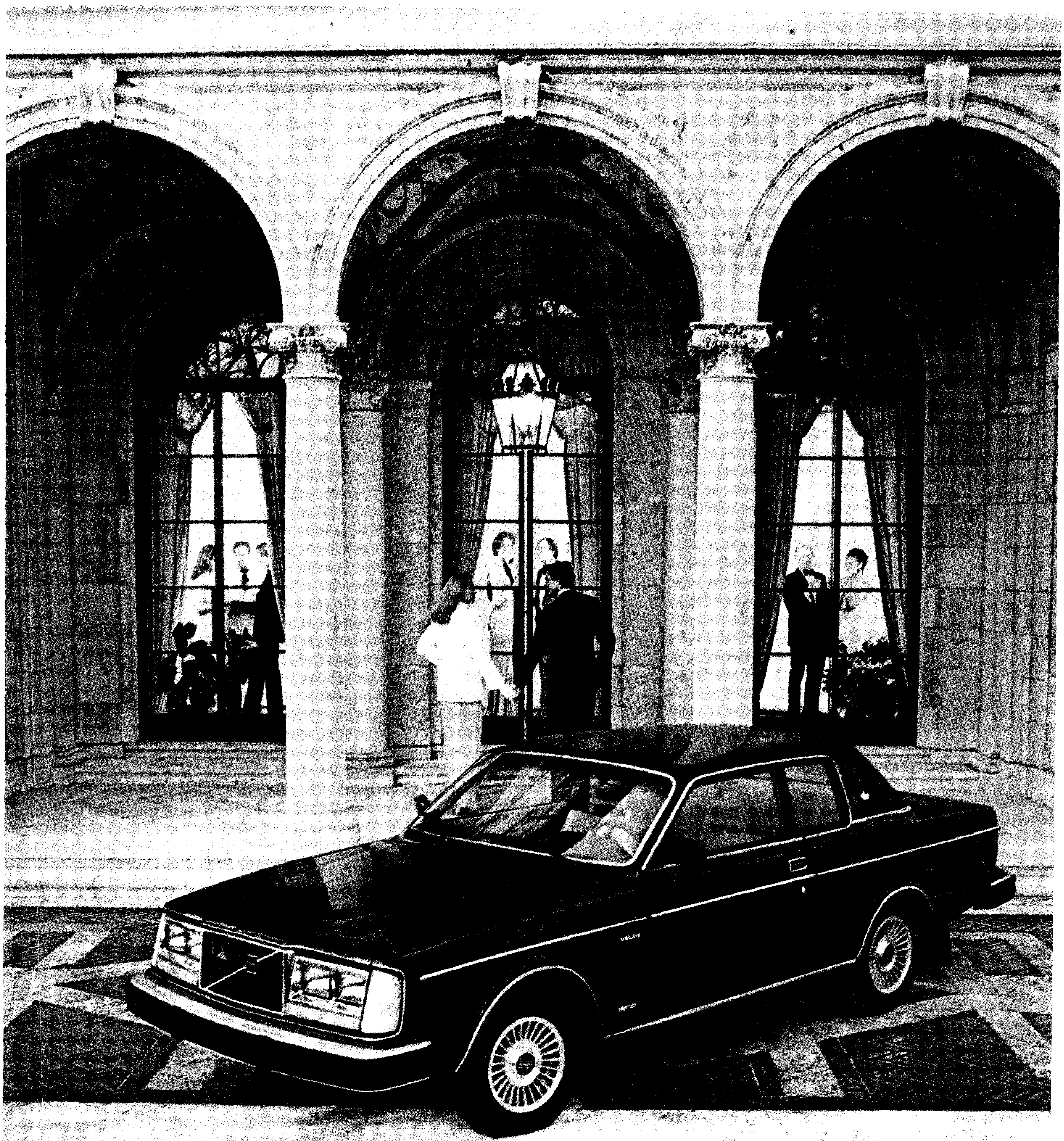
ketball is not stowed away at the start of the baseball season or neglected during the football season. On the McNulty farm, there were two baskets. One was bolted to the front of the barn, and the court was the gravel road to the barn. The other basket was set up in the hayloft in the barn. Inasmuch as the hayloft had a wooden floor, it should have been a very good place to play; the hitch was that the hayloft had to be emptied of hay before the floor could be used. In the spring, it was available for two months, and then the loft was piled high with hay again. In late afternoon, after they had finished milking the cows, McNulty and his older brother, Gene, used to play one-on-one or Horse or some other game until dinnertime. During the winter months, every Sunday when the weather was favorable the kids on the neighboring farms bicycled over for an afternoon basketball game. In the summer, softball replaced basketball on Sunday afternoons. Carl was a crack fast-pitch softball pitcher, and in his high-school years he was much more widely known for this than for his basketball ability. Today, he coaches the Kokomo High baseball team in the spring, and during his summer vacation he continues to pitch in the Kokomo softball league, for a team that represents the local Burger King outlets. He is not as blazing fast as he was a dozen years ago, but each season he manages to rack up at least one no-hit game.

McNulty's brothers and his sister have done well. Gene works for International Harvester in California. Herb, the third boy, has his own machine shop in Rockford, Illinois. The two youngest boys, Fred and Mark, also got to Purdue. Fred is today the principal of a school for the handicapped in Valparaiso, Indiana, and Mark is the personnel manager for a dairy in Indianapolis. Their sister, Marilyn, and her husband live on the "home place"—the farm that her maternal grandfather started, more than a century ago. Carl, who was a physical-education major at Purdue, knew long before he graduated, in 1952, that he would probably become a basketball coach. (In this respect and many others, his life has been typical of the lives of numberless Hoosiers who have made a career of basketball.) For one thing, he had a considerable reputation going for him. In college, he played both forward and center; though he was comparatively short for a center, he had very long arms and a lot of spring in his legs, and could hold his own against much taller men. During his



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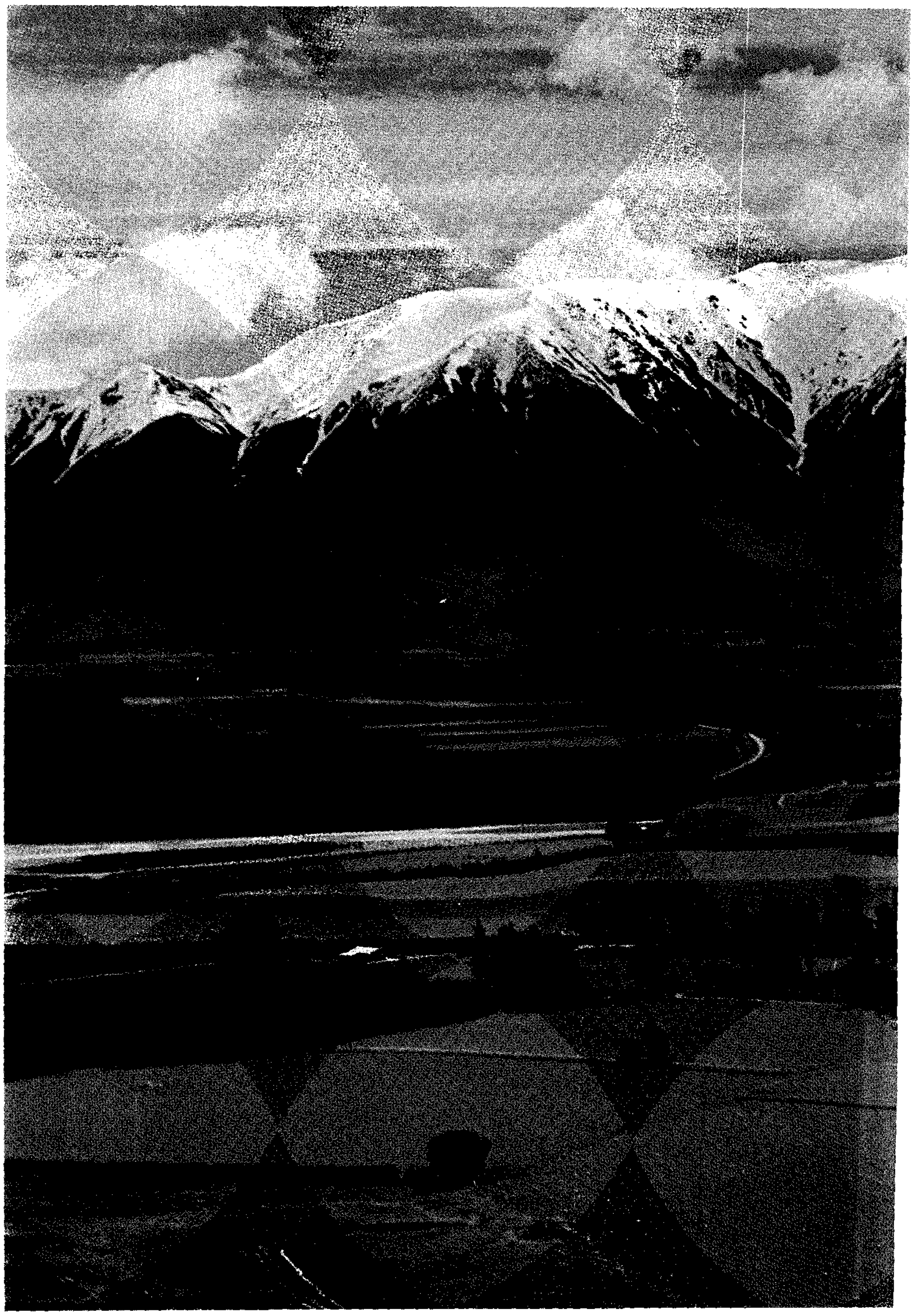

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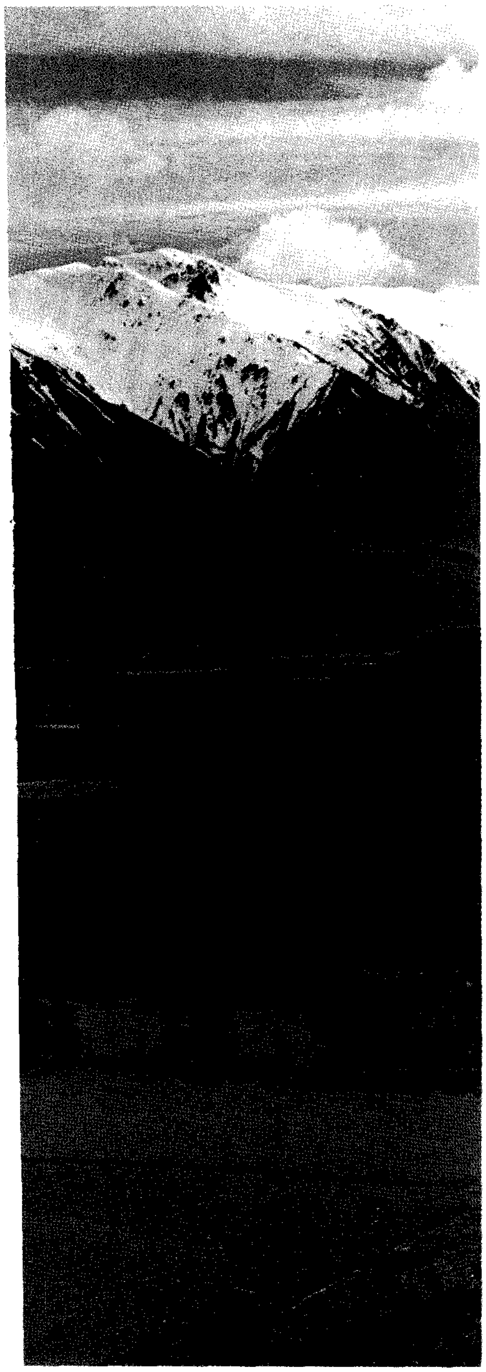

or gold. After a picnic unch on the shores of Lake Wakatipu, you are ready o board the jet boat that will sweep you up the Kawarau River where your aft ride begins.

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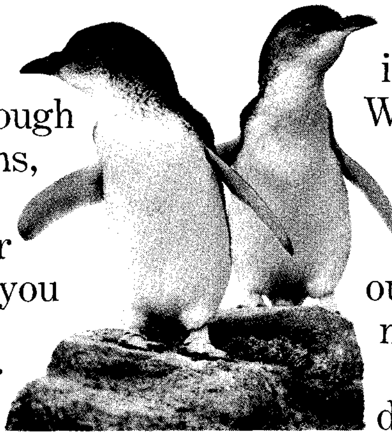

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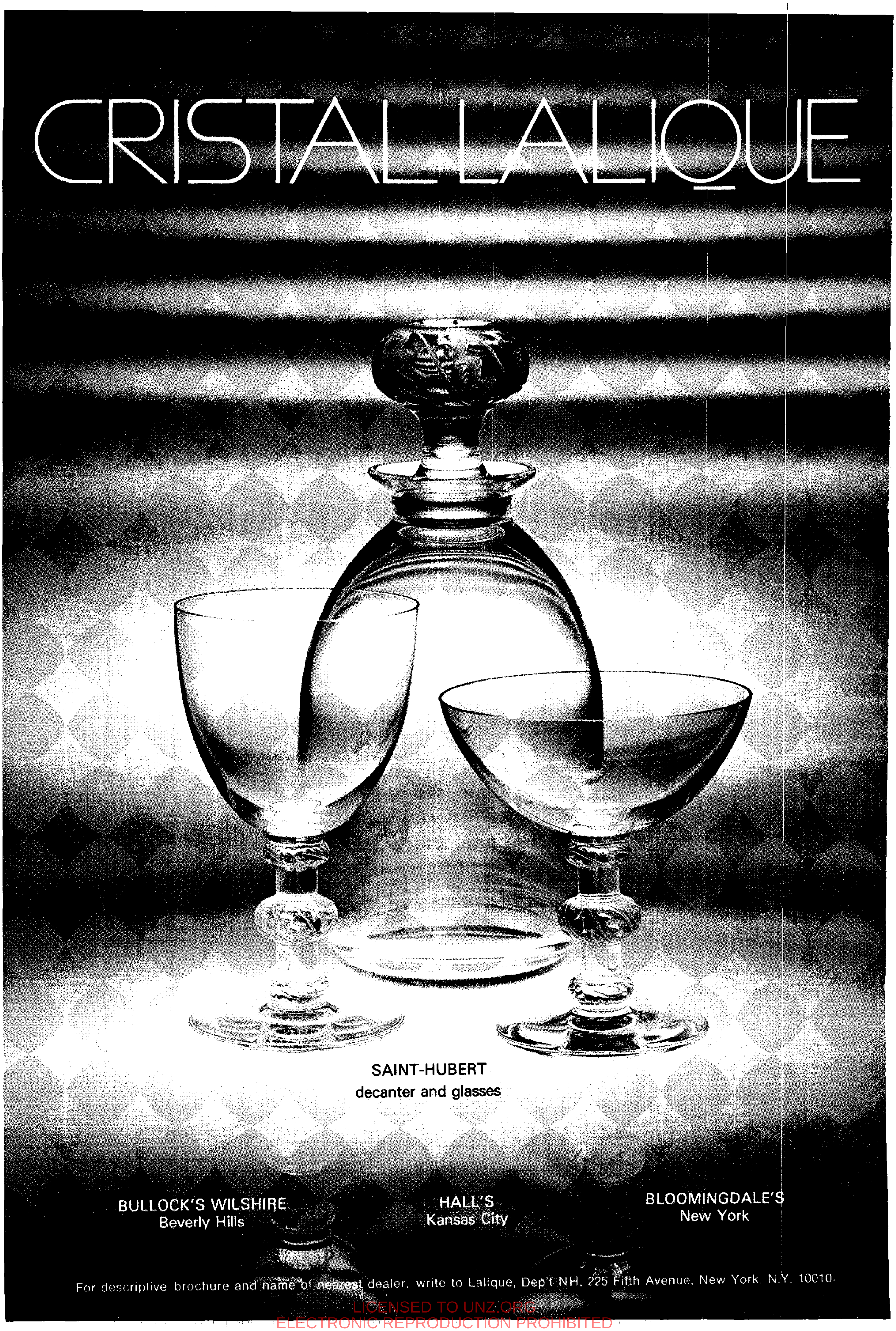

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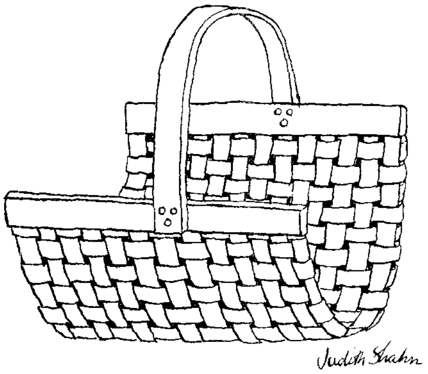
last two years (he was captain of the team as a senior), he averaged over twenty points a game, and a third of his baskets came on tip-ins. His high for a game was thirty-six points, then a Purdue record. McNulty still holds the record—twenty-seven—for the most rebounds in a game by a Purdue player. Though there were several other fields he could have entered, McNulty had some strong reasons for choosing coaching. He had always looked up to an uncle of his, a junior-high-school principal in Logansport, who also coached basketball. In addition, he had tremendous respect for both his high-school coach and his college coach. "I responded to these people and wanted to be like them," he said during one of our talks. "They had as high a set of principles as anyone I've ever been around. They made sports fun. And they also made you feel that what you were doing was important."

The most promising young high-school and college coaches in our country follow more or less the same pattern in their progress from one job to another. After completing a two-year stint in the Navy, McNulty got his start in Rochester, in northern Indiana, where the high school had between six and seven hundred students. Two years later, he moved on to Elwood, in the center of the state, which had a somewhat larger high school—around a thousand students. During the four years he spent there, his team twice survived the sectional round of the state tournament and got to the regionals. His next stop was La Porte, in the northern part of the state near South Bend, where there were eighteen hundred students in the high school. He stayed in La Porte six years and then went to Warren Central High in Indianapolis, which had two thousand students. He was there for two years and then, in 1968, came to Kokomo High. That was the year that the city's second high school, Haworth, opened, and Kokomo High, which had had close to three thousand students before



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the split, was now only half that size. The new setup was better for the students—the classrooms were less crowded, and the teaching was more effective—but whereas the earlier basketball coaches had had fifteen hundred boys to choose from, McNulty had only seven hundred and fifty. He had known that this would be the case before he applied for the job, but he had travelled around long enough, he liked Kokomo High and its traditions, this was his native part of the state, and he and his wife, Fran, who is from Walton, were agreed that this was where they wanted their children to grow up. Soon after their arrival, they built a four-bedroom house on the western edge of the city—comparative country then. To bolster his income, McNulty invested in some small apartment houses. He has regularly devoted part of his summer vacation to fixing them up—reroofing them, installing new plumbing, and doing whatever other repairs are necessary. Nowadays, he also spends part of the summer with his family at a cottage he owns on Shafer Lake, about fifty miles from Kokomo. There he does some boating and, in the evenings, plays bridge occasionally, but, like many men who grew up on farms and became habituated at an early age to the endless round of chores, he finds it difficult to take things easy, and his children regard him as a hopelessly compulsive worker. McNulty has four children. Bradley, the oldest, is an assistant basketball coach at Ball State University, in Muncie. Stanley is a junior at Ball State. His daughter, Holly, is a sophomore at Indiana University. And Barry is a freshman at Purdue. All three sons played basketball for their father at Kokomo High, and things went very smoothly—which, between coaches and their sons, is rather exceptional.

McNulty looks and acts so much younger than his age that it was hard for me to realize that this winter marked his twenty-sixth year of coaching basketball. During that span, his teams have won nearly four hundred games, and he has had only five losing seasons: one in Rochester, two in La Porte, and two in his dozen years in Kokomo. His record at Kokomo High is a splendid one when you take into consideration that, even after the split that made it a much smaller school, Kokomo has continued its traditional policy of scheduling games with schools in remote corners of the state which are known for their basketball teams. (Washington High in East Chicago, which is just inside Indiana, and Elkhart Central, which is close to the

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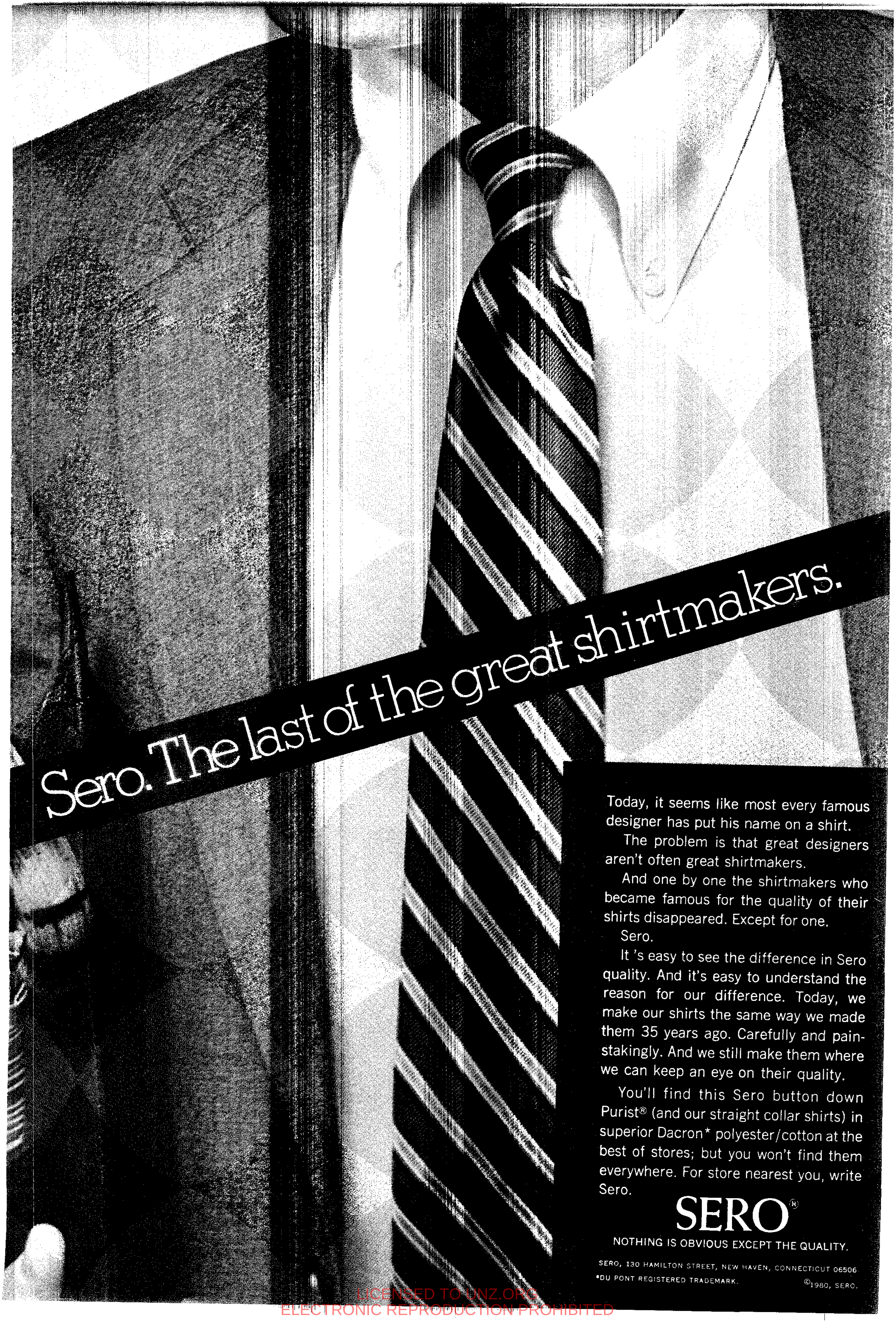

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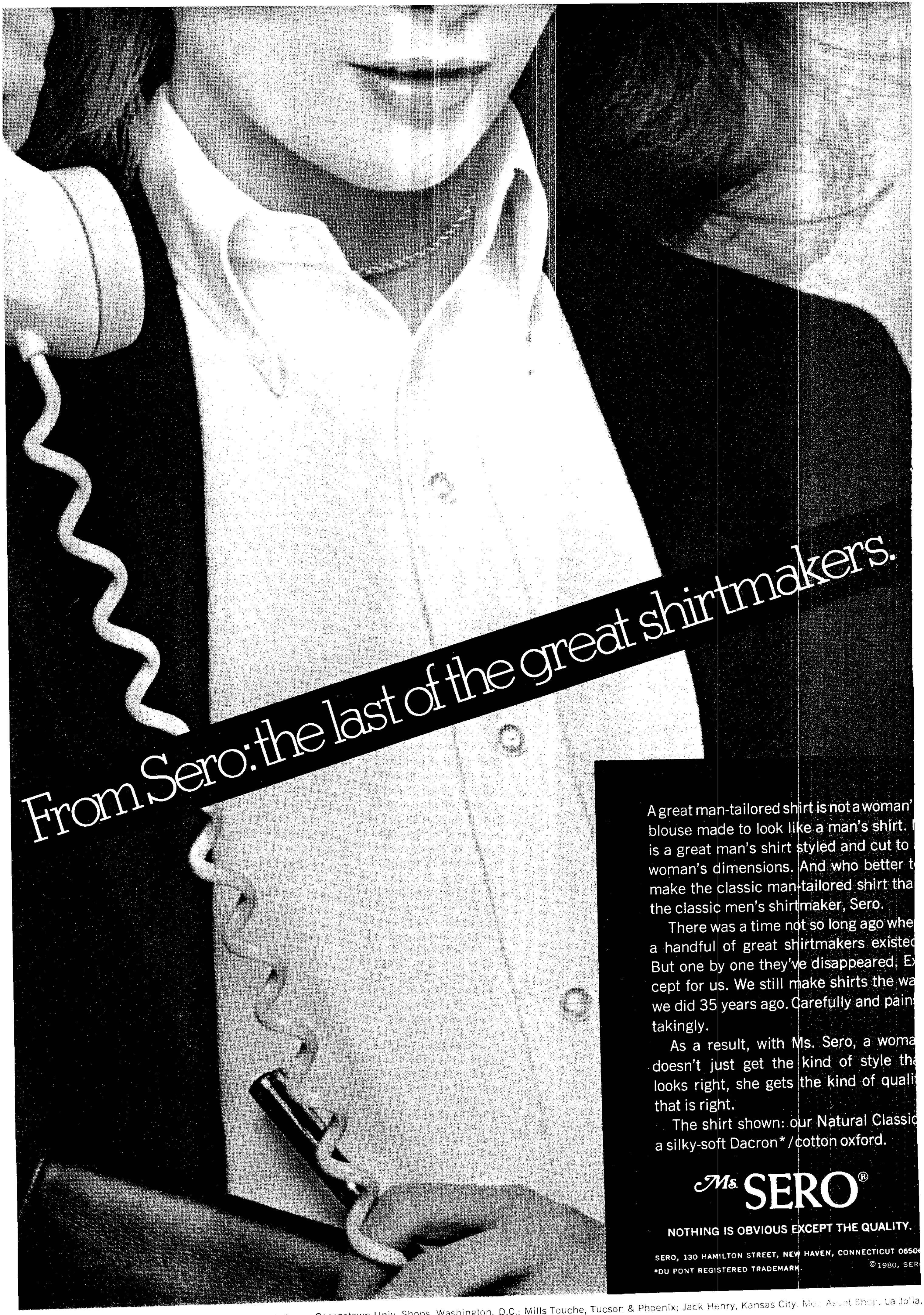
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Michigan border, are two examples.) Furthermore, as one of the founders, in 1926, of the North Central Athletic Conference, which was among the first such conferences in Indiana and is still recognized as far and away the strongest, Kokomo faces some of the most formidable teams in the state. At present, there are seven other schools in the North Central Conference: Marion, Logansport, Jefferson High in Lafayette, Richmond, New Castle, Anderson, and Central High in Muncie, the last of which has won the state tournament a record five times.

During McNulty's regime, his teams have generally got through the sectional round of the state tournament but have never made it past the regionals. Part of the explanation lies in the fact that the regionals have not been held in Kokomo since the 1969-70 season. The I.H.S.A.A. policy is to hold the regional games at the schools whose gyms have the largest seating capacities, and over nine of the last ten years Kokomo has had to play the regional round in Anderson. There is no denying that a home-court advantage is a real advantage.

IT should be noted that in the middle nineteen-sixties, a few years before McNulty came to Kokomo, the great days of Indiana basketball were suddenly over. Only a few years earlier, whenever Kokomo had had outstanding teams the Memorial Gym was nowhere near large enough to accommodate the ten thousand residents of the town who wanted to see the home games. The solution that the school had arrived at was to sell two sets of season tickets—half for the odd-numbered games, half for the even-numbered ones. Since 1966, however, the average attendance at a Kokomo game has been between three and four thousand, except for the game with Haworth, the school's crosstown rival, and the games in the state sectionals. Six or seven thousand pour in for those. Throughout the state, not only has general attendance declined appreciably but fewer students turn out to watch the games.

The good old days, which began in 1920, with the emergence of the Franklin Wonder Five, lasted a long while—well over four decades. What finally brought about their passing? Well, many things. To begin with, the decision by a number of other boards of education in Indiana to split up the larger high schools resulted in weaker teams, and, even more important, it cut deeply into the emotional attach-

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ment that the people had had from childhood for the local high-school team. The chief factor, however, was television. An increasing number of relatively entertaining programs had become available on the network stations during prime time, and, with such a source of diversion right in their own living rooms, there was much less incentive for the regular patrons to go to the bother of throwing on their overcoats, getting the car out, and driving to the high-school gym. In time, the fans who couldn't live without a substantial diet of basketball got all they wanted on television. The number of games on network and cable television has grown steadily, and each week during the season the insatiable basketball devotee in the Kokomo area can now watch replays of three local high-school games, the Indiana high-school game of the week on Wednesday night, six or seven college games, and three or four N.B.A. games. One night during my visit, three college games (Indiana versus Michigan, Purdue versus Illinois, and Maryland versus North Carolina State) and one pro game (the Chicago Bulls versus the Kansas City Kings) were all on the tube. In the good old days, the high-school gym was the "in" place to be, but by the mid-nineteen-sixties there was not only the option of television but also many other things to do. People had more money to spend—in many families, the wife and the husband both worked—and they dined out more frequently. (In Kokomo, they headed for their favorite restaurant or motel dining room on the bypass and enjoyed a drink or two, and perhaps a shrimp cocktail and a sirloin after that. Sometimes they selected an entrée that has become a favorite across the country: Surf and Turf, a combination of some form of shellfish, like a lobster tail, and beef—perhaps a small club steak.) For another thing, if you lived in Kokomo, the improved highways brought Indianapolis closer—now it was only a little over an hour away—and people went there more often. High-school games, as a rule, are scheduled for Friday night, and sometimes for Saturday night as well, and one reason for the drop in student attendance at the Kokomo games is that over the last decade many of the boys and girls have found weekend jobs at the numerous fast-food places on the bypass and in other parts of town. They get paid from twenty-five to thirty dollars a night for their work, and they can use the extra money.

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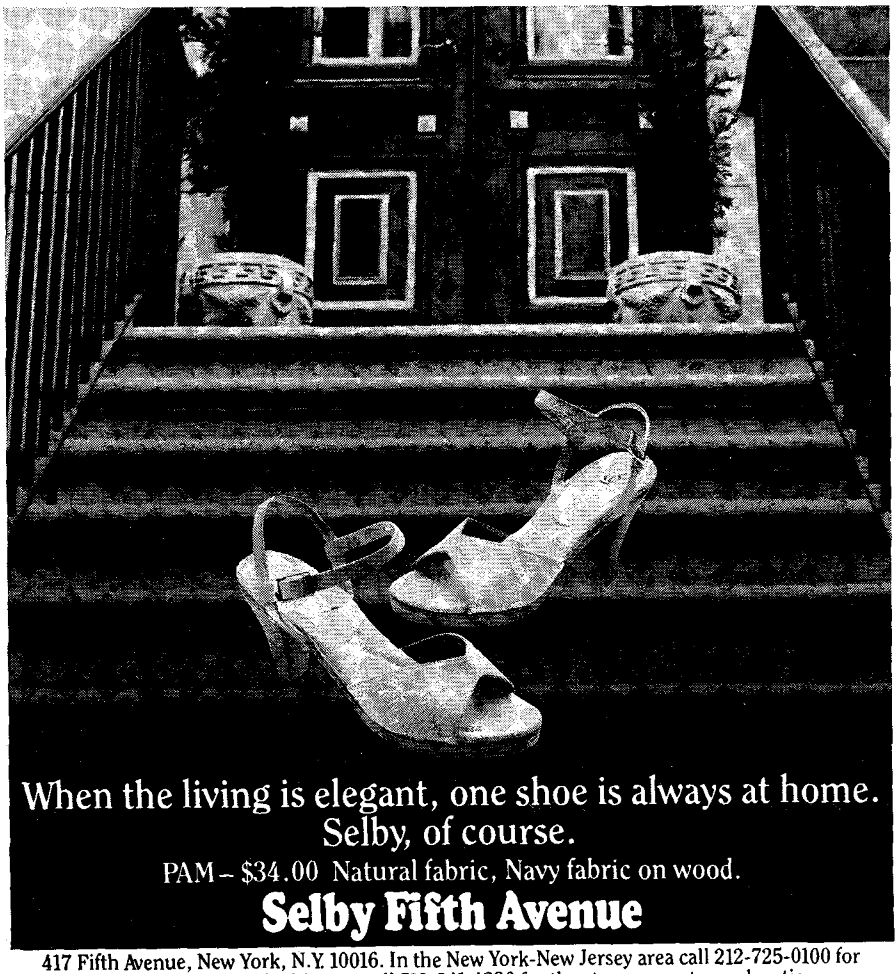

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be in Indiana, the townspeople throughout the state still follow it assiduously and talk about it morning, noon, and night, especially if the local team is having a winning season. The student body at Kokomo High still pours itself exuberantly into basketball. During the season, every Friday is Red-and-Blue Day, and many students, and faculty members as well, wear clothing or accessories that have touches of the school colors. The girl cheerleaders and the Kokettes, a precision drill team that patterns itself on the Rockettes, decorate the players' lockers with red and blue crêpe paper the day before a game and place in the lockers cookies they have baked; they do this to let the players know that their hard work is appreciated. Of course, as long as the team remains in the running in the state tournament nothing else matters much in Kokomo. It might be added that in the very small towns basketball is still king, and during the winter the gym continues to supplant the town hall as the public forum.

As things worked out, I met with McNulty each morning in one of the faculty lounges at the high school. In earlier years, he taught economics and government, but at present he teaches driver education and health. During my stay in town, his colleagues took over some of his classes so that he could have ample free time before basketball practice. I liked the flavor of Kokomo High a great deal. The students are easygoing and pleasant, and so are the teachers, and they get along well. (Most of the men on the faculty wear jackets and ties, but some of them, including McNulty, more often wear open-neck shirts with sweaters.) Nearly all those connected with Kokomo High, both the young and the grownups, give one the impression that they are happy to be there and that they feel about their school as San Franciscans do about their singularly charming city. Frank Moore, the principal, sets the tone. One noon when I had lunch at the school cafeteria with McNulty, Moore, without calling attention to himself, was behind the counter helping to serve the food, and later on he helped clear the trays from the tables. He was one of the moving spirits behind the public presentation to McNulty a short time ago of a book, bound in red imitation vellum, entitled "All I Know About Indiana Basketball" and with McNulty listed as the author. The book was filled with blank pages.

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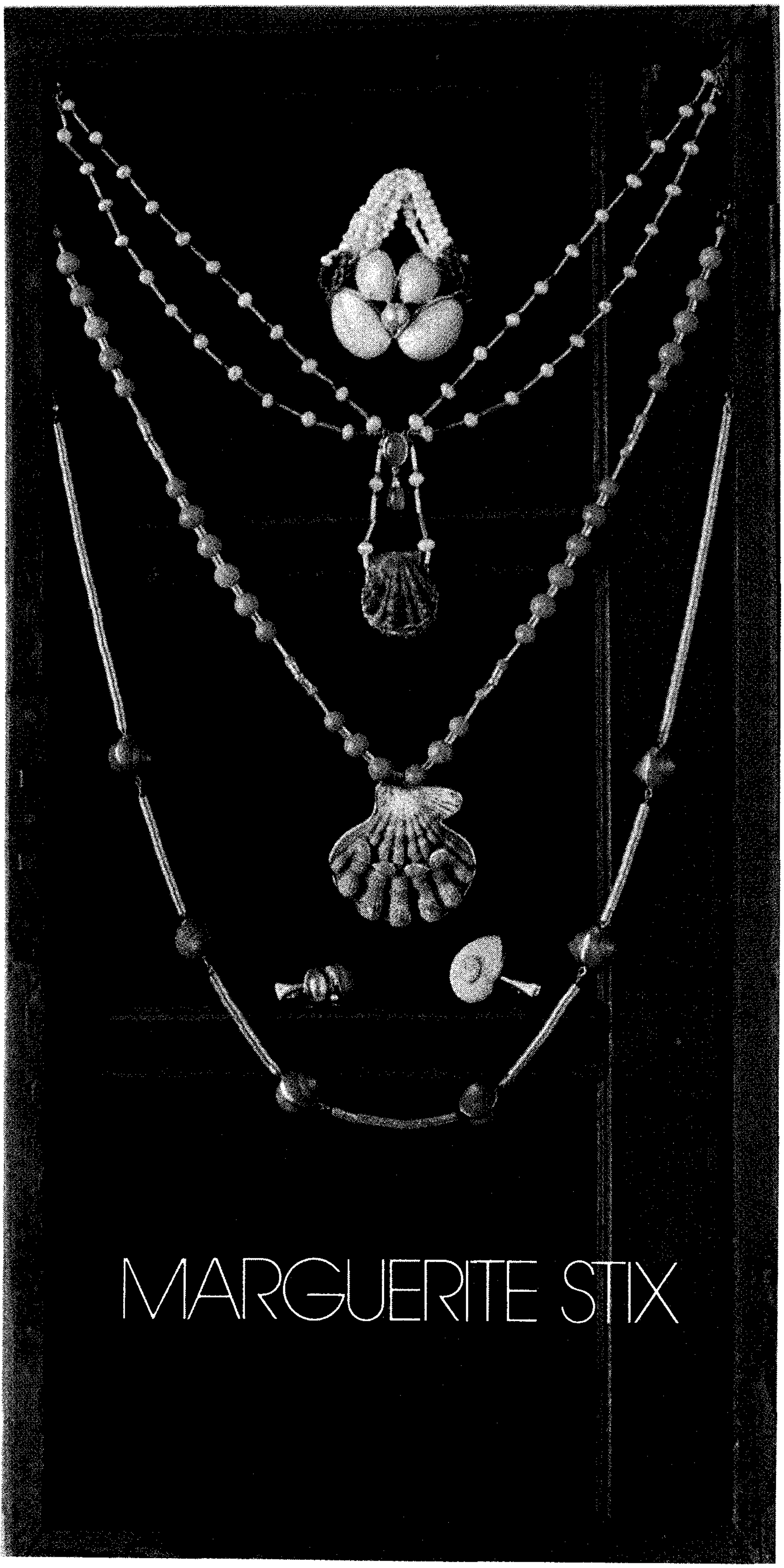

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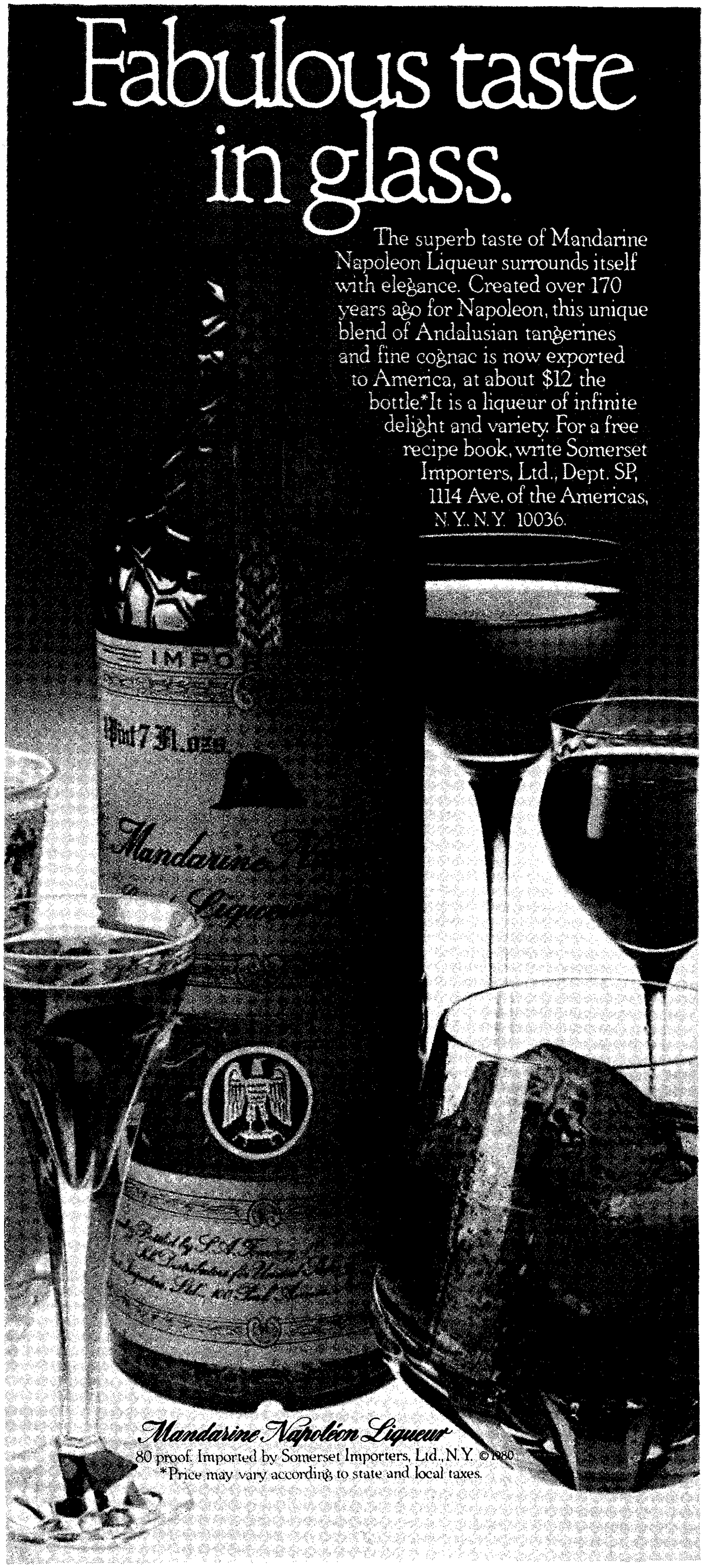

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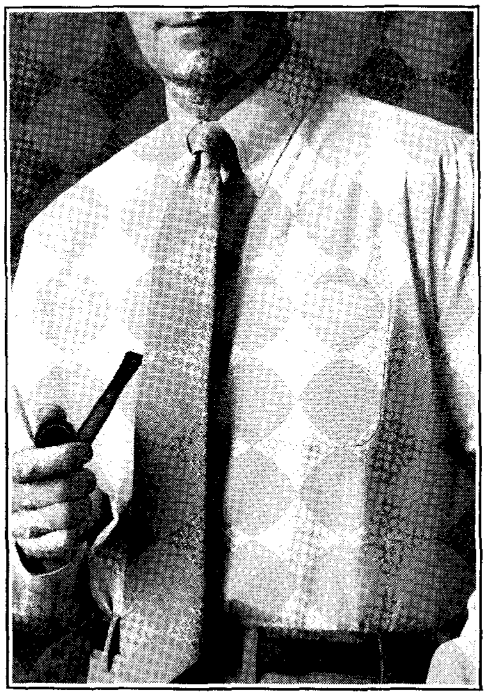
twenty minutes to three, but McNulty and his staff—Barsh, the assistant coach; the two coaches of the freshman team; and the ubiquitous student equipment manager, Matt Regan, who reminded me of the young Sterling Holloway—are on the floor well before that time getting things set up. The practice sessions follow a rather precise schedule. The first half hour is given over to half-court drills between two five-man teams at each end of the floor. Certain basic plays are run over and over. It is then that McNulty works on fundamentals with individual players. One afternoon, I remember, he spent most of his time with Steve Purcell, a talented six-foot-four-inch senior who plays center and is particularly effective inside—that is, close to the basket. McNulty was trying to get Purcell to pass the ball with more finesse to teammates stationed inside when he found himself outside, fifteen or twenty feet from the basket. One of the inside players was Scott Thatcher, a six-foot-six junior who doesn't have much meat on his frame. McNulty spent quite a bit of time working with Thatcher on how to "root"—how to anchor himself inside with his back to the basket and not let burly opponents move him out of position. ("Root" is a term that McNulty learned as a boy on the farm: When a sow has a litter of pigs, if a pig doesn't root for a feeding position it won't get enough to eat and may perish.) During the next fifteen minutes, from three-ten to three-twenty-five, the team practices fast-break drills. In McNulty's opinion, a successful fast-break offense depends principally on the skill of the rebounder. He should jerk the ball off the backboard, transfer it quickly to his throwing hand, and throw an accurate outlet pass to a player who is breaking into the clear. McNulty doesn't mind at all, though, if a player who comes up with a defensive rebound spins out of the crush and dribbles full tilt down the floor. Ideally, after crossing the midcourt line he should look for an unguarded teammate cutting for the basket and get the ball to him. From three-twenty-five to three-fifty, the team rehearses different defenses—man-to-man coverage, the 2-3 and 1-2-2 zones, and the full-court press. This period is followed by a ten-minute shooting drill. Sometimes the last half hour is spent practicing certain offensive plays that McNulty and his staff think will exploit the weaknesses of their next opponent, and sometimes it is spent practicing certain defensive alignments that they believe will prevent that opponent's key players from doing what they do best in the scoring area. The week I was there, Kokomo was scheduled to play Frankfort on Saturday night, and since Frankfort likes to go into a full-court press after it has scored and the other team has to put the ball in play, McNulty devoted the last half hour of each practice to having his team go through the moves that break down that kind of defense. Throughout the practice, players who are substituted for go over to one of the four side baskets and shoot a total of fifty foul shots, five at a time. A record is kept of how many they make, and for every shot they miss they must run two laps around the floor. (That's when they practice left-handed dribbling.) At some time during practice, they also go through a speed-shooting exercise at the side baskets. As a player moves in a semicircle fifteen feet or so out from the basket, he is expected to get off twenty jump shots in sixty seconds. In a game, a player has to get set and shoot quickly, and the purpose of the exercise is to simulate game conditions and improve his concentration. A good shooter will hit on fifteen of his twenty shots.

McNulty attempts to keep the practices short and simple, and to make them fun. "I try not to overcoach and give the kids too much to remember," he said at the end of one workout. "What we emphasize is proper execution of the offensive plays and the defensive formations we depend on. We're known for a few things at Kokomo. We're probably as fast-break-oriented as any team in the state. If a fast break doesn't pan out, then we go into a pattern offense and try to set up one of the players for a good shot. We're also fanatics about the bounce pass. You'd be surprised how much it can do for you. We're pretty good at getting the ball to the inside men. Our players, I should add, are a pleasure to work with. I think we have very nice kids."

They are indeed nice kids. They also play good basketball. Prior to the Frankfort game, Kokomo's record stood at 8–2. This year's varsity team is different from most Kokomo teams in that it includes only one black player—Purcell. He is the son of Jim Ligon, the center on the 1961 championship team; when his mother remarried, he took the name of her second husband. Kokomo's black community constitutes about ten per cent of the city's population, and most years from thirty to fifty per cent of the players on the team are black. This year, aside from



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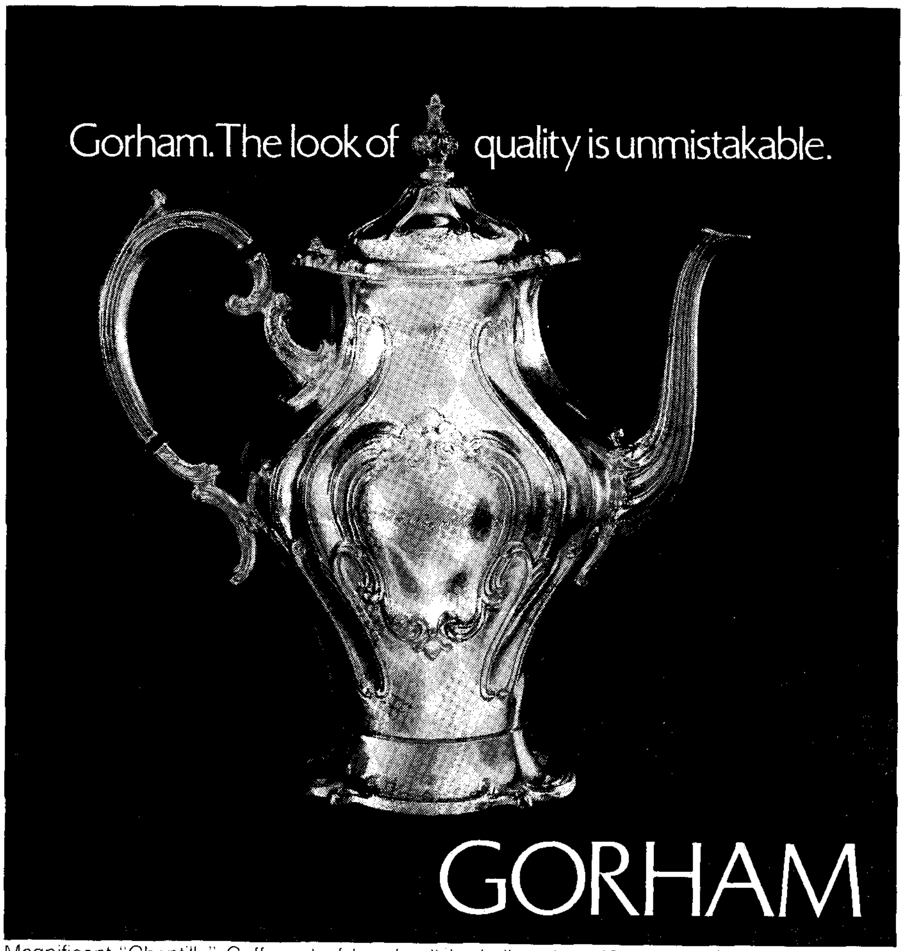

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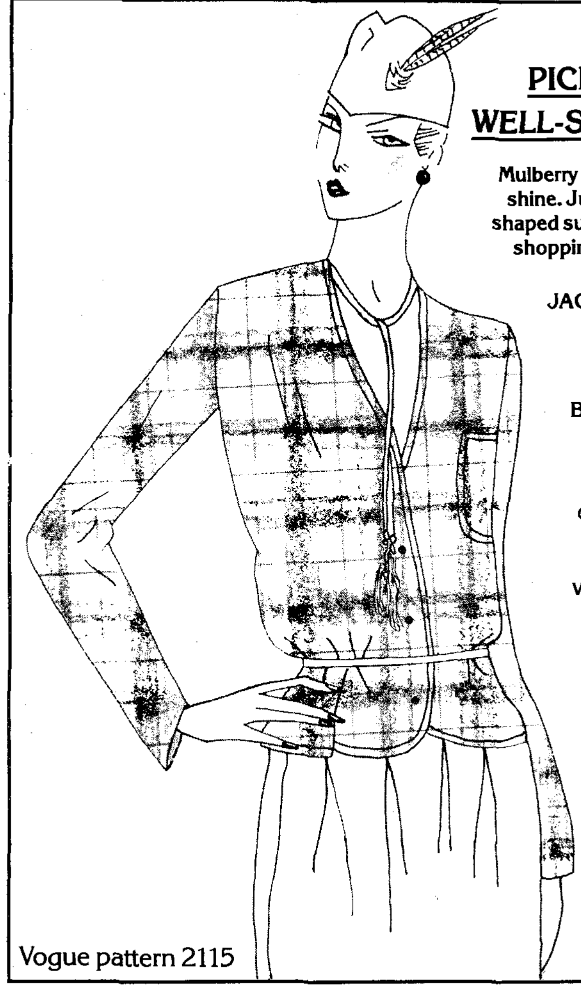

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Purcell and Thatcher, there is only one player on the first ten who is fairly tall—Mitch Herr, a six-foot-four senior. With one exception, the others are six feet one or an inch or two taller. By today's standards, this is not a big high-school team; for example, New Albany, one of the best teams in the state this year, has three players in its starting lineup who are six feet eight. One other thing: I very much liked the attitude of the players on the Kokomo team. They are spirited, but they have themselves well under control. Over the last dozen years, only two technical fouls—usually the result of arguing with an official—have been called on the team.

ON Friday night, McNulty was due to go up to Logansport to scout the Logansport-Richmond game, since Kokomo would be playing Richmond the coming week. He invited me to accompany him, and I was pleased that he did. Logansport is twenty-two miles northwest of Kokomo. While there was no snow on the roads and no threat of a storm, the temperature was down to zero, and a heavy wind was gusting up to forty miles an hour. It was an enjoyable drive, nevertheless. It took us through the general area where McNulty grew up, and he knew all the back roads. We passed very few cars—maybe four or five. It was a clear, bright night, and driving across the flat farmland and through the country towns, with their small wooden houses, appealed to my romantic sense of what most of rural America must have been like in earlier times. The route we took carried us through Walton, one of the two towns in the celebrated school-consolidation case, and a minute or two later the lights of Onward, the other town, shone faintly a mile to the east. Shortly before we came to Logansport, we crossed the Wabash, on a sort of humpbacked bridge. It is a handsome river, edged by trees. In Logansport, a town of just over twenty thousand, we swerved off to the west and swung up the hillside on which the relatively new high-school complex is situated. The Logansport team is called the Berries—one of the better Indiana high-school nicknames. (I am also partial to the Frankfort Hot Dogs and the Martinsville Artesians.) I mention Logansport's nickname because when I made some complimentary remarks about the new gym to a gray-haired Logansport supporter seated next to me, he said in a gravelly monotone, "The old gym—the Berry Bowl, we

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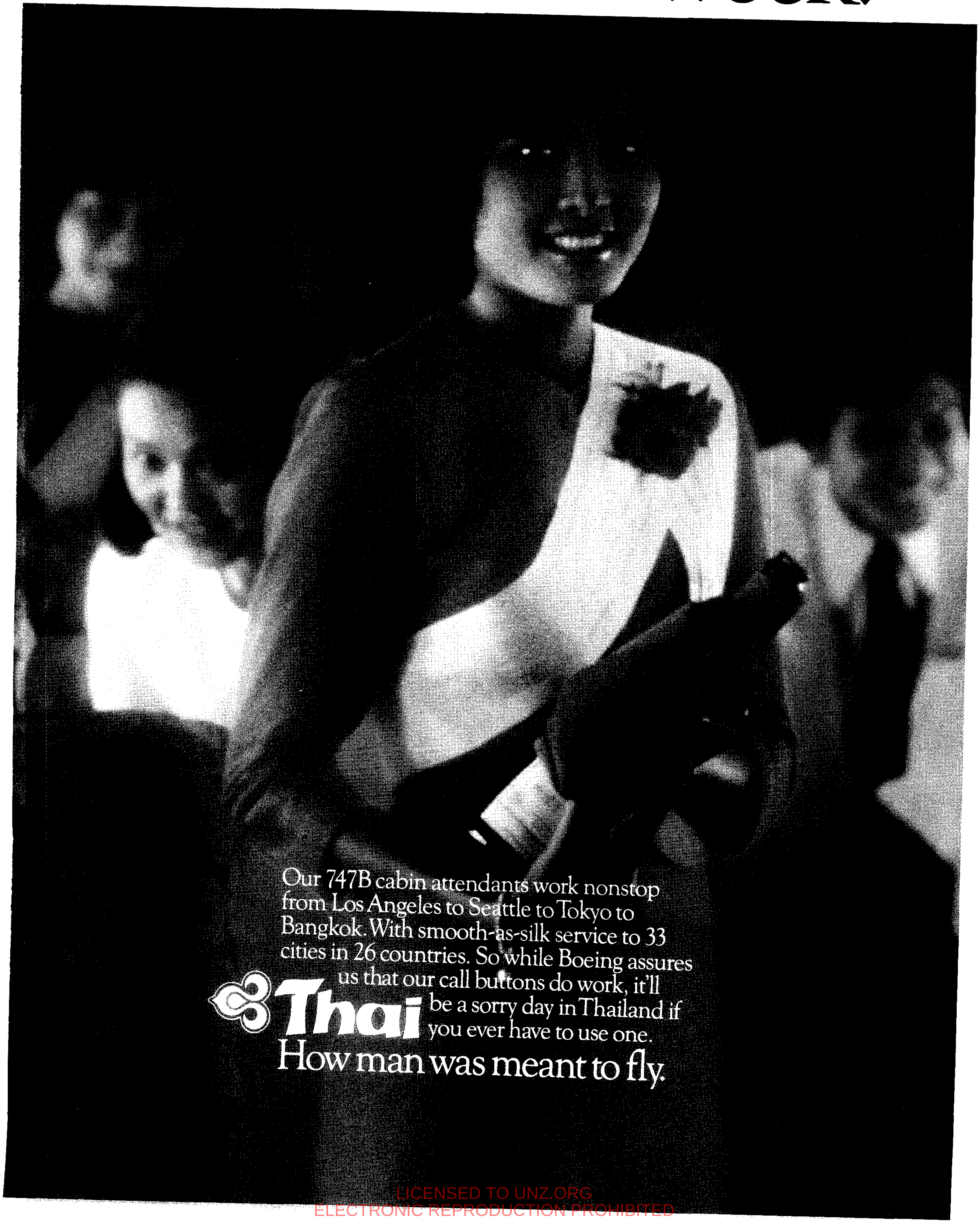

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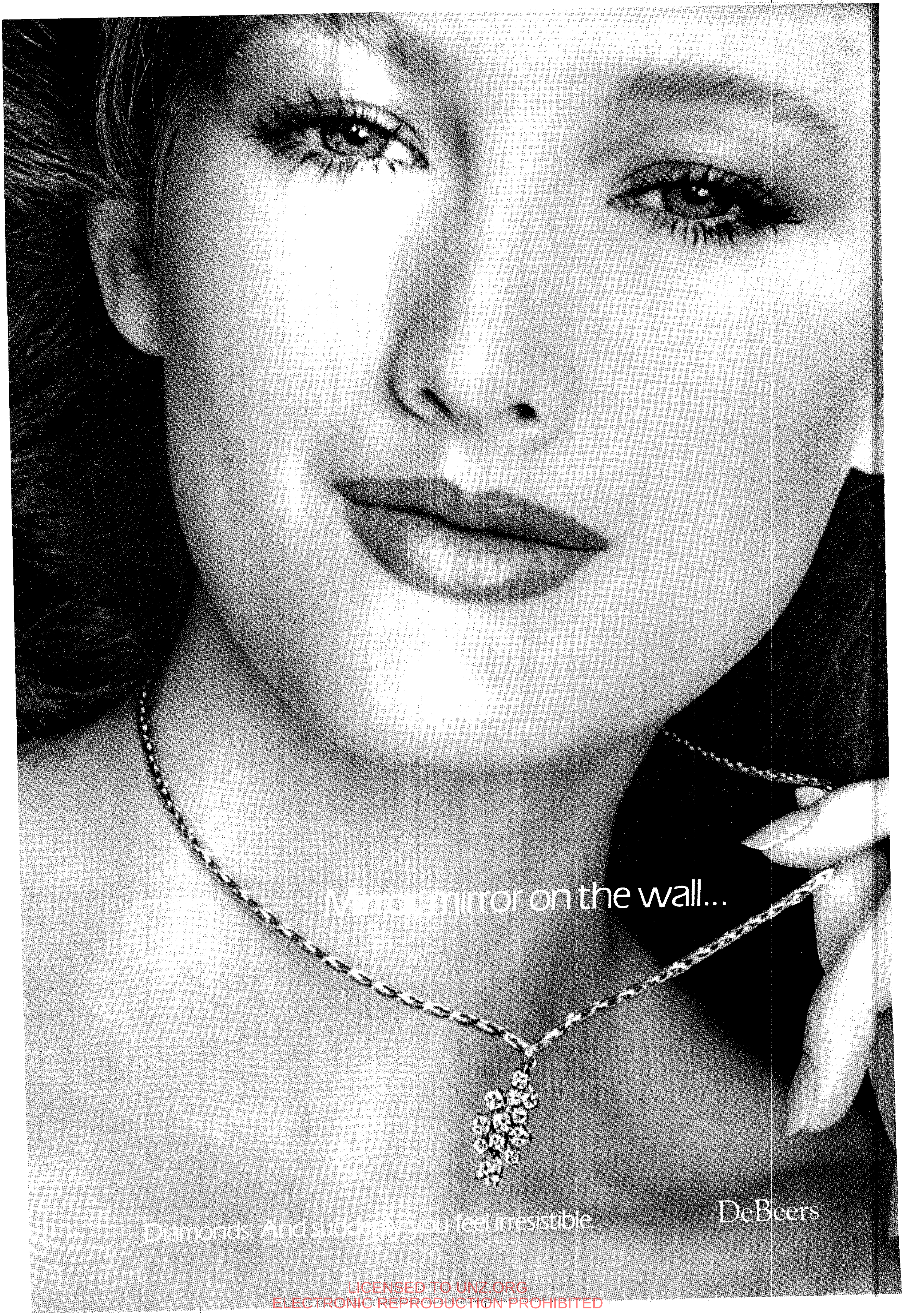
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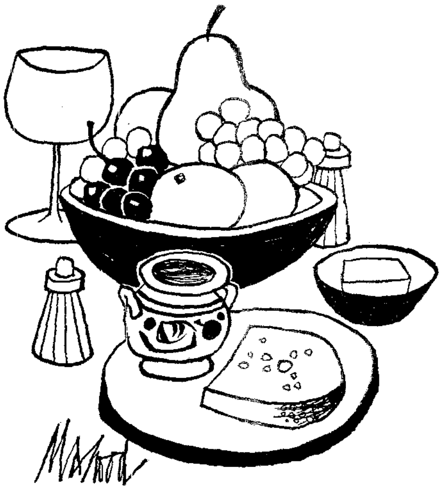
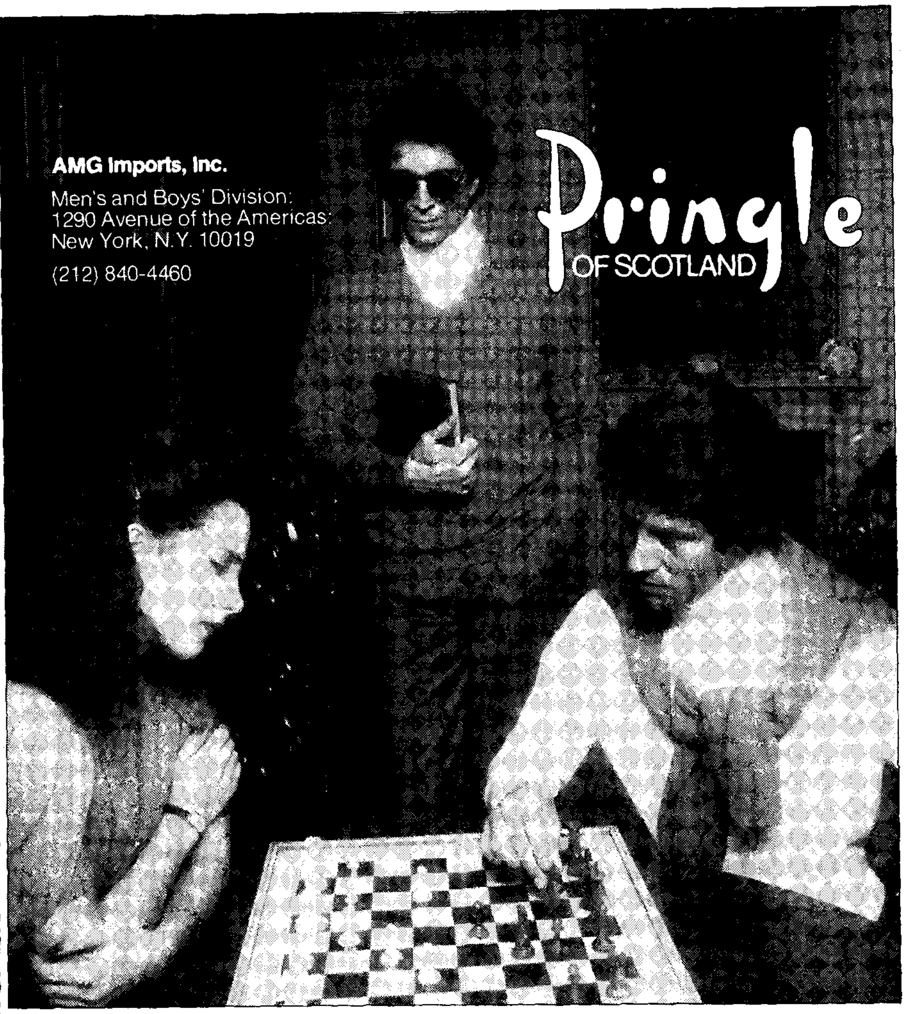
called it—was twice as good. It was circular, and the stands rose at a steep angle. There wasn't a bad seat in the house." I can understand why young people get sick and tired of hearing that everything used to be better, but, inevitably, some things were.

Logansport, which had earlier lost to Kokomo, pulled off a mild upset by defeating Richmond. Despite the cold weather, over three thousand fans had turned out for the game. This included a sizable contingent of students, but at least half of them, it seemed, weren't concerned about the game and spent most of their time enjoying the company of their friends. I was surprised that only a few of the people gathered in the gym paid much attention to the music provided at halftime, by the Logansport High School band. The band was made up of more than a hundred students, and they played fresh, engaging arrangements of "What Kind of Fool Am I?" and "Going Out of My Head" with an authority and brio that made me think of "The Music Man"—I hadn't known that that world still existed. When I mentioned how superb the band was to the old Logansporter next to me, he replied, in his best Ned Sparks intonation, "The high school is known for its music department."

On the trip back to Kokomo, McNulty told me—I certainly hadn't spotted this myself—that Logansport had possibly confused Richmond by dropping back into a 1-3-1 zone when it had scored on its previous offensive thrust and into a 1-2-2 zone when it hadn't. He thought that it would be a sound idea to use a mixture of zones against Richmond in their upcoming game. He was in a happy, talkative mood and touched on many interesting aspects of Indiana basketball. These are some of his remarks that I remember:

"The year that the largest number





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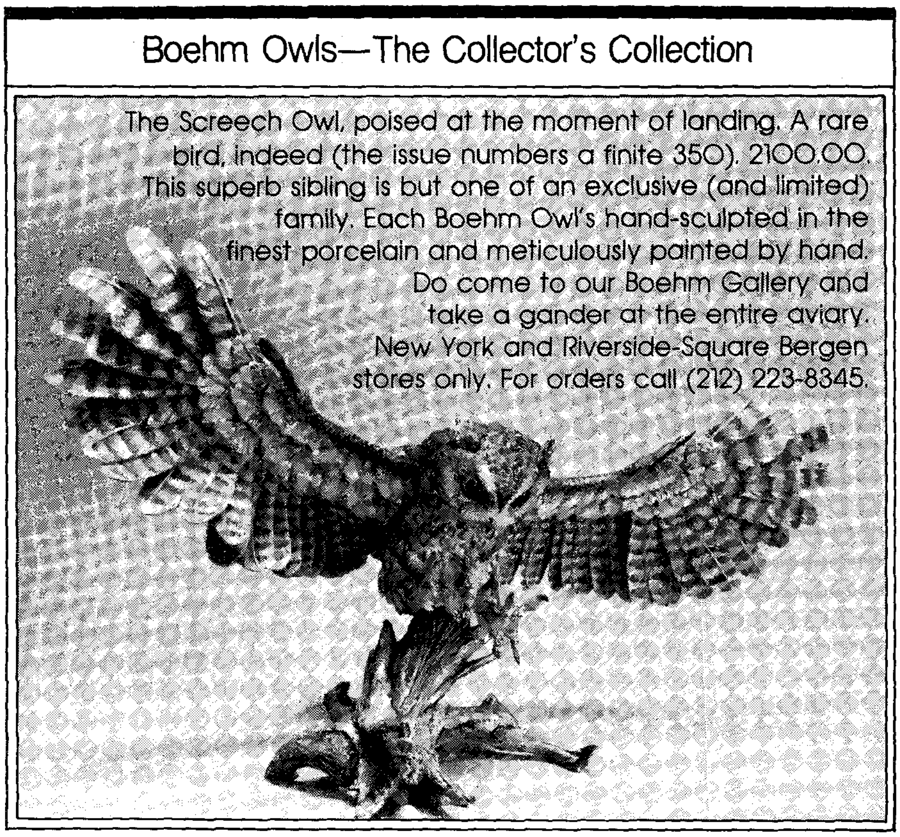

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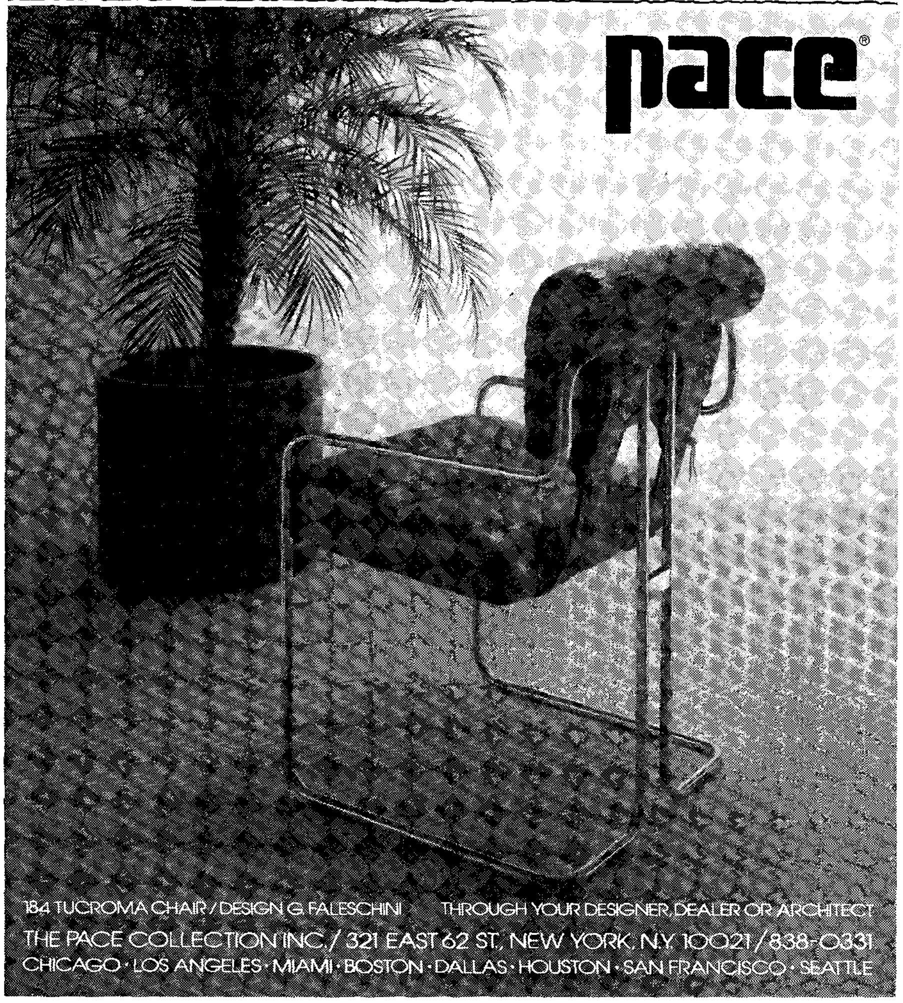

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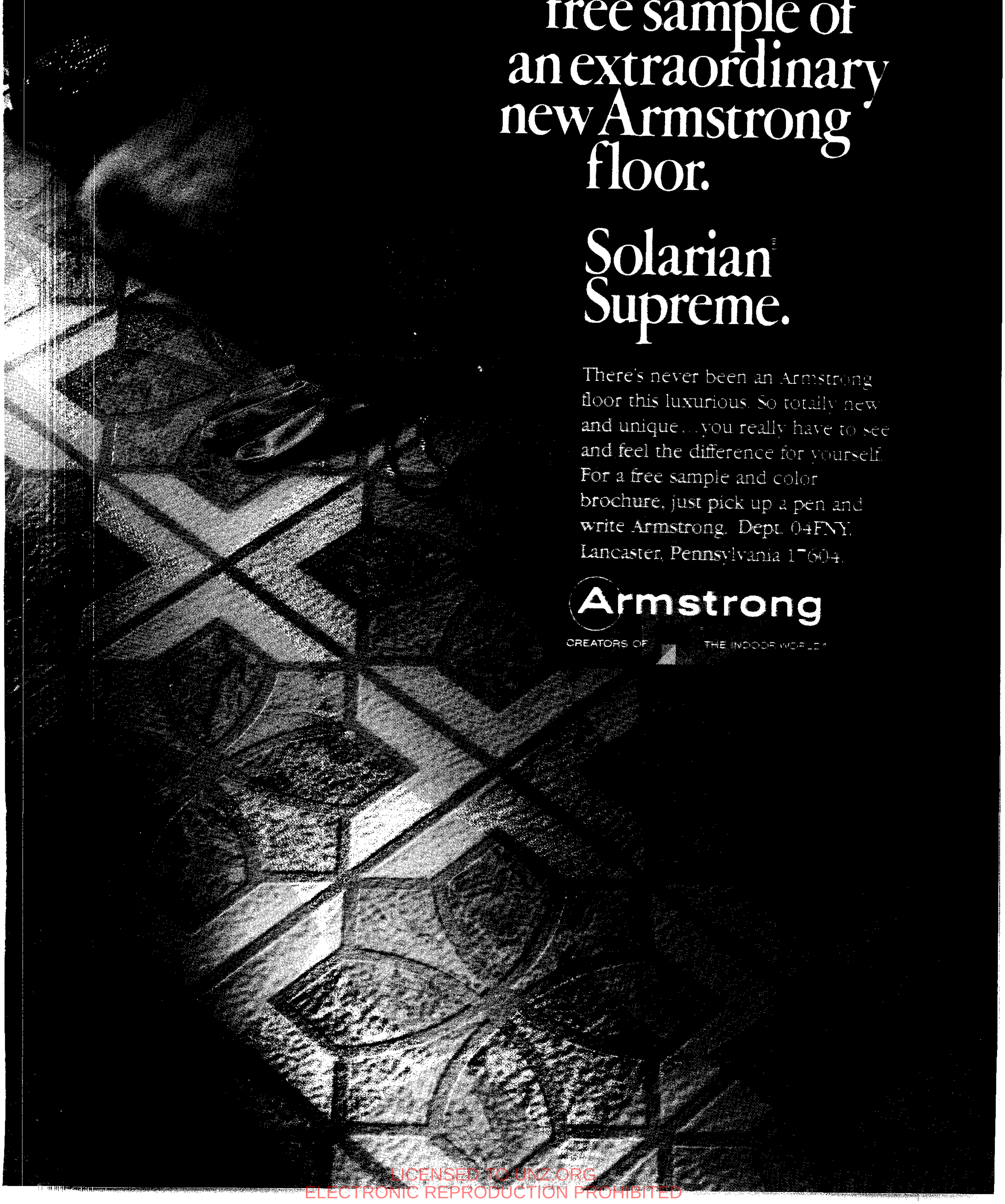
of high schools entered teams in the state tournament was 1938. Seven hundred and eighty-seven schools participated. The figure is now down to a little under four hundred, but that's a higher number than you'll find in any other state tournament."

"We have only one class in our state tournament. The size of the school doesn't matter. I think that's the right approach myself. Some very small high schools come up with amazingly good teams some years. In 1954—no one in Indiana has forgotten this—the winner was Milan, a school with only a hundred and sixty-one students. They beat Muncie Central in the final, 32–30."

"The technique of our high-school basketball players has got better and better. A lot of them can do things that few players in my time even thought about trying. For instance, they can dribble the ball behind their back or between their legs—not to show off but because it adds to their effectiveness. Many of them have built up their physiques by using the weight-lifting equipment we have at the school. We have a Nautilus machine, and we have one called the Leaper, which is specifically for making a player a better rebounder. We're demanding a great deal of the kids today, I believe. We always have a few who aren't bad players at all but who lack that extra something to be good enough to make the team. In Kokomo, pickup games go on all year round at Foster Park, which is in the downtown section, and I find myself telling these kids, 'You give me three or four months at Foster Park this summer, and you'll be on the team next year.' "

"The students at our high school put on a very colorful show at our games. You'll see that for yourself tomorrow night. I wish, though, that you'd been able to see a game in Anderson. The Anderson team is called the Indians, and they present a pregame show over there that's so exciting it gives you goosepimples. About ten minutes before the game, just after 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' the lights in the gym are turned off, and two students, one dressed like a brave and the other like a squaw, come onto the floor and are picked up by a spotlight. The tomtoms begin to beat, and the two go into an Indian dance. After the dance, the two teams and the cheerleaders from both schools sit down at the center of the floor and go through the ceremony of smoking the peace pipe. After a short break, the visiting team is



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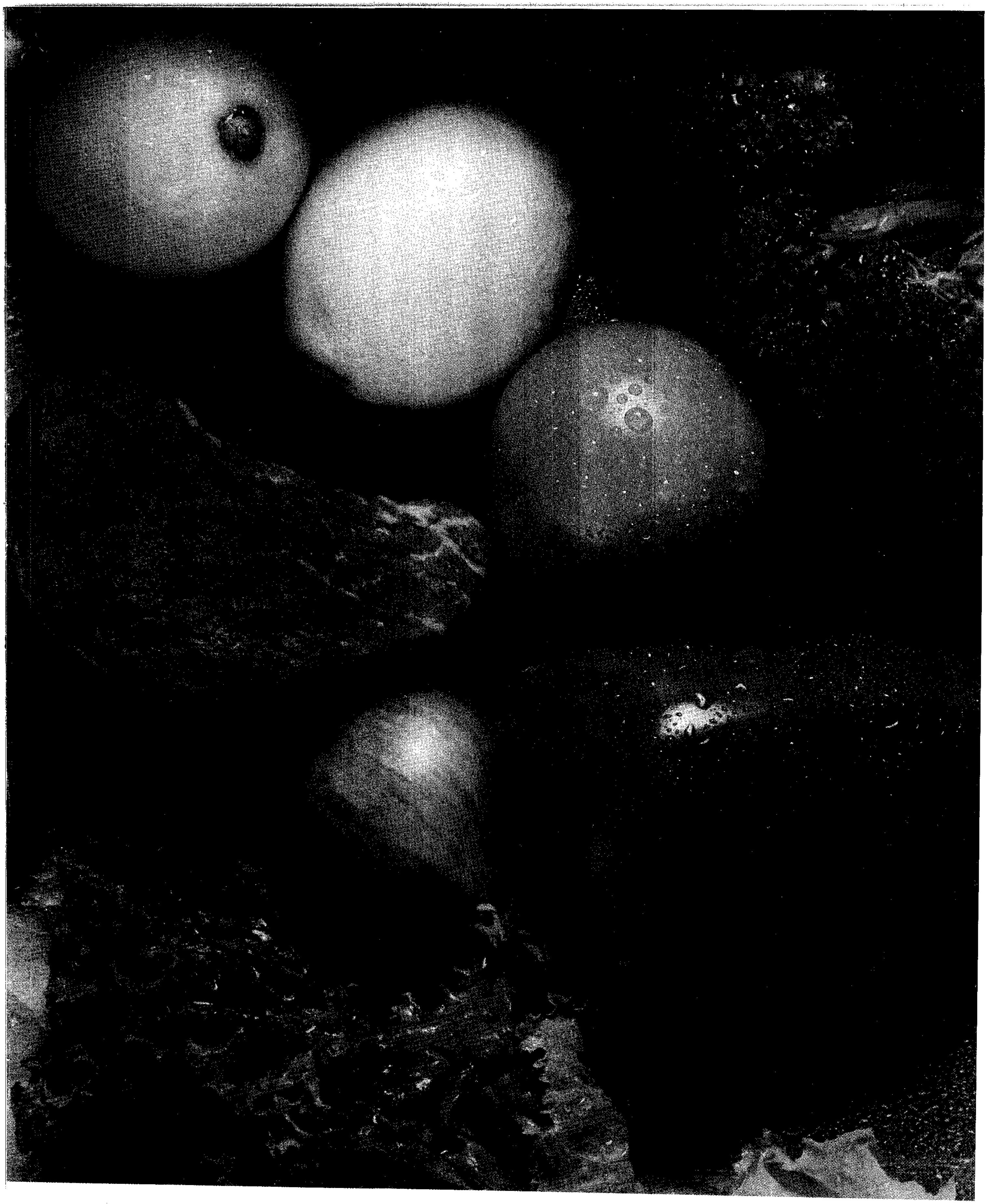

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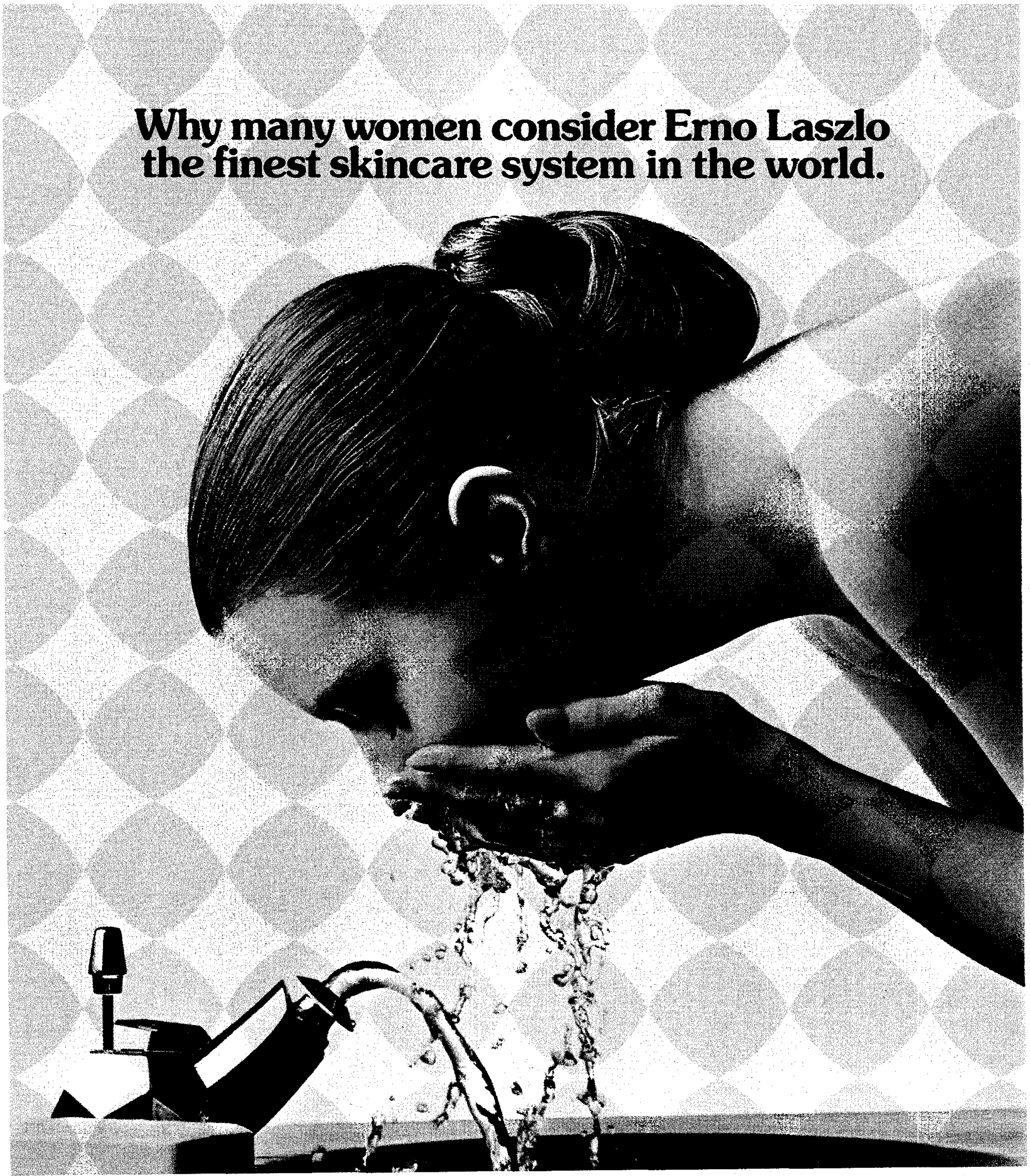

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introduced. Then the gym is darkened again, and each player on the home team is individually spotlighted as he is introduced. Lots of showmanship, really.”

ON Saturday, what with the game with Frankfort—Everett Case’s old team—scheduled for the evening, there was, of course, no practice session for the Kokomo team, but McNulty and I got together for our regular morning talk. We met in the gym—and that was fortunate, since Jimmy Rayl, who had been a basketball hero at Kokomo High in the late nineteen-fifties, happened to drop in. As a boy—a tall, skinny boy—Rayl had a basketball in his hands from morning to night. He practiced shooting six or seven hours a day. In his last years in high school, he was unstoppable some nights. He could put the ball in from all angles under heavy pressure, and he was a threat from thirty feet, and even farther out. In one game, he scored forty-nine points, which at that time was something. He went on to set scoring records at Indiana University, and after that he played professionally with the Indiana Pacers, of the American Basketball Association. He retired about ten years ago and is currently a salesman for the Xerox Corporation. He still lives in Kokomo. Now thirty-nine, he often cannot resist playing informal basketball around town and often joins in the half-court games at the Y.M.C.A. The word is that he is still unbeatable at Horse or any other shooting game. Every now and then, he calls in at the school gym to say hello. The girls’ teams were practicing that Saturday morning, and when they took a breather McNulty persuaded him to go out on the court and do some shooting. Rayl, who has filled out a bit over the years, picked up a ball, moved it around in his right hand—his shooting hand—to get the feel of it in his fingers, and walked toward one of the baskets. He was wearing his street shoes and his regular Saturday clothes. He zipped open his windbreaker and, without any warmup, popped the ball cleanly through the hoop from about sixteen feet out. He moved back a couple of feet and sank his next three shots. He throws a soft ball with a nice rotation. He walked to the baseline at a leisurely pace and made five shots in a row from about eighteen or twenty feet. I had never seen anything like this before. He walked back to the middle of the court, missed his first two shots from twenty-five feet out, hit the next, missed the

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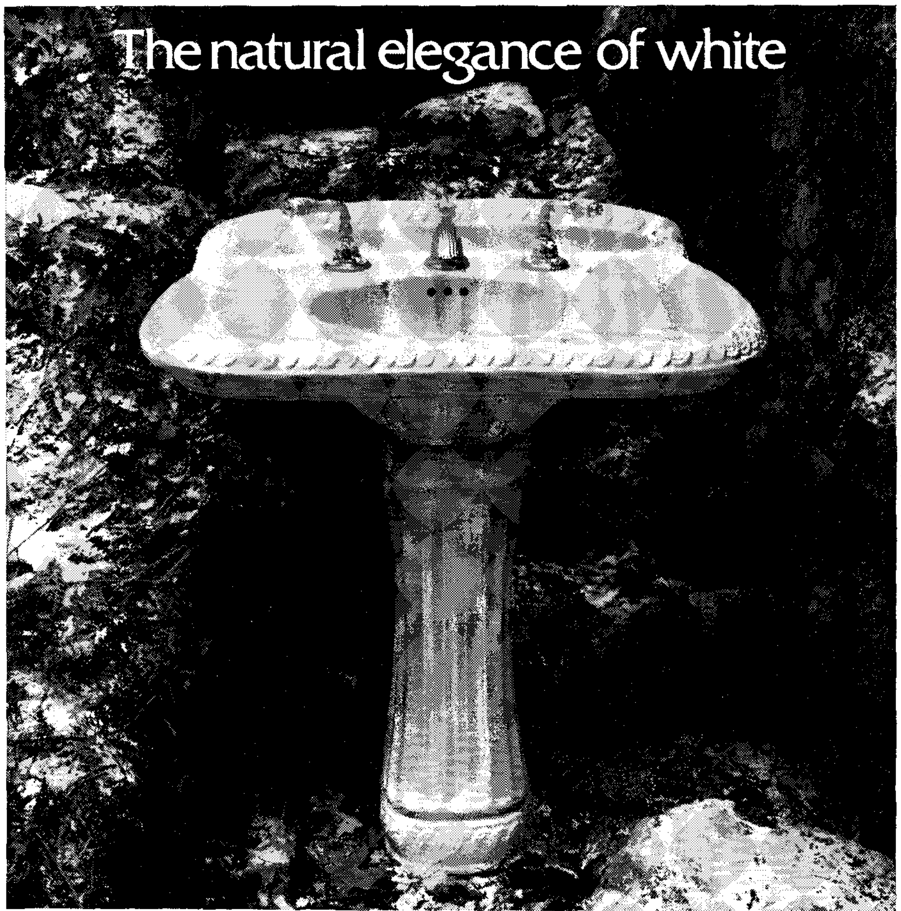

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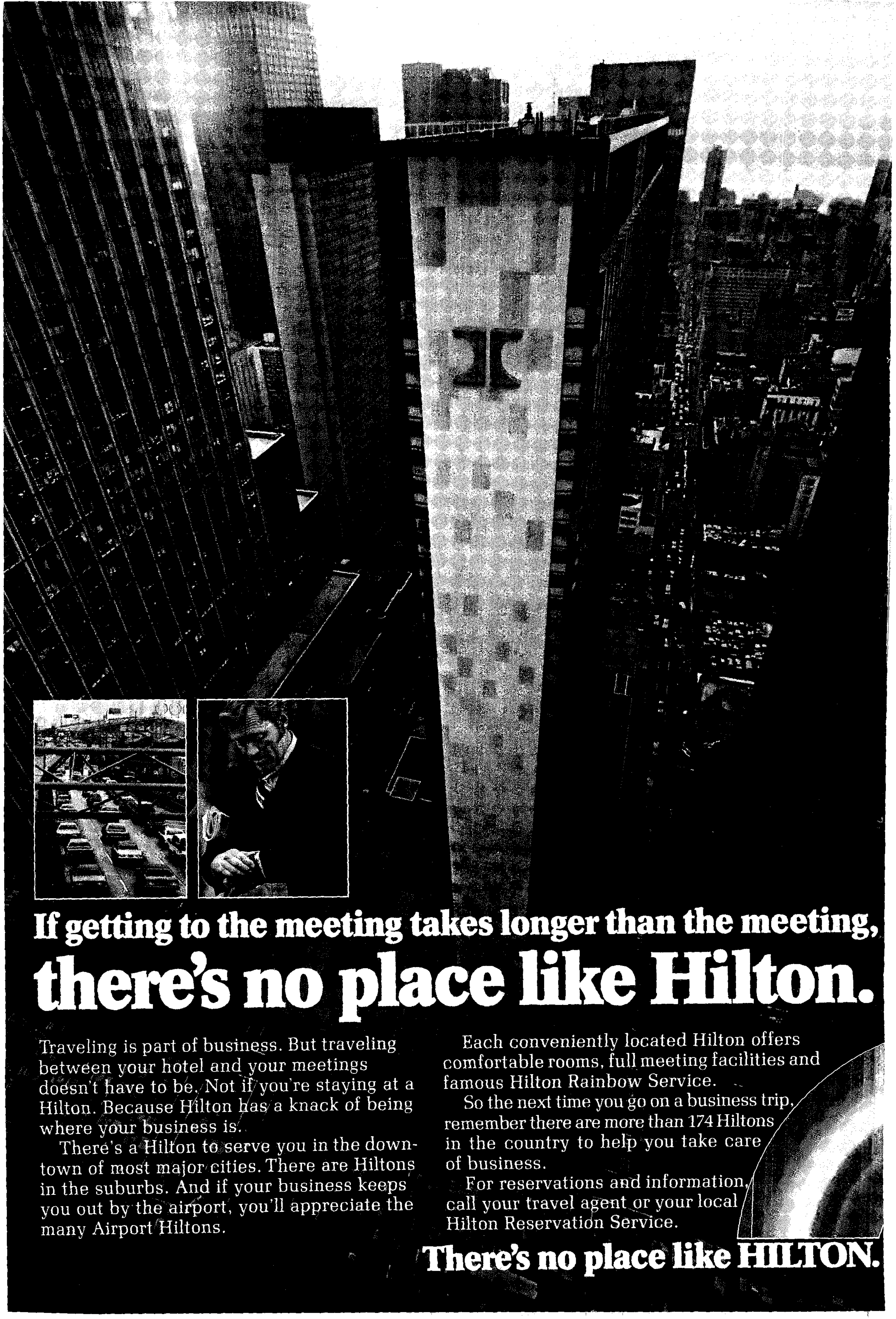

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one after that, and made the next three. Then he went to the foul line and made nine straight shots. He was ready now for his pièce de résistance, which sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. At the foul line, he got one ball in shooting position in his left hand and a second ball positioned in his right. He made his usual slight bend at the knees and released the two balls simultaneously. The right-hand shot swished through the basket. The left-hand shot landed on the left side of the rim, bounced gently off the back of the rim, and fell through. He smiled, and, zipping up his windbreaker, walked off the court. I don't know if Jimmy Rayl is the best shooter I've ever seen, but I've never seen a better one.

THAT night, I arrived at the gym a little before seven, just at the start of the third quarter of the preliminary game, which the slick Kokomo jayvee team won going away. Not many fans had turned out that evening. This was expected: Frankfort was having a mediocre season and hadn't been drawing well, even at home. Dave Kitchell, the assistant sports editor of the Kokomo *Tribune*, later estimated the crowd at between twenty-five hundred and three thousand. It was, however, a live, knowledgeable crowd, and it made its presence felt from the moment the Kokomo team, in red warmup jackets and red-white-and-blue striped warmup pants, came bounding onto the floor, as the band struck up "On, Wisconsin." It has long been common practice in high schools to alter the words of college songs, and in Kokomo the first line of "On, Wisconsin" goes, "Onward, Kokomo, onward, Kokomo, dear old red and blue." As I had learned from McNulty, you may not get a spotlit Indian dance complete with tomtoms before a Kokomo game, but you get a good, well-produced show. During their warmup, the team used a red-white-and-blue basketball. In front of the students' bleachers, the varsity and freshman cheerleaders—in red and blue, naturally—led cheers and songs. At the end of the warmup period, when the court was momentarily empty, on came the Kokettes, the precision drill team. There were twenty of them—twelve in red, carrying large red-and-blue banners that whipped smartly around during a complicated drill, and eight carrying rifles. Then the flagbearers marched front and center, and the national anthem was played and sung. The teams having returned from their locker rooms, the

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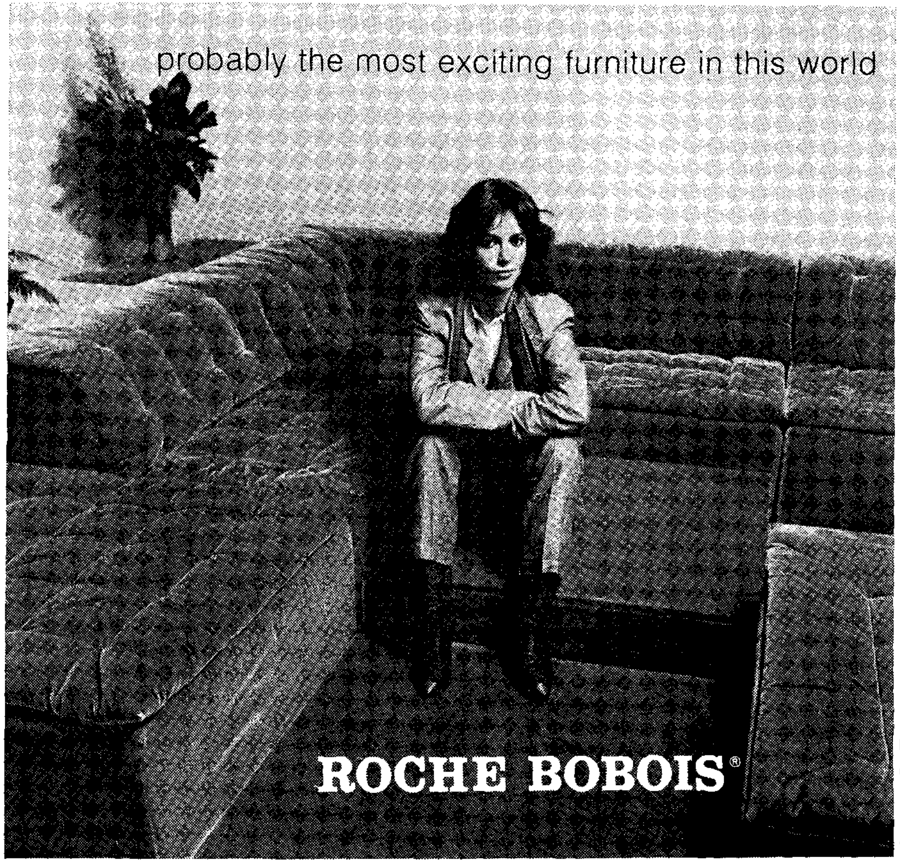
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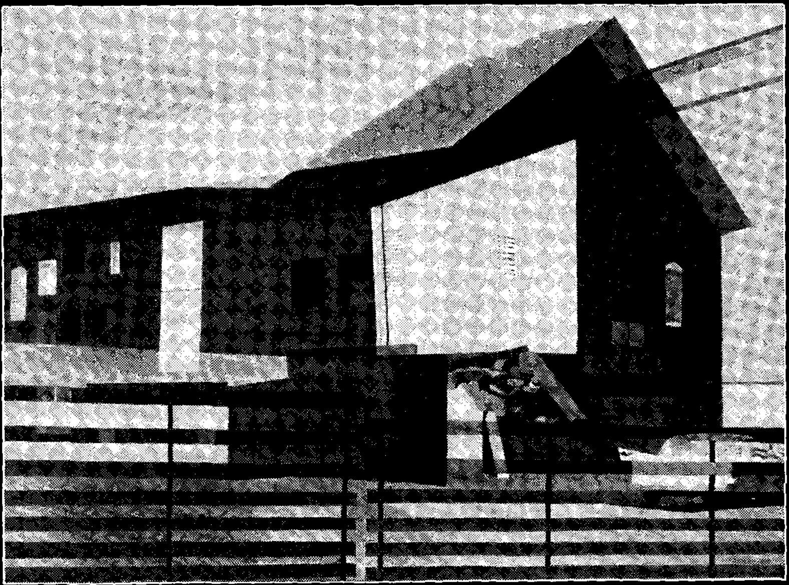

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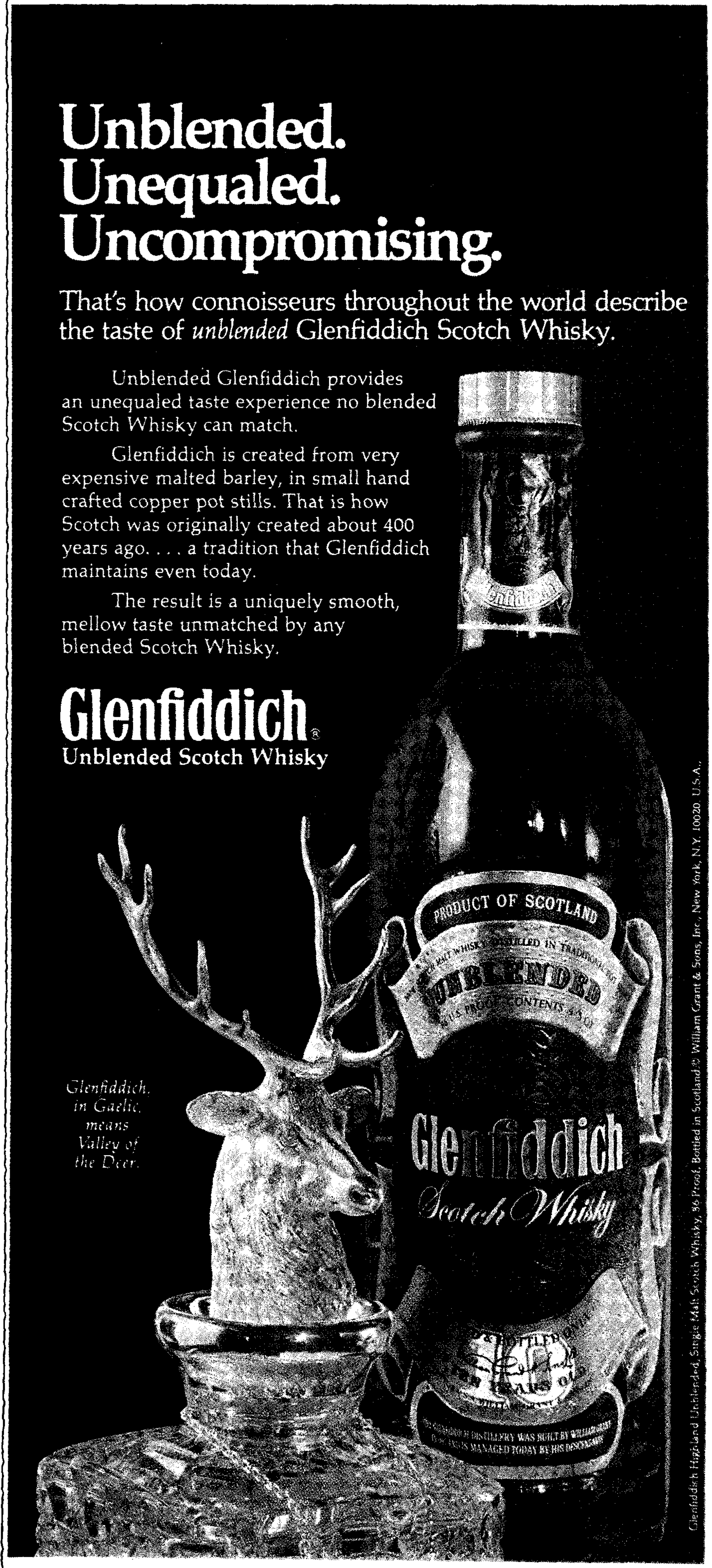
two starting lineups were introduced. As each Kokomo player's name was announced, he trotted onto a blue carpet that had "Wildcats" printed on it in red. The members of the team who were not starting then took their places on the bench, which was now covered with a blue blanket that had "Kokomo" printed on it in red. McNulty was wearing a red jacket and bright-red socks. He varies his jackets, but he always wears red socks at games. A half-dozen years ago, his daughter bought him a pair to spruce up his appearance, and the first time he wore them at a game the team played exceptionally well, so he made it a regular practice. He has no trouble getting red socks—local fans are always sending them to him. McNulty seemed fairly relaxed as he had a final word with his players in front of the bench. He doesn't believe in trying to rouse his teams with histrionic pep talks in the locker room, as many coaches do. In fact, the times he talks most before a game are nights when he feels that his players are up too high and need to calm down to be at their best. On this particular evening, he suspected that his players might be taking Frankfort too lightly, and he had tried in the locker room to get them up just a notch. The players looked ready and eager as they went onto the floor, but in sports you can't tell very much from appearances. You have to wait and see.

As it turned out, Kokomo got off slowly. The players were prepared for Frankfort's full-court press and handled it easily, but when they broke down the floor they were hurrying their passes and throwing the ball away. At the quarter, they led by only two points: 23–21. Early in the second quarter, Purcell, the team's top rebounder, committed his third foul and had to be substituted for, and it looked as if Kokomo might be in for a tough evening. McNulty is not a showy coach, but he becomes intense during a game, and if his team is performing erratically and the outcome is in doubt, you can tell the degree of his concern by the avidness with which he chews on the small index cards, carrying scouting reports on the opposition, which he clutches in his hand. That evening, early in the second quarter, before he had even started to nibble at the cards, Kokomo executed a couple of fast breaks perfectly and then began to play with more assurance, and at the half it led by eight points: 37–29. In the second half, Frankfort, a run-and-shoot team, tired rapidly. At the end of the third period, Kokomo had widened its lead to nineteen points, and the final score was 71–46. McNulty, I observed, is a very active coach during a game. If he wants to change his defensive setup, he generally calls a time-out and talks things over with his players, but he signals the offenses he wants them to use from the bench by holding up various cards about a foot square with his free hand. A red card or a blue one indicates the offensive pattern that the team should go into against certain zone defenses. Other cards have a "W," a "4," a "3," or a "1" printed on them. The "W" is the cue for the wheel type of offense—lots of movement and pickoffs. The "4" is the cue for a four-corner stall. On the "3," three of the big men set up inside in a triangle. On the "1," the team's best shooter runs a pattern designed to give him an open shot along the baseline. After a tight game, it takes McNulty a couple of hours to unwind, but the outcome that evening had been decided so early that I found him almost serene immediately afterward. "I thought our kids played quite well," he said. "Against a team like Frankfort that gets you running up and down the floor, the other team never looks as impressive as it does when it's playing a pattern offense and executing it crisply. I don't want to seem too optimistic, but before the season ends we might have a pretty fair team."

AFTER returning from Indiana, I kept up with Kokomo High's fortunes the rest of the winter through periodic talks with McNulty on the phone. The week after I left, Kokomo beat Richmond by five points on Friday night, and the next night it overwhelmed Peru. In McNulty's view, the following weekend was going to be the critical one of the year, for the team would be facing Anderson and Haworth on consecutive nights. Kokomo edged out Anderson, 80–77, in a game in which the team made sixty-one per cent of its shots from the floor. Purcell had twenty-six points, and Thatcher, rooting hard in close and shooting well from the outside, had twenty-two. McNulty used only seven players. Although his starting five were understandably tired the following night, he again used only seven players against Haworth. A crowd of six thousand turned out at the Haworth gym for that one. Kokomo, which had been in front most of the way, had an eight-point lead with two minutes to go, but Haworth finished with a rush, and Kokomo just held on, 52–50. These two victories gave the



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team a nine-game winning streak and a 13–2 record as January came to a close.

In February, Kokomo had a game scheduled for each of the five Friday nights. On February 1st, its streak was stopped when it lost in a double overtime to Muncie Central, which had captured the state championship in 1978 and 1979. Kokomo then got by Indianapolis Tech, New Castle, and Muncie North without incident, but the final game of the regular season, against Southport, was a squeaker. In the second half, when Southport was trailing by twelve points, it went to an all-court press, gradually narrowed the gap, and finally caught Kokomo, only to lose, 66–64, when, with time running out, Purcell, Kokomo's clutch man, maneuvered his way around a six-foot-six center guarding him and dropped in the deciding basket.

When I talked to McNulty the day after the Southport game, he was in high spirits. "The victory over Southport gave us seventeen wins and three losses for the regular season," he said. "That's the best record a team of mine has had in the twenty-six years I've been coaching. The kids played some great basketball—we won thirteen of our last fourteen games. Now the second season starts—the state championship. The sectional round comes up this week. In basketball, you never know what's going to happen, but I think we should win our sectional without too much difficulty."

It didn't work out quite that way, as I learned a week later from McNulty. Kokomo had made it successfully through its sectional round, in which the other entrants were from Kokomo's immediate area, but the job hadn't been an easy one. After defeating Taylor, a county school, by a comfortable margin, Kokomo played Eastern, another county school, in the final of the sectional. Eastern had surprised everyone by beating Haworth by sixteen points. Against Kokomo, Eastern led by eight points at the half and by nine at the end of the third quarter. Down the stretch, with Purcell scoring eight points, Kokomo fought back, and it pulled out the game, 45–43. Seven thousand fans had piled into the Kokomo gym to watch this confrontation.

The following weekend brought the regionals: four teams gathered in each of sixteen towns around the state. For the eighth straight year, Anderson was the host town for the regional that Kokomo was involved in. The way the draw worked out, on Saturday afternoon Kokomo met Delta, a newly consolidated high school, close to Muncie,

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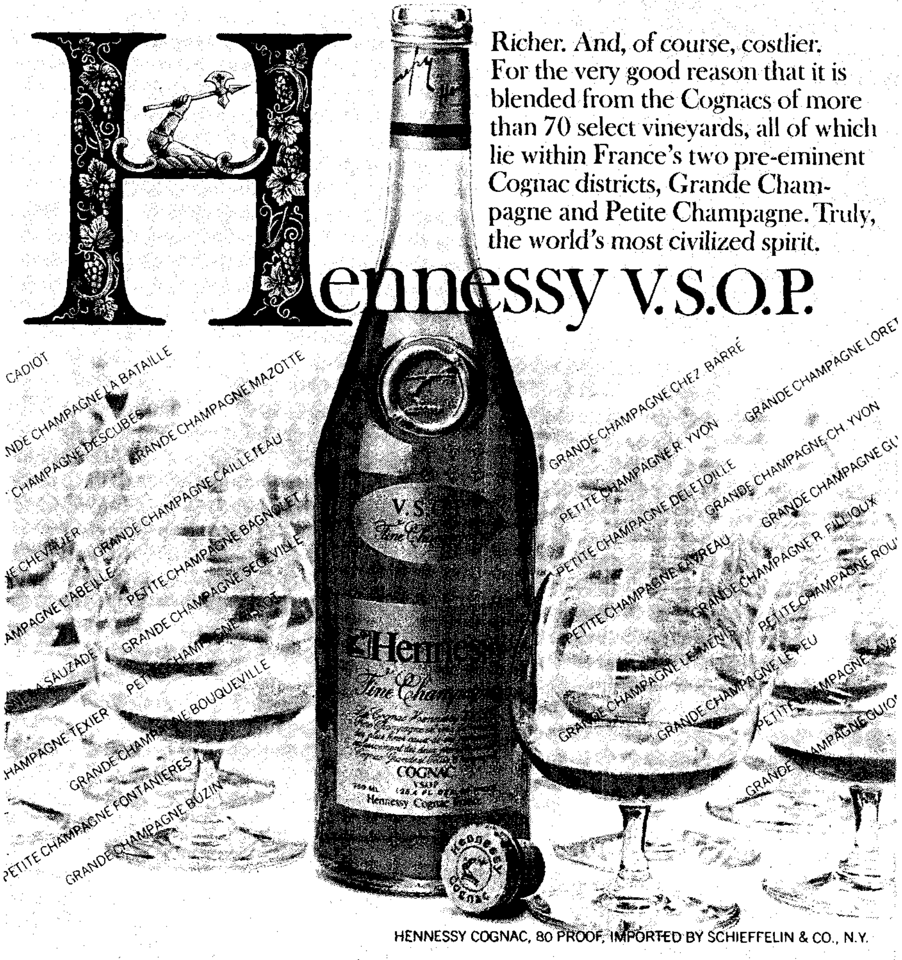
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with approximately nine hundred students, and in the other afternoon game Anderson Highland met Carmel. That night, the two winners would play. They were expected to be Kokomo and Anderson Highland, which had a 24–0 record and was ranked No. 1 in the state. However, both favorites were ousted that afternoon. Kokomo looked to have its game under control when it led by ten points with five minutes and twenty seconds to go. McNulty's strategy then was to keep control of the ball as long as possible and let the clock run down. The strategy backfired. On its next four possessions, Kokomo "turned it over"—lost the ball to Delta. Still, with only three minutes and thirty-nine seconds left, Kokomo led by eight. At that moment, Purcell was charged with a foul when, turning around under his offensive basket to try to get a shot off, he bumped into a Delta player. This was Purcell's fifth foul, and he had to leave the game. With his departure, Delta took command and narrowed Kokomo's lead to a single point. With six seconds on the clock, a Kokomo player was called for a foul, the man he fouled made both his shots, and that was it, 55–54.

"You are talking to the saddest basketball coach in Indiana," McNulty told me over the phone the next morning. "When you lose a game by one point, it's really hard on you—especially when you thought you had the game won, and when the game was so important. In the dressing room, half the fellows were in tears. Everyone was crushed. I felt particularly bad for the six seniors on the team. I told the kids not to drop their heads and get down on themselves—that they had a right to feel proud of what they had accomplished. They were supposed to be just an average team, and they had gone out and won nineteen out of twenty-three—the best record a Kokomo team has had since 1962. I told them they had displayed fine sportsmanship the whole season. There were a number of things I should have mentioned. For example, they had played right up to their potential. What more can you ask of anyone? Another thing—Anderson is forty miles away, but do you know how many fans from Kokomo drove over for the regionals? More than two thousand. This team brought the town of Kokomo to life, brought excitement to the people. In the last couple of weeks of the season, it was all very much the way it was years ago, when I was growing up and basketball meant everything in Indiana."

—Herbert Warren Wind

THE THEATRE

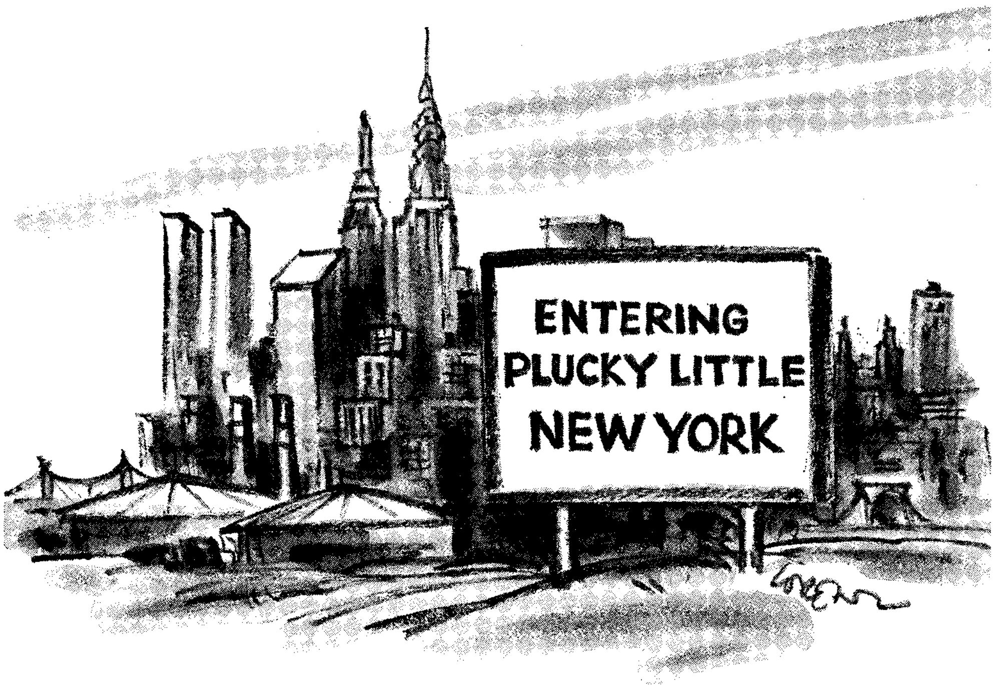
Without Speech

In synopsis, "Children of a Lesser God," by Mark Medoff (at the Longacre), would seem a very simple play: A young man, James Leeds, trained as a speech therapist, joins the faculty of a school for the deaf and, among other tasks, is assigned that of persuading a wary student of twenty-six, Sarah Norman, to acquire the art of speech. Sarah, who has long earned her keep by working as a maid at the school, has defied the usual practices of the school by making use of sign language only, at which she is exceptionally adept. She responds to Leeds, as she has evidently responded to several predecessor teachers, with an incandescent hostility. At one time, her family had supposed that Sarah, being mute, was retarded, but it quickly becomes clear to Leeds—and to us in the audience—that Sarah's mind is every bit as clever and self-confident as his; it is simply that, fiercely and unalterably, she is determined to preserve her wholeness inside a deaf world, which she defends as being equal in value to the world of hearing people. She signs to Leeds that deafness isn't silence, in a wasteland of deprivation; it is a condition of being "other," and this otherness has its sufficient rewards. Learning to speak would be a way not only of betraying this otherness but, worse still, of betraying her mute comrades there. Striving to occupy two worlds at once, she would be true to neither.

Though as teacher and pupil Leeds and Sarah are adversaries, as good-looking, energetic, and humorous young people they are natural allies; nothing could be more likely than that they should fall in love. The head of the school has told Leeds, with a deliberate crudeness, that "fornication" between faculty and students is forbidden, but he knows perfectly well that it happens; soon Leeds is swaying about in treetops outside Sarah's window, in reckless proof of his ardor, and not long afterward they are contentedly in bed. The first act closes with the becoming finality of an old-fashioned love story: Leeds and Sarah have married and will live happily ever after. During intermission, we ask what on earth can befall this delightful couple in the second and final act, and almost at once we learn what it is—they can be unhappy. For in marriage certain hard facts emerge that have seemed in courtship mere gossamer. Leeds has secretly assumed that sooner or later he would be able to change Sarah's mind about gaining speech; he will not. For her part, Sarah wants children, and not hearing ones but deaf ones; can Leeds honorably consent to join her in this (by his reasoning) perverse desire? Orin, a political activist at the school, is eager to obtain greater job equality for deaf people. He enlists Sarah's aid, and in the discussions that follow Sarah sides more often with Orin than with her husband. About the house, small matters grow to menacing size; Leeds fears to play his favorite records, because in "listening" to music Sarah can sense only its vibrations. The distance between them widens as they quarrel, and at the curtain we are offered the thinnest of thin hopes for their future: in sign language across a bleak stage, they promise to try to help each other, not in order to change but in order to become more assuredly themselves, whoever they may be.

John Rubinstein gives a stunning performance as Leeds. Throughout the evening, he constantly translates Sarah's signings into speech and then speaks and signs his speeches back to Sarah, and he must make this double activity strike the audience as a natural thing to do, though in real life there would be no occasion for his ever uttering a word. It may well be impossible, but there were times when I thought I saw two utterly diverse expressions on Mr. Rubinstein's face at the same moment. What a feat of acting! Sarah is played by Phyllis Frelich, who is herself stone-deaf, and for whom the play was written. She is a pretty woman, with an enchantingly lithe and quick-moving body, and it is pleasing to watch her initial physical reserve and emotional fierceness melting into affection as the play proceeds. (Like Sarah, Miss Frelich in her private life rejects the use of speech; also like Sarah, she has a hearing husband and, unlike Sarah, two hearing children.) There are a couple of other deaf and very able actors in the cast—Lewis Merkin, who plays Orin, and Julianne Gold, who plays a flirt the height of whose sweet-natured scheming consists of little more than taking off her bra. William Frankfather is superbly down to earth and sardonic as the head of the school; Scotty Bloch is touching as Sarah's mother; and Lucy Martin makes an effective, if not very lengthy, appearance as a militant lawyer. The set is by Thomas A. Walsh, the costumes are by Nancy Potts, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the direction is by Gordon Davidson, in whose Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, this excellent production originated. I always marvel that a successful play can be written more or less to order; Mr. Medoff has proved that it can be done, and that such a play can be more than merely successful, welcome as success is—it can be an authentic work of art.

Edward Allan Baker is a playwright hitherto unknown to me. He has written a play that, like Mr. Medoff's, deserves to be called an authentic work of art, and it is being given an exceedingly vivid production at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, under the direction of Curt Dempster. Its title, I'm sorry to say, is "What's So Beautiful About a Sunset Over Prairie



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Avenue?" Surely this improbable question hints at some not very deeply buried death wish on Mr. Baker's part in regard to our commercial theatre: How can so many words possibly be made to fit on a Broadway marquee? Let me abandon this minor point with the gentle suggestion to Mr. Baker that if "Main Street" was good enough for Sinclair Lewis, "Prairie Avenue" might well be good enough for him. The important thing is the play itself, which does indeed have to do with Prairie Avenue, a street that has fallen upon evil days. (The author pretends that the street is in "a small city in Southern New England," but internal evidence strongly suggests that the city is Chicago.) A lower-middle-class Irish-Catholic family named Bailey lives on Prairie Avenue, and a few minutes passed in its raucous, foulmouthed, drunken, and physically abusive company will cause you to feel that Farrell's Lonigan family is, by comparison, not far down in the social scale from Mrs. Potter Palmer. In their poverty, greed, and slovenliness, the Baileys become, little by little, terrifying: only the supreme violence of death can satisfy their cold lust to do injury to one another and to the world at large. A cast of seventeen requires eight scenes in two acts, as well as a number of brief interludes, to spell out the murderous smotheringness of the Bailey household. Even young Danny Bailey, upon whose escape from the household we have pinned our hopes, disappoints us in the end; he has stumbled in rage and envy as far beyond curing as all the rest.

Mr. Baker is a master of verisimilitude; he has an admirable ear, and he endows the reiterated obscenities of the Baileys with a lyric energy that renders them surprisingly inoffensive. He knows how they and their friends slam doors, shout, scratch, yawn, and sleep, and his set designer, Brian Martin, has provided him with a living room ideally suited to such activities. When a furniture dealer ruthlessly repossesses an unpaid-for chair, a little pyramid of cigarette butts and other debris is discovered piled up under it; the slatternly Mrs. Bailey bemoans the lost chair and subsequently kicks the debris sidewise across the already filthy carpet instead of sweeping it up. Sandy Martin is a convincing Mrs. Bailey, and Paul Austin, as her brute of a husband, is so frightening that if he had happened to cast a single glance in my direction I'd have been up and out of the theatre in five seconds flat. I enjoyed the performances of Bruce MacVittie as Danny, Matthew Cowles as Frankie, Michael Patrick King as

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Butch, and Alexa Spencer as Donna. The lighting is by Cal Vornberger, and the costumes are by Marcia Whitney. Such is the nature of art that, though "Prairie Avenue" is as sordid in text and setting as any play I can remember, I found it exhilarating, and I am determined to see it again as soon as possible.

THE American Place Theatre is putting on a production of "Rumstick Road," which some program notes invite me to describe as "an audio/visual environmental stage work, composed by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte in collaboration with Libby Howes, Jim Clayburgh, and Ron Vawter." The work, first staged a couple of seasons ago at the Performing Garage, is part of a trilogy entitled "Three Places in Rhode Island," in the course of which we learn a good deal about how Mr. Gray thinks his life took shape during what Yeats calls "the ignominy of boyhood; the distress of boyhood changing into man." The chief fact explored in "Rumstick Road" is the suicide of Gray's mother, in 1966. We hear tapes of Gray's conversations with his father and grandmother, and even with a psychiatrist whom the mother had consulted. (She was under treatment as a manic-depressive at the time of her death; being a Christian Scientist, she proved a reluctant patient.) It quickly turns out that the documentary aspect of this singular American "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" is the least significant thing about it; Gray, LeCompte, and the others are bent upon turning the past not into a narrative of recovered family events but into an occasion for exorcising through dance, mime, and music certain conventional hobgoblins of the New England mind. Facts fade, or trivialize themselves, in the presence of the performers' mesmerizing bodies. Miss Howes' body in particular, being notably slender and muscular, is a rebuke to three centuries of suffocating Mother Hubbards. The "work" lasts but an hour and a half, and I doubt if you will find a single moment of it dull.

TWO standard Broadway plays opened on Broadway last week. I am always eager to find something to praise in the handiwork of Neil Simon, and this week I have my opportunity: his "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (at the Eugene O'Neill) is not very good, but it is a lot better than Henry Denker's "Horowitz and Mrs. Washington" (at the John Golden). Both plays are sentimental, and both strive hard to

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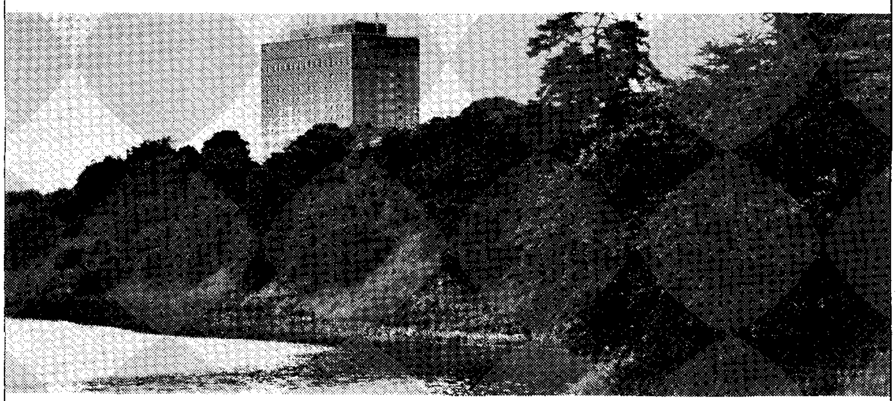

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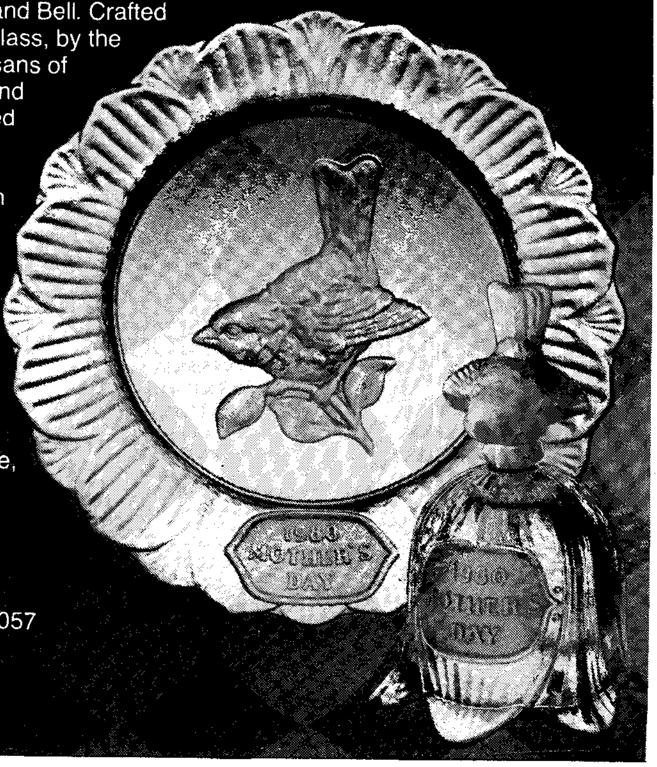

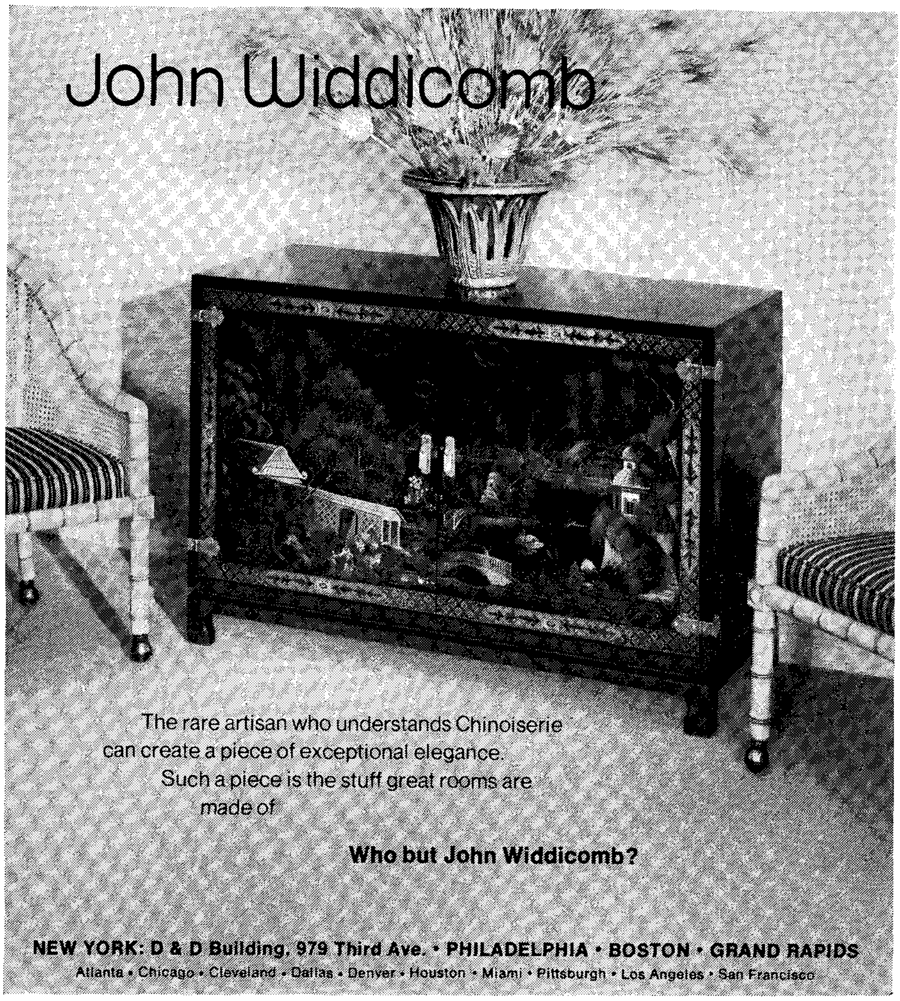

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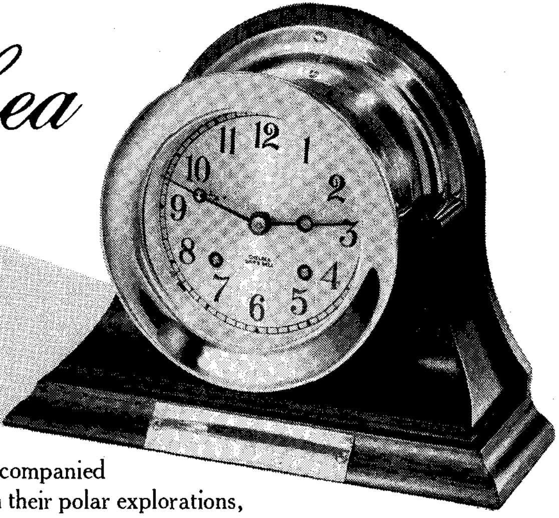

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Over the years, I have enjoyed few epiphanies in regard to the Simon œuvre, but here is one that I have confidence in: the gender of the performers onstage aside, there is practically no such thing as gender in a Simon play. If one didn't know by other means the sex of the person speaking, it would be almost impossible to guess it. What we listen to are voices making jokes, and they are all one voice. In the present instance, we are supposed to be listening to three voices—those of Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. The three give excellent performances. The setting, a true California bungalow, is by David Jenkins, the costumes are by Nancy Potts, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser.

I found "Horowitz and Mrs. Washington" distasteful and unfunny from start to finish, and the skill of its two stars, Sam Levene and Esther Rolle, could do little to mitigate my irritation with its author. Mr. Levene played an old Jew who lives on Central Park West and has been mugged by blacks; Miss Rolle played a black nurse who is helping him to recover from a stroke that he suffered immediately after the mugging. Horowitz spends much of the evening saying disgusting things about the nature of blacks, and poor Miss Rolle, when her turn comes, says a number of disgusting things about Jews. Offensiveness practiced in the name of comedy deserves a short life, and I am not unhappy to report that Mr. Denker's play closed after six performances. —BRENDAN GILL

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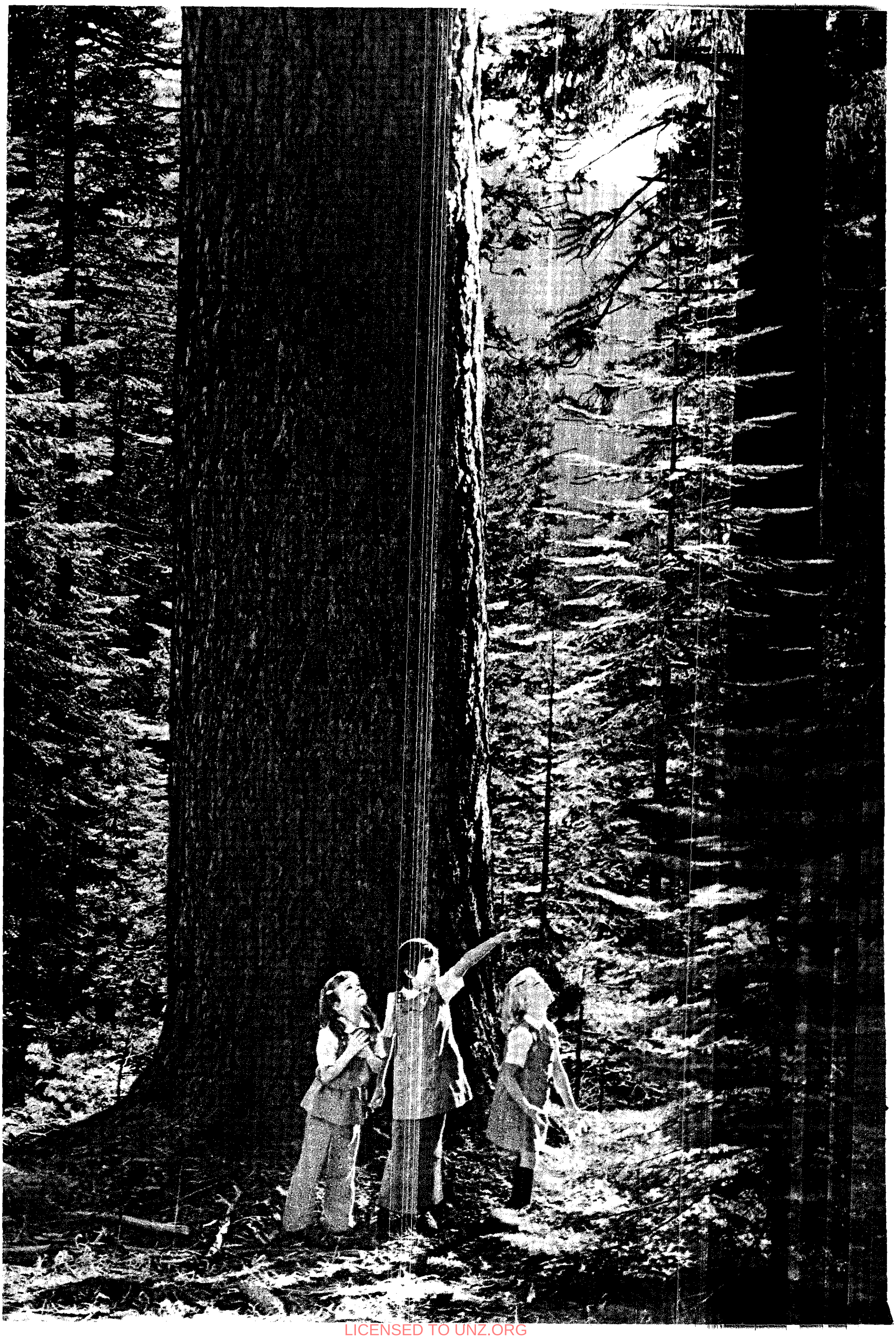

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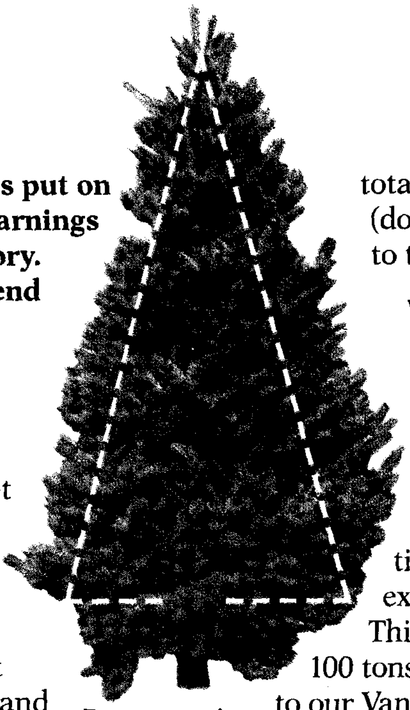

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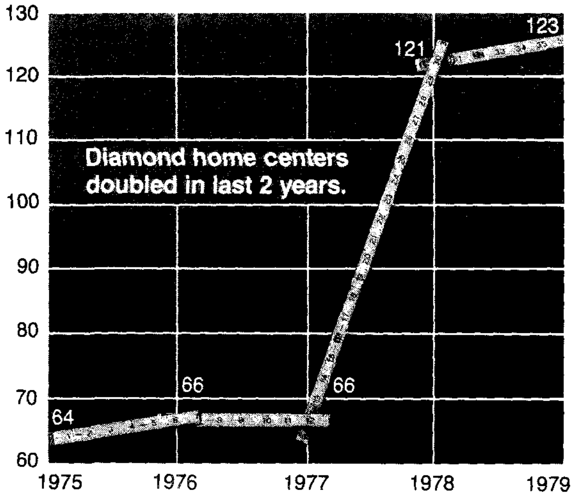

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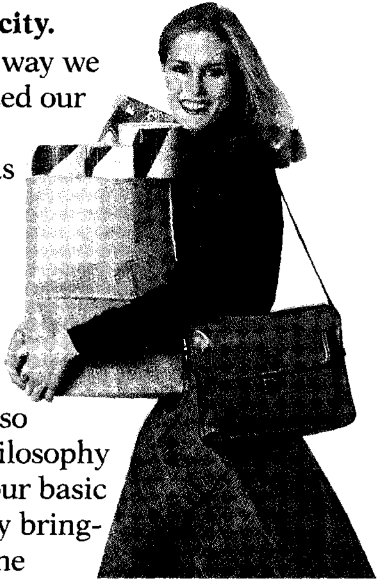

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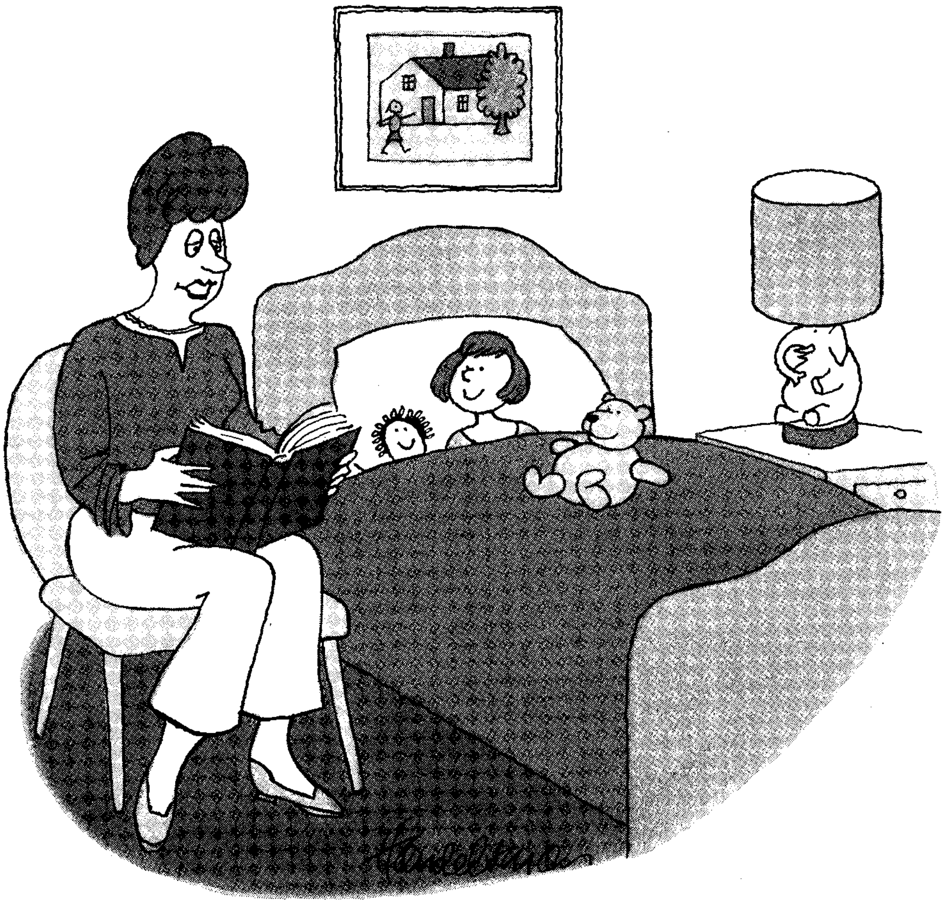
THE CURRENT CINEMA

By the Golden Gate

“Serial” is a very funny movie indeed. Taken from an equally funny novel by Cyra McFadden, it purports to be an accurate guide to the nature of life in Marin County, California—that tawny peninsula crouched like a thousand shaggy camels between the Pacific Ocean and the seemingly endless blue reaches of San Francisco Bay. The peninsula has many picturesque towns, some of them being of a considerable age, and though one can glimpse in the distance the shining towers of San Francisco, Marin (accent on the second syllable) County has something of the feeling of the Italian lakes, in part because it manifests in its culture a self-delighting hedonism that seems too Old World—too pagan—to be altogether American. According to “Serial,” this hedonism borders on the dotty, and it’s true that while we have a tendency to suppose that most of the happy crazies of our time wind up in Southern California, founding sects and surfing, there are plenty of them up in the northern portion of the state as well. Like the sun worshippers of the Southland (though with less sun), they are animated by the desire to remain young forever. They struggle constantly against the inroads that gravity makes upon the body beautiful; bellies mustn’t sag or torsos thicken in that kingdom of mingled energy and indolence. Flab is out and Tab is in, for one seeks to be sexy and laid back from the cradle to the grave. There is, of course, a sense in which we will all be laid back in the grave, but the Marin County of “Serial” is evidently having none of it: death, a disconcerting interruption of other people’s pleasure, is followed by funeral rites that consist of maudlin mumblings by an Indian chief in Adidas; the deceased’s ashes are scattered in the midst of a rumble perpetrated by a group of fiercely masked motorcyclists, not deep in mourning but deep in leather. Weddings, too, are in the open air, and the vows exchanged have little to do with the august sonorities of the King James Bible; though the bride and groom may be approaching early middle age, their unpremeditated pledges are the chirrupings of adolescents. The authors of the screenplay, Rich Eustis and Michael Elias, have set down with accuracy and to hilarious effect the Pidgin English of aging swingers. In “The Lotos-Eaters,” Tennyson wrote, “In the afternoon they came unto a land in which it seemed always afternoon.” That land might just as well have been Marin County, whose inhabitants have good reason to fear the dark. Meanwhile, we Easterners can laugh our heads off at them, never thinking for a moment that it may be our turn next.

The plot of “Serial” traces the interlocking lives of half a dozen families as they fall in and out of characteristic perplexities: open marriage, no marriage; good sex, bad sex, no sex; religious fanaticism; the cult of the car (a young man seeks to borrow the Volvo of his girlfriend’s father because, taking her to the beach, he doesn’t want to get sand in his Porsche); the cult of inventing and pursuing cults. Martin Mull, Tuesday Weld, Sally Kellerman, Bill Macy, Tom Smothers, and Peter Bonerz are all extremely likable as they spar about on their common domestic minefield. They are decent people, daft because their so-called life styles have rendered them daft. The director, Bill Persky, has taken big chances in veering in and out of slapstick—the climax of the movie is an implausibly wild rescue of a teen-age girl from a house where some vicious, ever-smiling flower people are holding her captive—but the chances prove worth taking. The cameraman, Rexford Metz, has caught the natural beauty of Marin County and San Francisco Bay; I wish I were visiting there this very minute, with the fog rolling in through the Golden Gate and the air in one’s throat like cold wine.

Much of a silly pretend-horror movie called “The Changeling” was shot in Seattle, which is still another part of the country that I would enjoy visiting. No matter how inept a movie may be, as an amateur of architecture I have the settings of the movie to take delight in. A big old mansion in Seattle is at least as important as any of the characters in “The Changeling,” and my disappointment in the movie as a whole may have been heightened by my disappointment in the mansion; given the marvellous nineteenth-century architecture of the Pacific Northwest, surely the producers of the movie could have done better by me and oth-



“ ‘Oh!’ cried Anna Karenina. ‘How bored I am! I shall run away with nice Count Vronsky,’ And run away with him she did, clippity-clop.”

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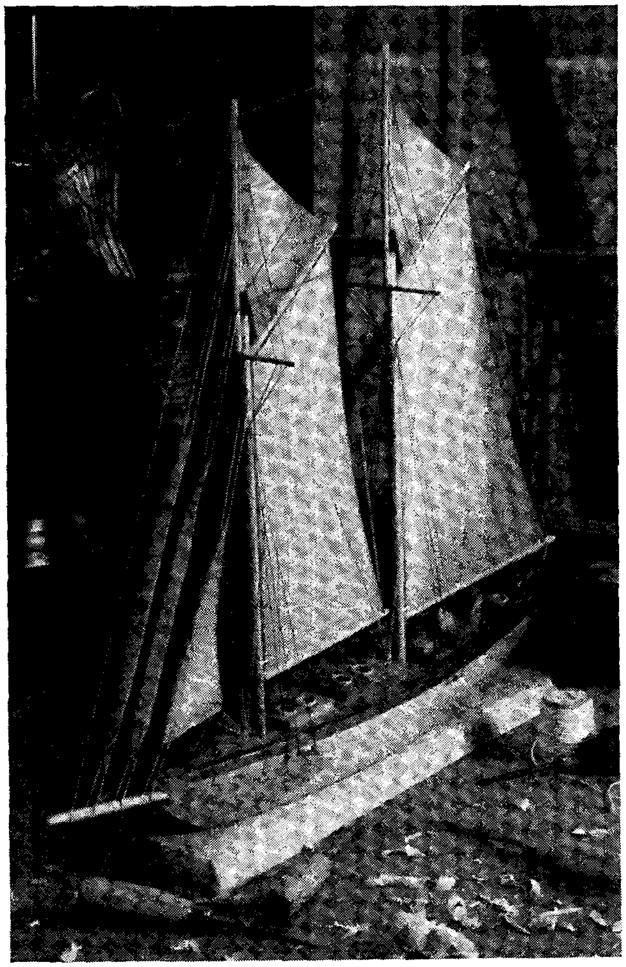

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er members of the Society of Architectural Historians. The stars of the movie are George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere, with Melvyn Douglas in the kind of supporting role he is often invited to enact these days; that is, a role in which he is obliged to totter about and die on camera. He does dying very well, but I urge him to resist being typecast. "The Changeling" devotes itself to elucidating a mystery: Why can nobody live in the big old house without being frightened half out of his wits? What unhappy ghost is continually on the prowl there? And what is this particular ghost unhappy about? Well, the director of "The Changeling," Peter Medak, has used every trick in the book—creaking doors, cobwebbed attic chambers, rubber balls dropping unaided down gloomy staircases—but all in vain. Mr. Scott looks understandably distracted, and Miss Van Devere seems to be telling him, sotto voce, that she is awfully sorry about the whole thing.

THE wonders of cross-fertilization in our contemporary culture are well exemplified by the movie "Gilda Live," which advertises itself with the slogan "Things like this only happen in the movies." The slogan puts the case exactly backward, for the fact of the matter is that "Gilda Live" happened first on TV, where Gilda Radner and the actor who calls himself Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello) earned fame through a helter-skelter assortment of skits on "Saturday Night Live." Many of these skits were cobbled together to make a show that played successfully on Broadway last year. The present movie version, directed by Mike Nichols, doesn't pretend to be anything but a recording on film of that Broadway show; from time to time, we are shown our predecessor audience laughing and applauding, which tends to cause us to resist laughing and applauding. But no matter—Miss Radner and the holy Father are a remarkable pair, and if you have missed them in their previous professional incarnations, by all means attend to their beguiling nonsense now.

—B.G.

•

She calls her novels "histerotics." "It's the sex that drags the reader through all that history," she said. Her last novel, *Fountain of Glory,* set in the Middle Ages, opens with a naked maiden being chased by two hunters. She tries hard to make the "banal interesting."—*Chariot, newspaper of MiraCosta College.*

Yeah, but she's straining.

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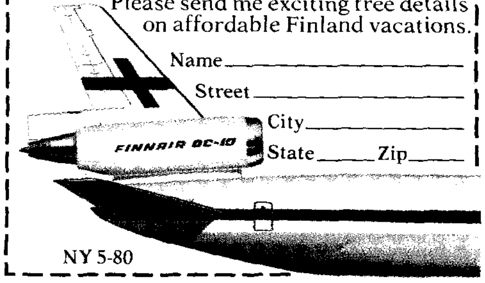

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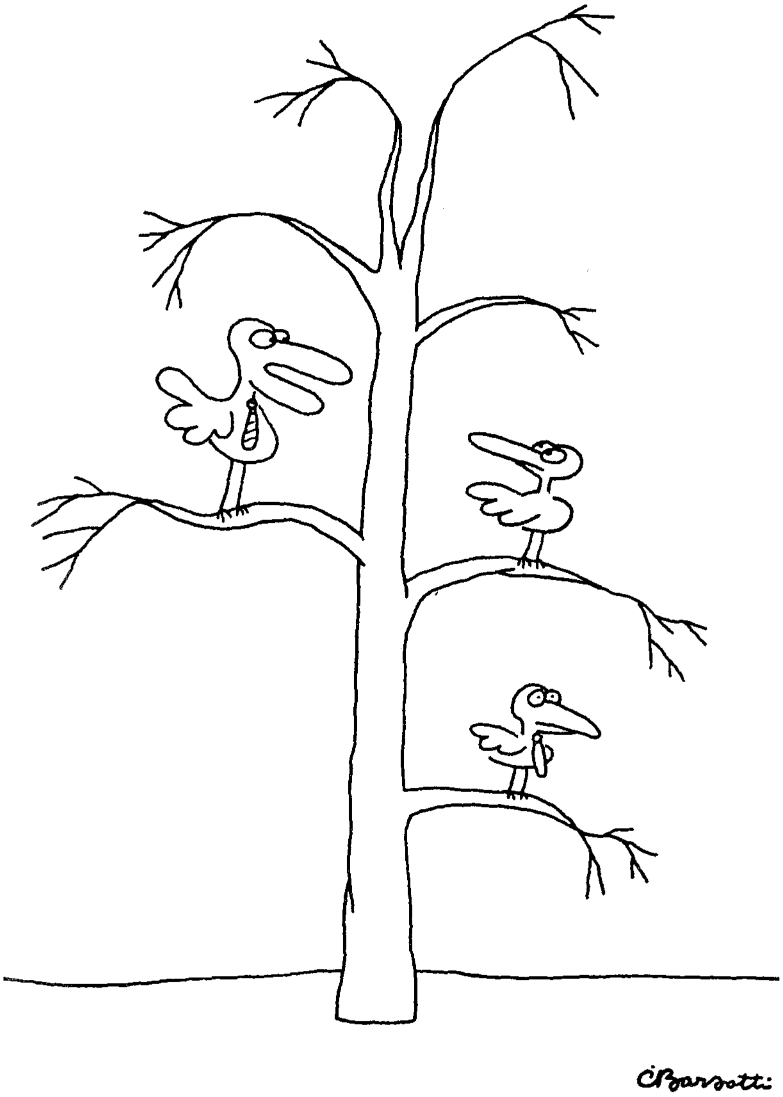
MUSICAL EVENTS

Broadway Opera?

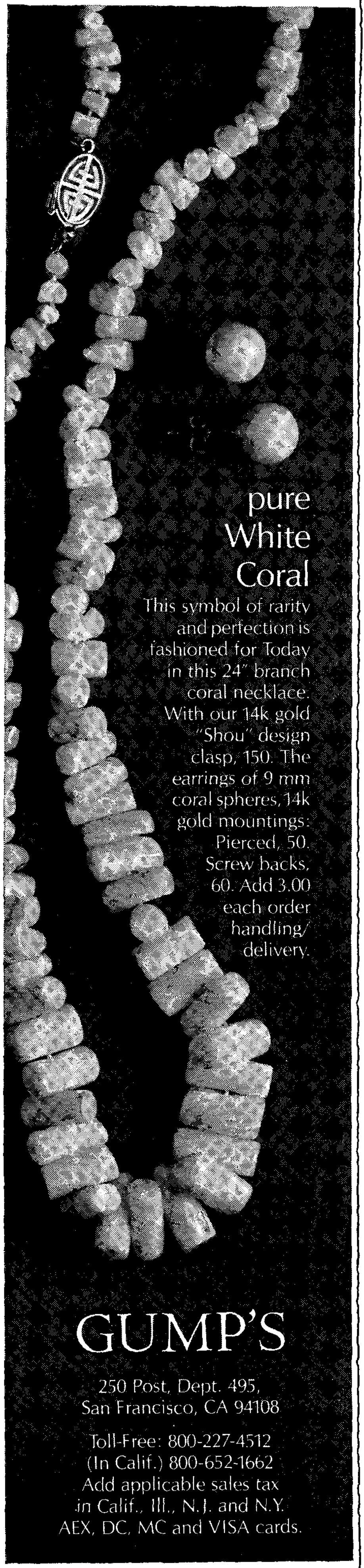
WHEN nominations are put forward for the best new Broadway show of 1980, I think that someone should suggest the striking and powerful entertainment mounted by the New York City Opera under the title "Silverlake." The award could be shared between Harold Prince (director), Julius Rudel (conductor), Manuel Lutgenhorst (designer), Hugh Wheeler (writer of the book), and Lys Symonette (writer of the lyrics and selector of the music). There should be a small acknowledgment of the collaboration between Kurt Weill (original music) and Georg Kaiser (original play). What we see on the stage of the State Theatre is a brilliant creation—a stark story of human love, greed, hate, overprotectiveness, ruthlessness, and utopian hope, set in a maze of moving mirrors and walls which serves to reveal or conceal the simple characters of the drama. The sometimes transparent and sometimes opaque panels hem in the oppressed (faces against the glass, struggling to make contact with those on the other side) or provide a vista of a new world of possible happiness—across the silver lake of the title. They separate actors from audience (as in the opening moments, when a straggling line of people stretches right across the stage behind the panels) or confront the audience with its own image, suggesting that we, too, are part of the work's fabric of deceit and counter-deceit.

The story of "Silverlake" is simple. But the story of "Der Silbersee," the Weill-Kaiser work on which Mr. Wheeler has based his text, is not as simple. At a valuable symposium sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corporation and the Music Critics Association, and held the week after the new production had opened, the English scholar David Drew described "Der Silbersee" as "a lyrical cadence to the whole era of German Expressionism." He traced a line of Expressionist drama as far back as Schiller, whose play "The Robbers" has parallels with "Der Silbersee," not only in its plot but also in its moral encouragement to sacrifice self-interest in the search for true brotherhood. Mr. Drew made the important point that whereas most German dramas of this kind end in tragic death—murder or suicide (both figure in the last scenes of the example that is most familiar from its operatic use, Büchner's "Woyzeck")—"Der Silbersee" ends with reconciliation. It is a metaphor for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth; this theme, and the play's subtitle, "A Winter's Tale," link it strongly to Heine's poem "Deutschland," which has the same subtitle. Mr. Drew spoke warmly of Kaiser's text, and of its special, intricate symbolism—the harp, the dance of death, the snow that turns to spring. One might well keep it in mind when considering what happens in "Silverlake."

The inhabitants of the shores of the silver lake are tired and hungry. Severin and four friends decide to take by force what is theirs by right, and steal some food from a store; as they are about to run off, Severin is transfixed by the sight of a pineapple, which he takes. In the street, they are stopped by the police; Severin is shot in the leg. Olim, the policeman who shot him, is puzzled to find only a pineapple in Severin's bag; he thinks how much he could do for such poor people if he were rich. At that moment, he is told that he has won the lottery; he is a millionaire. He goes to Severin in the hospital and anonymously offers to look after the invalid in his millionaire's castle. At the castle, Severin is silent and moody. Fennimore, a young girl brought to work there, sings Severin the "Ballad of Caesar's Death," a song of warning to all tyrants; at this, he explodes in a song of revenge. Olim reveals to the scheming housekeeper Frau von Luber that he is the policeman who shot Severin; she blackmails him into making over the castle to her. Fennimore leaves for the silver lake, and returns with Severin's four friends, who identify Olim as the policeman. Olim, terrified, locks himself in an attic; Severin has his friends chain him in a cellar, to restrain the violence of his revenge. In his isolation, Severin discovers in himself the capacity to forgive; Olim loses his fear. They meet, and are reconciled. Frau von Luber takes over the castle, and Olim and Severin, both impoverished, return to the silver lake. But the dwellings there have been destroyed by the police. The two men despair, and then realize that they must cross



"Miss Edwards, will you tell young Wilkens that I'll see him now?"



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the lake. Fennimore's voice is heard, encouraging them; they walk across the lake to a new and better life.

In "Silverlake," the outline of this story remains, but much has been changed. Fennimore becomes a conventional figure: "Caesar's Death" is sung by von Luber, and Fennimore becomes Olim's confidante, to whom he confesses his crime; in the final scene, Fennimore is with the two men instead of being heard from afar. Von Luber is thus given an extra number to sing; Olim also is given some more music (stanzas from the song of the lottery agent). Other points in the plot have been changed to enhance the theatricality of the piece: in the play, Severin's friends gradually lead him to realize that Olim is the man who shot him; in "Silverlake," there is a sudden moment of recognition. At the start of the action, an effigy of hunger is buried; in "Silverlake" it is burned, and a dancer (Gary Chryst) rises from the flames to touch those around him with the hand of death. And, throughout, all the complex allusions of Kaiser's text—its mood, its often tortuous language—have been transformed into a simple plot line that emphasizes the purely human aspects of the drama.

There has also been an attempt in "Silverlake" to increase the proportion and the importance of the musical contributions. The Weill-Kaiser "Der Silbersee" is a play with an exceptionally large number of musical items: sixteen numbered pieces, which with reprises make twenty-three separate sections of music. "Silverlake" omits just two of these. But much of the action and dialogue is underlaid with newly added "incidental music." Lys Symonette has drawn this from music that Weill wrote in 1927 for a twelve-piece ensemble, to accompany a production of Strindberg's "Gustav III;" much of it is reorchestrated so that it can be used under the voices, creating long passages of "melodrama." (There are only two sections of melodrama in the original "Der Silbersee;" the first is a feverish dream for Severin, and the second is part of the finale.) In "Silverlake," this technique is used throughout, and seems not so much wrong as unnecessary. At times, it interferes with Weill's original music (Severin's song in the cellar is broken up by interpolations from the "Gustav III" music); elsewhere it weakens the effect of Weill's music by constantly treating it as "background." Less controversial is Miss Symonette's addition of a song to the second act of "Silverlake"—the splendid "The Mussel of Margate" (a satire on the profit-making activities of oil companies), which Weill wrote originally for the Erwin Piscator production of Leo Lania's play "Konjunktur," in 1928; the song is a winner, and it fits reasonably well here.

Dr. Kim Kowalke, whose recent book "Kurt Weill in Europe" is a major contribution to our understanding of Weill's early life and music, said at the Carnegie Hall symposium that he thought "Der Silbersee" one of the composer's finest scores; he demonstrated its advanced use of tonality as a dramatic factor both in the composition of individual numbers and in the planning of the whole. He thought that stylistically the "Gustav III" music was more closely linked to the instrumental interludes in the "Mahagonny Songspiel" than to anything in "Der Silbersee," and he appeared to regret its use in this production. Dr. Kowalke's praise of the "Silbersee" music is something I can partly share after seeing "Silverlake." There are some songs that have the tough, fiery, vicious spirit of authentic Weill: "Caesar's Death," of course, which is well known, because Lotte Lenya recorded it; Severin's revenge aria, a powerfully dramatic structure filled with pounding, frightening music; and the gritty extrovert duet for von Luber and her accomplice Baron Laur, "Das Lied vom Schlaraffenland." And there are some marvellously witty, acid takeoffs of popular-style numbers: a smoochy waltz for two salesgirls; a tango for the lottery agent. About the music that provides the crucial moments of the plot—the burying of hunger, a duet at the start of the road to the silver lake, and, above all, the substantial finale—I am less sure. There seems little here to match the throat-catching power of similar moments in "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (though Dr. Kowalke pointed out a striking echo of the "Mahagonny" hurricane at the start of the finale). But it is difficult to evaluate the score when some of it is altered, assigned to different characters, interspersed with other music, and generally diluted to taste.

The performance is on a very high level. It is invigorating to see in an opera house the tight, purposeful movement, the sharp, stylized acting, and the vivid visual effects that Mr. Prince and his collaborators have created. As Olim, Joel Grey creates a weak, shaking, leaflike little character, overanxious to provide for Severin, stricken with grief when he does not respond: a pathetic, lovable creature. William Neill's Severin is huge and lumbering, a man of instinctive action; he has most of Weill's vocal music, and sings it with passion. The other important musician in the cast is Fennimore. Elizabeth Hynes is calm, sweet, and reserved, and she sings her weary meditation nicely, but, deprived of "Caesar's Death," she is one-dimensional; she does not begin to take on the almost mystical significance of Kaiser's original character. Elaine Bonazzi has a gift of a part as Frau von Luber; she struts and frets with an evil gleam in her eye, and delivers "Caesar's Death" magnificently. Jack Harrold provides rather bumbling support as Baron Laur. (He doubles as the lottery agent.) Penny Orloff and Jane Shaulis do a good double act as the salesgirls, though their singing could be more incisive. The voices are amplified. The chorus is adequate, the orchestra is excellent, and Julius Rudel—whose idea it apparently was to stage this work—conducts with commitment and spirit; only the last ounce of bite and fire is missing.

For all its brilliance, I am left with the feeling that "Silverlake" has not really touched the essence of the Weill-Kaiser drama. One symptom of this is that Mr. Prince's theatrical flair deserts him in the finale. I had imagined a "Rheingold"-like scene in which the mirrors would ripple, the whole stage would be transformed into a giant lake, and the panels would eventually bear Olim and Severin aloft as they walked across its frozen surface. In the event, someone tugged a rope, and a tiny affair that looked like a child's wading pool was wheeled downstage for this climactic moment: Olim, Severin, and Fennimore could hardly fit on it together. This fudging of the final passage to utopia seemed symbolic of the production's unwillingness to capture the spirit in which the original was conceived. The circumstances of the first production of "Der Silbersee" were extraordinary. There were three premières on the night of February 18, 1933—in Leipzig, Magdeburg, and Erfurt—just over a fortnight after Adolf Hitler was appointed Chancellor of Germany. The work was attacked in the official Nazi press a few days later; there was Nazi disruption of the

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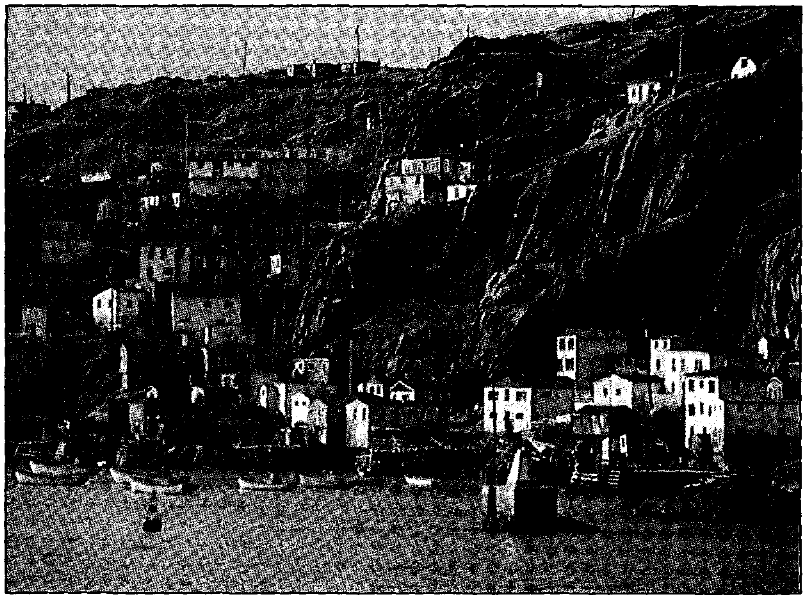

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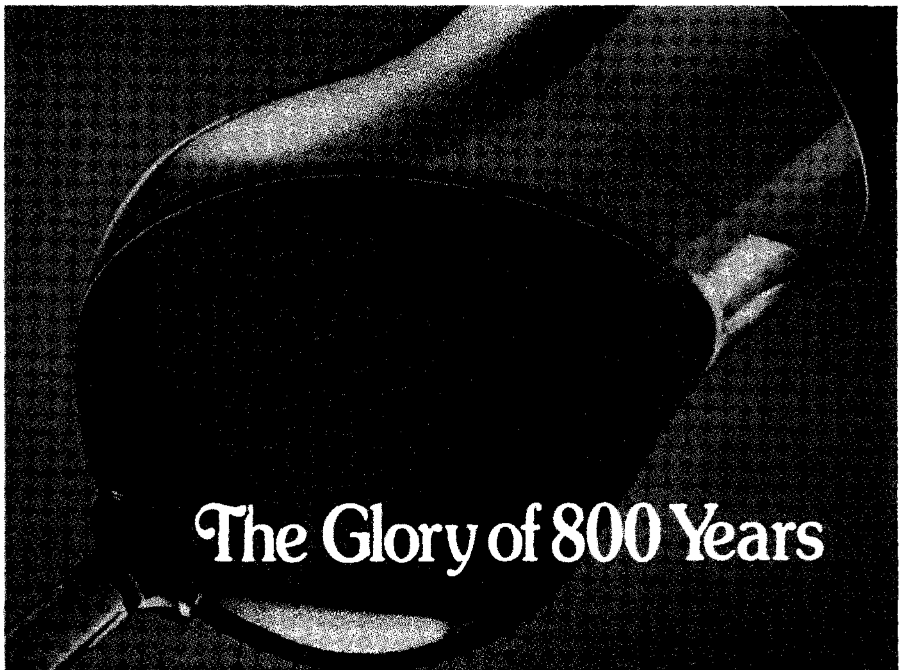

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second Magdeburg performance, on February 21st; on February 27th the Reichstag was burned; on March 4th a performance of "Der Silbersee" booked in Leipzig was cancelled. No work by Weill was performed in Germany from that day until 1945. As the Reichstag reopened, on March 21, 1933, the composer fled to France. "Der Silbersee" marked the end of an era in many ways. Dr. Kowalke said that one witness of the Leipzig première had called it "the last day in the greatest decade in German culture this century . . . the day when everyone who was important in German theatre met together for the last time." "Der Silbersee" has been given just one abridged revival, in Berlin in 1955, and good concert performances (instigated by David Drew) in Holland in 1971 and in Berlin in 1975. It is a powerful document of its time. The City Opera has decided to turn it into an entertainment for our time, and has largely succeeded. The procedure would be hard to object to if one of Weill's self-styled "Broadway operas" had been the subject, but in this case much has been lost.

AT the Metropolitan Opera, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" has received a blessedly unproblematical new production, in a style that I thought had disappeared with the flood. Desmond Heeley's sets are massive and flamboyant: a vast, rambling, perspectived inn for the first act, all browns and reds; a glutinous green bedroom (with a bed that looks large enough for the entire cast) for the second act; a dramatically angled view of the quayside, with a cage for the prisoners and a gangplank to the ship, for the third act; and, as usual, more or less nothing for the fourth act—a windswept desert of no fixed address. Gian Carlo Menotti (who, happily, has not rearranged Puccini's music but is the director) fills these scenes with constant activity: as des Grieux sings of Manon at the inn, there are at least thirty-five people doing something onstage; at the quayside, there is a huge, active crowd. The scale of the undertaking imposes some restrictions. Manon's carriage, complete with horses, is greeted with immense enthusiasm as it lumbers across the stage in Act I. But it stands in the inn yard and makes impractical the arrival of a second carriage; des Grieux and Manon must escape on foot. In Act II, there is only one main entrance, so characters pop up from a little door behind the bed, which looks odd. Nevertheless, Mr. Menotti makes some pleasing visual groupings, and his observation is sharp: the women who are to be deported are very well characterized and acted. Even he, however, cannot make this libretto into anything more than a series of four almost unconnected tableaux from the life of Manon Lescaut; the opera just does not hang together, and it never will.

Most singers of Manon are more suitable for one part of the score than for another. Renata Scotto seemed to me an ideal second-act Manon—a pert, excitable little minx, singing with a light, lyrical sound that is filled with the most delectable rhythmic inflections. The rhythms also sparkled and the lines had a natural flow in the first act, but by the weightier moments of the third act and the long love music of the fourth act her voice had begun to strain with the shrillness that so often affects it when it attempts to expand in both range and volume. I found her affecting in the quiet, desolate moments of the final scene ("Sola, perduta abbandonata"), where she was a waiflike, vulnerable figure who enlisted all our sympathies. Placido Domingo, who on opening night sang the first act with something less than his usual fullness and did not appear for the curtain calls at that point, enlisted our sympathies with an intermission announcement (by Anthony Bliss) to the effect that he was ill, and that if this had not been a gala opening night, for which a lot of people had paid a lot of money, he would have gone home. Thereafter, he sang magnificently. Many of the others in the cast sang well, but the star of the evening was James Levine. Both he and his orchestra seemed in their element; they accompanied with sensitivity and warmth, and the Intermezzo blossomed with a wonderful, passionate lyricism. If everything in this house sounded as good, as alive, and as idiomatic as this "Manon Lescaut," there would be little cause for complaint.

JOSEPH MARTIN KRAUS is not a name well known even to opera lovers; he has an entry in Alfred Loewenberg's "Annals," but from the standard opera dictionaries and from Kobbé he is absent. Yet Kraus, who lived from 1756 to 1792, is an important figure in the development of opera's classical language. If we have known too little about him in the past, that is probably because he worked in Stockholm for most of his life; if we have come to know anything about his music in recent years, that is certainly due to the work of Newell Jenkins and his Clarion Concerts. They performed

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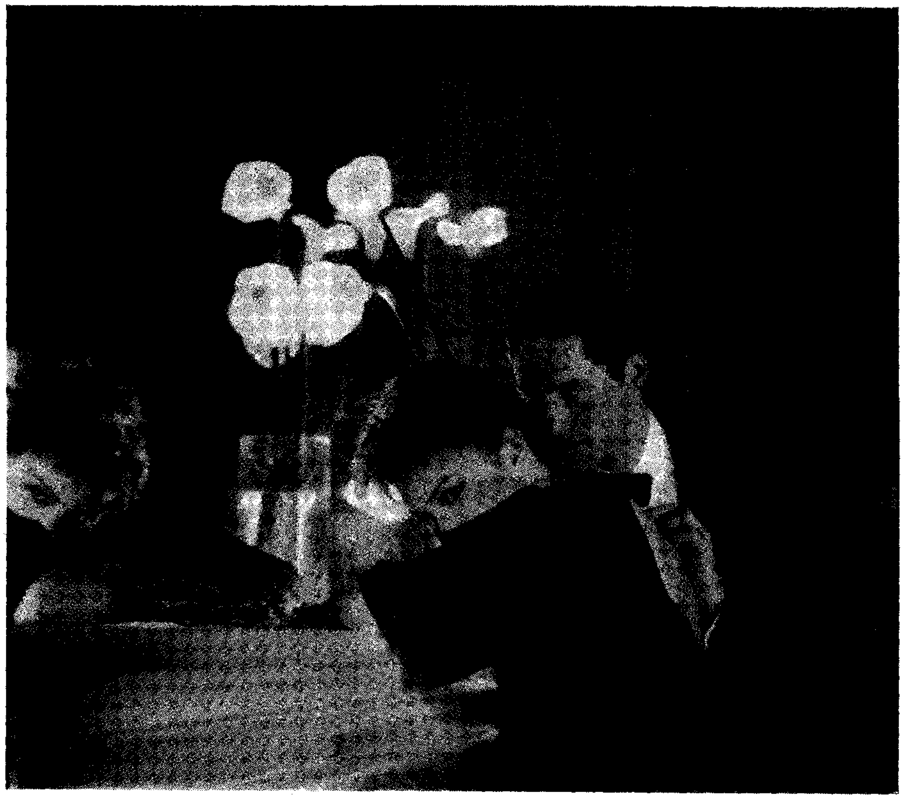

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the fine "Funeral Cantata for King Gustav III" in 1969, and subsequently recorded it. And for a long time they have been planning a performance of Kraus's most important opera, "Aeneas in Carthage." Last year, the Stockholm Philharmonic mounted the work in Sweden, in a semi-staged production by Clayton Garrison; Mr. Jenkins conducted and Elisabeth Söderström sang Dido. That performance provided the impetus for Clarion's recent account in Alice Tully Hall, which was also semi-staged, and featured Miss Söderström. The original opera is in five acts, with the traditional old-fashioned mythological prologue, and it has everything: not merely the human story of Dido and Aeneas and the martial conflicts surrounding it but copious treatment of the activities of the gods, their quarrels and their interference in human affairs. Kraus's music is very fine: it is poised in style somewhere between Gluck and Gluck-influenced Mozart, occasionally touching the richness of a great opera seria, such as "Idomeneo" (especially in its accompanied recitatives, which are resourceful and varied), while looking back to the more demonstrative moments of "unreformed" Italian opera, such as was popular in Paris when Kraus went there with King Gustav. Kraus has absorbed Gluck's demand for real characterization, and depicts both heroine and hero in sympathetic, expressive music. It is left to the gods and the villain to sparkle brilliantly: Juno and Venus have a splendid duet of jealousy, which closes Act II. Järbas, the Numidian king, has a magnificent aria in Act III. The score mixes new and old musical styles; it does not have the coherence and the balance that would make it a great work, I think, but it is fascinating and sometimes distinguished. I wish Mr. Jenkins had allowed himself, by means of extra rehearsal time or a better choice of performers, to make more of that distinction evident. Miss Söderström was glorious: she gave a noble, self-effacing performance. Robert White, as Aeneas, sang from the score, and much of his part was cut. There was some bright singing from the perky Juno of Kristine Ciesinski, the warm Venus of Susan Belling, and the thundering Järbas of Richard Anderson. But the effect of the piece was deadened by the lacklustre choral singing and the wretched orchestral ensemble: communication between the two (difficult, since the chorus sat at the back of the stage and the orchestra was in a pit at the front) was almost nonexistent. —NICHOLAS KENYON

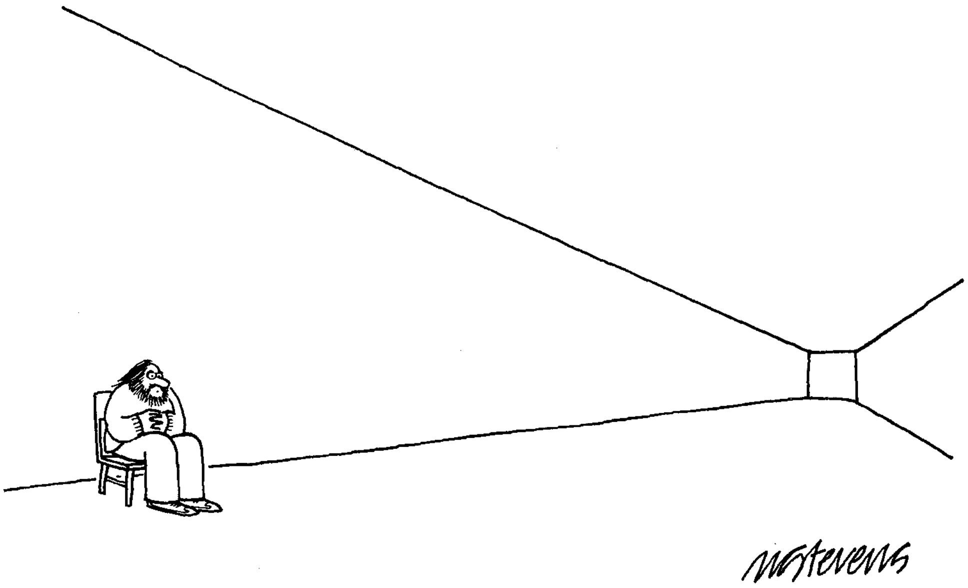
A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: THE PRESIDENT

TRYING to run for reëlection and govern at the same time is, as the Carter Administration has been finding out, a far more complex proposition than might have been imagined. The advantages of incumbency are many, of course, but there are disadvantages. While other candidates accuse the President of hiding out in the White House, he has to lay his policies on the line; he has to act. Other people in the vast reaches of his government can cause him political problems. It is in the nature of the Presidency, unless a President has made a decision to serve for only one term, that reëlection considerations will affect policy. And it is a requirement of governing that the political implications of actions be considered: without such considerations, effective governing is not possible. But, to the extent that the two are distinguishable, the Carter Administration has indicated more of an interest in politics than in governing. The challenge from Senator Edward Kennedy appears, for a number of reasons, to have raised this interest to a new level. The President, an intensely competitive man (even for a politician), is said to see himself as running against the Kennedy legend. Kennedy has always aroused a certain resentment among some other politicians. Carter is not the first President to view the Kennedys as a threat—Johnson and Nixon did the same thing. And there has always been a strong feeling among the Carter group that the Carter Administration has never really been accepted as legitimate by the Democratic Party establishment and "Washington." The Kennedy candidacy, more than any other conceivable one, seemed a direct challenge to that legitimacy.

Certain insights and strategies have governed the Carter reëlection campaign from the outset—and the outset was quite some time ago. Beginning in the fall of 1978, those who would play a major role in the campaign for the election to be held two years later began to meet at the Georgetown house shared by Patrick Caddell, who is the President's pollster, and Tim Kraft, who was then the President's appointments secretary and is now his national campaign manager. Among those at the meetings were Hamilton Jordan, who was then the President's top assistant and is now his chief of staff; Jody Powell, the President's press secretary; Caddell; Kraft; and Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser. They arrived at a four-part strategy: start early; anticipate the toughest possible opposition; run everywhere; and spend carefully. For planning purposes, the group assumed that Kennedy would run. The Kennedy spectre over the White House had long been reflected in actions and conversations there. Jordan made it a point to read everything about the Ford campaign in 1976, looking for precedents for an incumbent's campaign. He also studied what Gerald Ford had done to try to keep Ronald Reagan out of the race in 1976, on the theory that these efforts had backfired—had succeeded only in egging Reagan on, and had also suggested that Ford was vulnerable—and that similar behavior was to be avoided. (Carter's "I'm going to whip his ass" comment last June was a deviation from this policy. Until then, in response to the innumerable questions about how Carter viewed the prospects of a Kennedy candidacy the President had politely observed that the Senator had said he would support him.) Meanwhile, no chances were being taken. By the spring of 1979, months before Kennedy is said to even have made up his mind, the Carter campaign had field organizations in Iowa, New Hampshire, and Florida. When the Draft Kennedy movement in Florida went to work to win a nonbinding caucus vote in October, the Carter organization was ready. Carter won. This victory, in turn, hastened Kennedy's entry into the race—before he and his organization were ready.

Jordan was of the view that Kennedy would have more drawbacks as a candidate than was generally appreciated, and Caddell had an insight that became the core of the President's renomination strategy: the voters must be made to feel that when they cast their vote in a primary they were voting in a general election. In a primary, voters might register a protest vote—"send a message"—but in a general election they were choosing a President. The idea, then, was that they must be made to feel that in deciding whether to vote for Carter or Kennedy they were deciding which one they preferred as President. This way, Kennedy was less likely to become the vehicle of people's frustrations against the incumbent Administration, as some primary challengers in the past had been, and would be measured as a potential President. The focus was to be on Kennedy himself as much as possible. The media campaign was designed to fit this strategy. The Carter slogan was "A Solid Man in a Sensitive Job." The advertising spots stressed what was seen as Carter's strength with the electorate—the view of him as a man of good character, honest, a family man—and, of course, they not very subtly went at what was seen as Kennedy's vulnerability. On the other hand, Carter's strategists realized that Kennedy was seen as a strong leader—a point on which Carter was vulnerable. One of Carter's strategists said to me recently,



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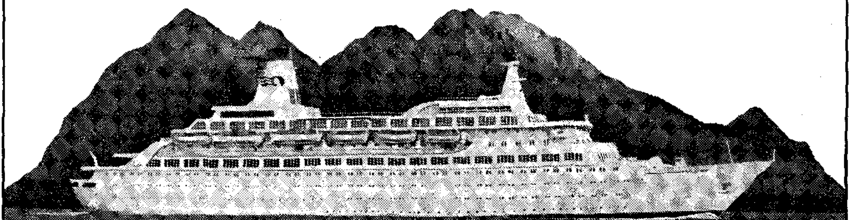

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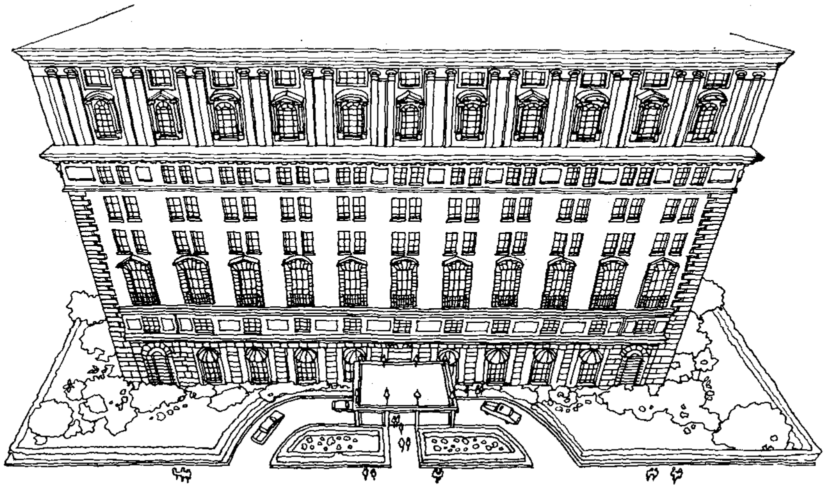

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"If you're President, there are things you can do about this. It's much harder to do something about character problems." The President's strategists were also of the view that people have lower expectations of a President now—think there are things beyond any President's control—and believe we have changed Presidents too often. This is what Caddell terms "the is-it-worth-the-moving-expense? syndrome." Four years ago, Carter ran on the theme of "a fresh face": his inexperience was a credential. Now the theme is "experience."

Many of these things were discussed at a meeting at Camp David late last October that was attended by the President's key strategists and the President himself. Carter is said to have agreed with the idea that the primary contest could be made to be seen as a general election. Caddell believes that Kennedy fell into the trap laid for him by starting off his campaign essentially on the proposition that if the people would simply substitute him for Carter, things would somehow be better. "That invited the public to take a close look at Kennedy," Caddell says. One of the decisions made at the Camp David meeting was that the most important thing for the President to do to enhance his chances of renomination was to be seen as being "Presidential." One of the participants at the meeting says, "There was acceptance of the idea that Carter would win or lose based on how he was seen doing his job in the White House, far more than on what he did on the campaign trail." The following week—on November 4th, one year before Election Day—the hostages were seized in Iran. One of Carter's strategists says, "The perception of his handling of Iran and Afghanistan had more impact than anything we could have done—tripled or squared."

Actually, in both the public polls and Caddell's private polls, Carter's standing had begun to improve earlier in the fall. Of course, it had been at an all-time low for any President. Also, even before the international events some things occurred that made Carter look better. One was the visit of Pope John Paul II to Washington, in October—of which Carter took full advantage. The other was Carter's speech at the dedication of the Kennedy Library in Boston, on October 20th. By that time, it was clear that Kennedy would be running, and the competitive instincts of Carter and his team were aroused. ("Kennedy will make Carter a better campaigner," one of Carter's advisers said to me then.) And Carter, a notably poor public speaker,

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walked right into Kennedyland and gave a speech that, given the circumstances, was hailed as a triumph. But there was something in Carter's improvement in the polls that Caddell considered ominous. His soundings indicated to him that the President's improvement, which grew and deepened in December and January, had to do with more than just the international crises: that it involved a more positive view of how Carter, roundly dismissed as "inept" last summer, was handling his job—a sense that he had learned. Caddell found that what he terms the "attitudinal reactions" were similar to those in 1977, Carter's first year in office. Caddell uses as a measurement "semantic differentials," in which he measures responses to word pairings to describe someone—such as warm/cold and effective/ineffective. "Attitudes toward him improved enormously," Caddell said to me a couple of weeks before the New York primary. "At the heart of it seemed to be a perception that he had changed—that he was different from what he was before. That could be very dangerous politically. Sometimes it's better to have people angry and disappointed in you, rather than think you've become something different and then have them come back to thinking, My God, it's the same Jimmy Carter."

Another early decision—taken at a weekend retreat of White House and campaign officials on the Eastern Shore of Maryland late last August, when things looked pretty grim for Carter—was to pursue an "endorsement strategy." The thinking behind this was not what it seemed; a widespread assumption was that it was a rerun of Edmund Muskie's strategy, in 1972, of seeking the endorsement of Democratic political leaders on the theory—which turned out to be mistaken—that the voters would follow. The theory behind the Carter campaign's endorsement strategy was that in the light of all the talk that Carter was a loser and would drag the Democratic Party to defeat, and that the Party was rising up and demanding that Kennedy run, it was important to show that some important political leaders were standing by Carter. "We had to show that they didn't all believe that if the President was nominated the Party would take a bath," one of the strategists says. This effort culminated in a dinner that was held in October at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Washington and attended by about five hundred people, including almost two hundred elected officials (over a hundred members of the House, twenty-five senators, sev-

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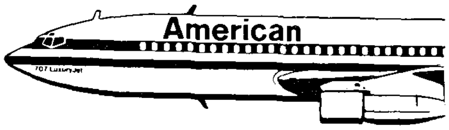

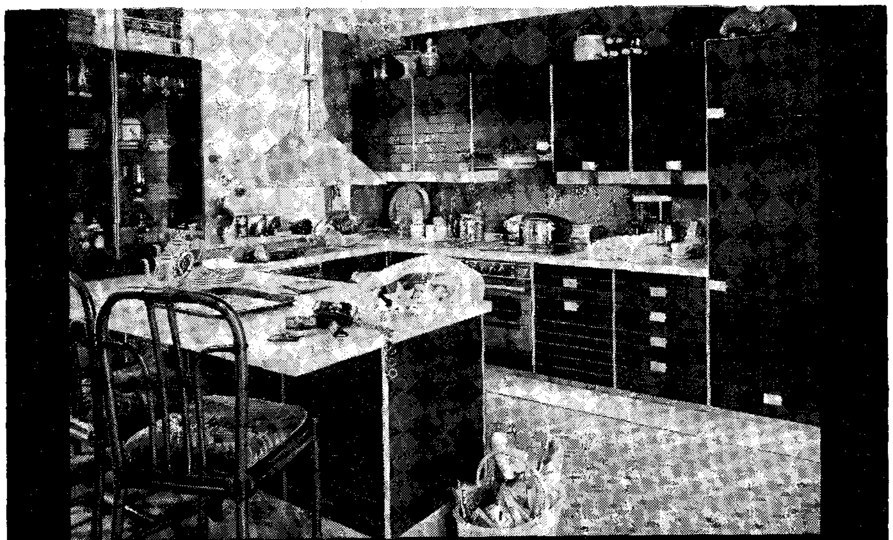
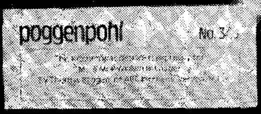

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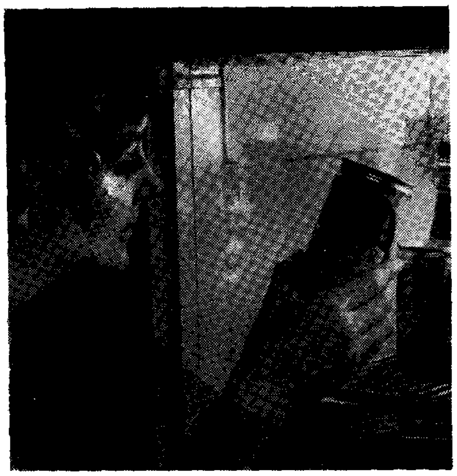
eral mayors and governors, and various state and county officials). Following that, there was a continuing effort to win endorsements—among other reasons, to keep Kennedy from winning them. One campaign official said to me recently, "The appeal to mayors was simple: 'Here's what the President has done for cities—don't you agree?'" Many mayors and others realized they had little to lose: that the Carter Administration had its hand on certain taps and that in the event Kennedy was nominated he would need their support.

A special group, operating out of the office of Jack Watson, the President's assistant for intergovernmental affairs (meaning liaison with mayors and governors), has worked to help the mayors and governors see what is in their interest. The work that Watson has done over the years in cultivating governors and mayors has proved most beneficial to the campaign. Some time ago, the White House people decided to make more effective political use of the "discretionary" funds in federal programs. Sometimes it was just a matter of deciding who should get credit—a certain congressman, a senator, a mayor, a governor—for a federal grant or loan, and making sure that the President was mentioned. Sometimes it was more than that. As the campaign got under way, Watson's group kept an eye on the calendar and tried to make sure that the Administration missed no opportunity to make an opportune announcement. Thus, when the Small Business Administration decided, just before the Maine precinct caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, to designate five New England states an "economic dislocation area" because of the lack of snow this winter, enabling businesses to receive low-cost loans (White House aides insist that the timing was just a coincidence), it was arranged that New Hampshire's governor, Hugh Gallen, make the announcement, and stories about it were in the papers while Vice-President Mondale and Mrs. Carter were campaigning in the area. And when a certain mayor needed some persuading to support the President, campaign aides could ask Watson's office what might be done by way of speeding a project along, finding some discretionary money—CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) money, money for urban parks. By this spring, a decision had been made within the campaign that perhaps the political use of projects had received too much publicity and was beginning to backfire. And there was



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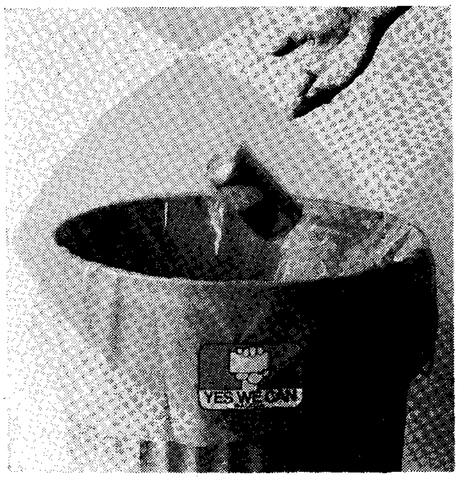

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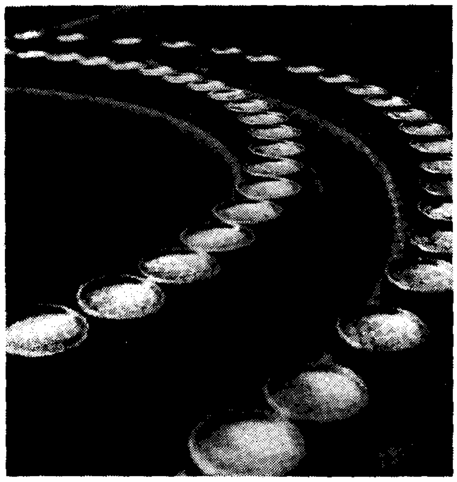

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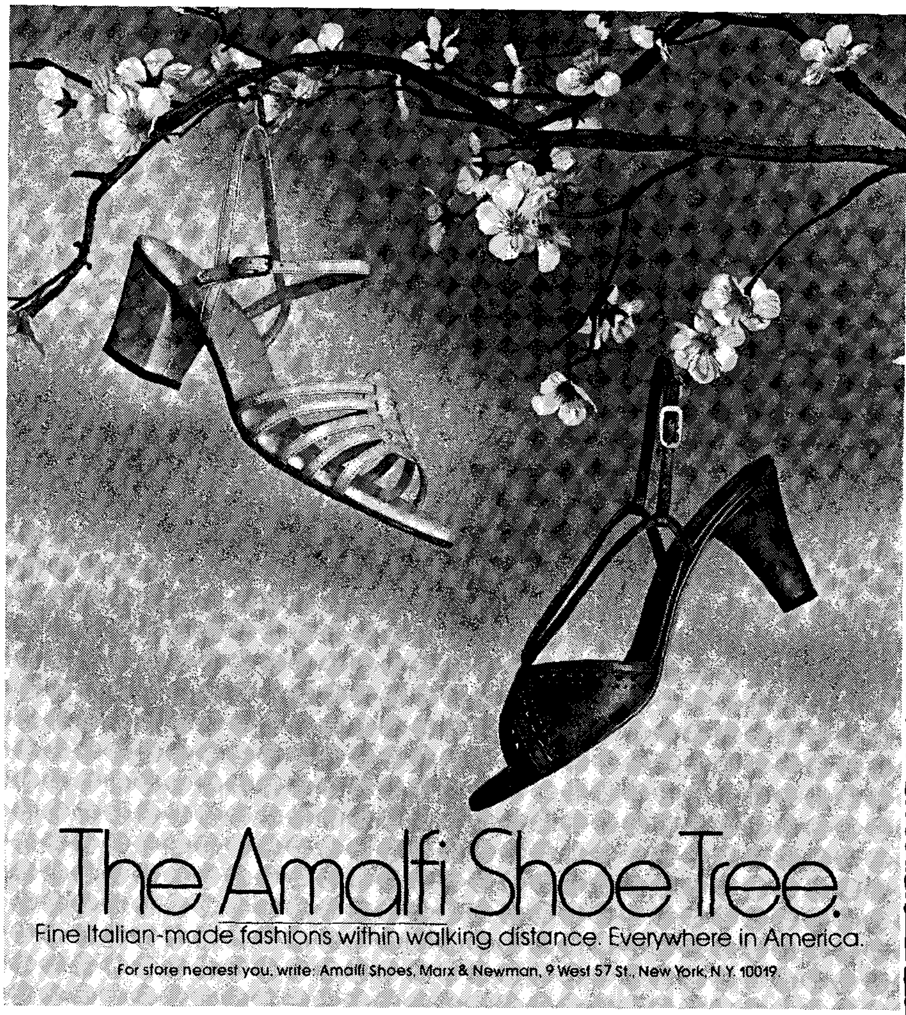
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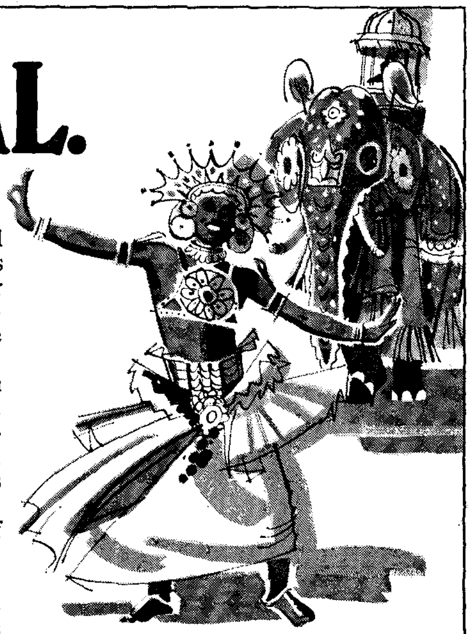
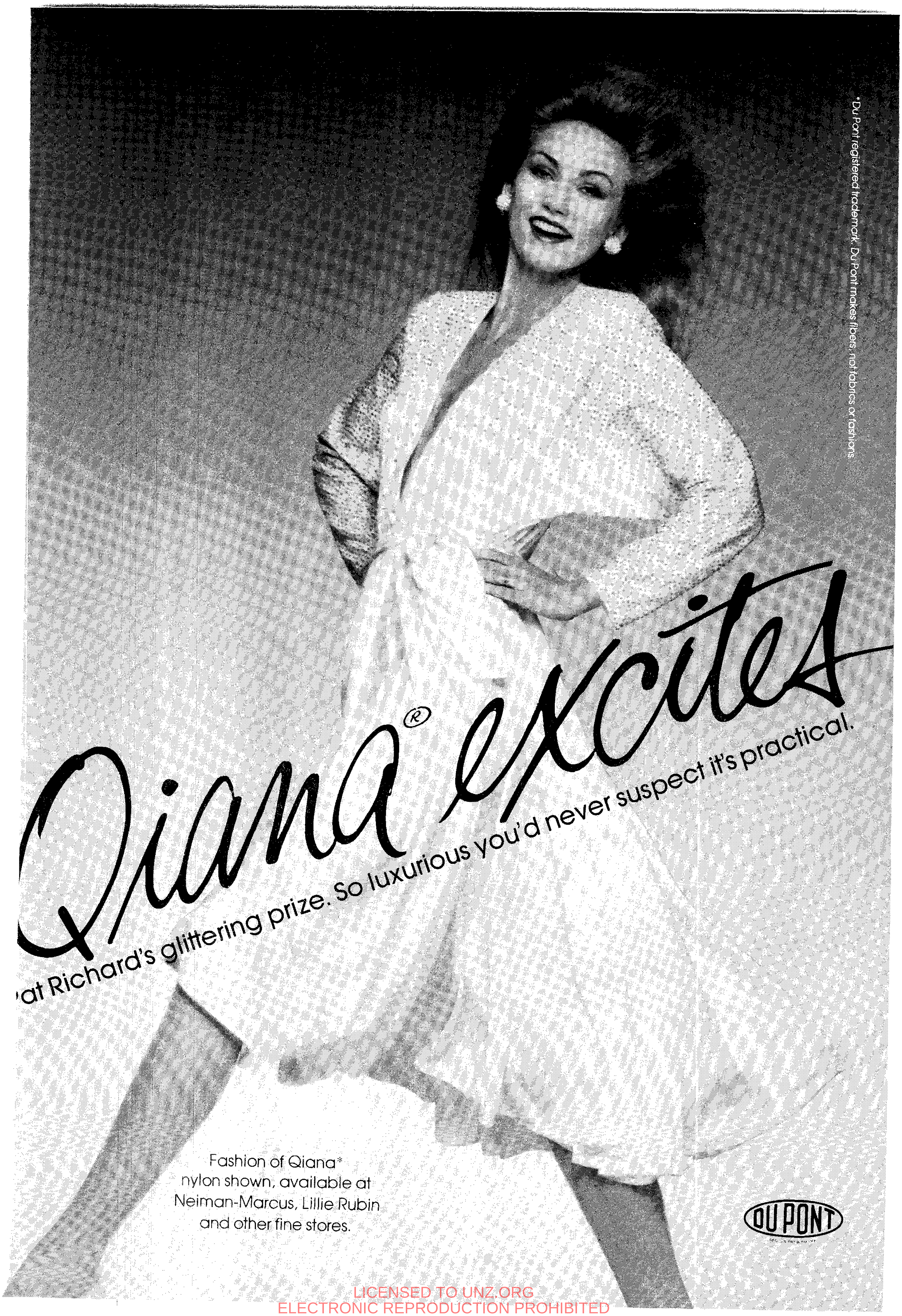


some question about how much good such efforts did, at least as far as the voters were concerned. For example, a major issue in Maine politics for years had been whether Loring Air Force Base, near Presque Isle, would be kept open, and in late October the Administration announced that it would be kept open permanently. In January, Mondale, who had worked hard on the matter, attended a Chamber of Commerce "appreciation" dinner at the Loring base. A week before the Maine precinct caucuses, Mondale returned for an appearance at Presque Isle. This was an area that the Carter-Mondale campaign thought it should carry in any event. Kennedy carried the area. The practice of making well-aimed, well-timed grants and loans continues, but more quietly. The theory is that the elected officials, if not the public, will be grateful.

There was also established within the White House a group called the "reaction committee," which met every afternoon to decide whether and how to rebut whatever charges Kennedy was making. The group would consider such questions as who should make the response—the Vice-President, the First Lady, Powell, a Cabinet officer—and in what forum. Richard Moe, the Vice-President's chief of staff, was put in charge of the group, and among its members were David Rubenstein, deputy to Stuart Eizenstat, who is assistant to the President for domestic affairs and policy; Rex Granum, deputy press secretary; Gail Harrison, assistant to the Vice-President for domestic policy; Bert Carp, also of Eizenstat's staff; and Martin Franks, who is in charge of research for the Carter/Mondale Presidentia Committee. (Franks served as an administrative assistant to and for a time lived with John Tunney, a former Democratic senator from California, who is one of Kennedy's closest friends—a fact that the Carter people believe has made the Kennedy people nervous.) Sometimes Powell was involved; sometimes people with expertise in a particular subject were invited to join in. When Kennedy gave his speech at Georgetown University one morning in late January and laid out specific policy differences with the Administration, the reaction committee including Powell, went to work earlier than usual. (Some people at the White House could not for the life of them understand why Kennedy made the speech so early in the day, giving them plenty of time to prepare a response.) The group decided to refrain from engaging Kennedy on the issues—despite some eagerness to do so—in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order to avoid drawing attention to them and elevating them. So Powell, at his regular afternoon briefing, simply offered the observation that Kennedy's defeat in Iowa had driven him to the left and he would have difficulty squaring some of the things he had said with his previous record. The official response was drafted for the campaign committee, which issued a statement declaring, among other things, that the speech represented Kennedy's "latest attempt to develop a rationale for his candidacy." The following day, Robert Strauss, the committee's chairman, referring to the Kennedy speech, remarked in Richmond, "I talked with the President about twenty minutes last night, and, I'm almost embarrassed to say, it never came up." Some campaign aides thought that Strauss should have got an Academy Award for that. After a while, the reaction committee decided that people weren't paying much attention to what Kennedy was saying, and as the New York primary—which had the campaign organization worried—approached, the group became a sort of New York committee: making sure that everything that could be done in the state was being done, that the multitude of government representatives who were sent to the state did not talk at cross-purposes, and that everyone who needed to be sent was sent.

THE President's remaining in the White House was more a situation that evolved than a strategy that was decided upon, and its consequences were unwelcome to many of the President's political advisers. It began when Carter cancelled a scheduled four-day campaign trip at the end of November and then, in early December, cancelled his appearance at a fund-raising dinner in Washington where he was to announce his candidacy and instead made a brief statement in the East Room of the White House. Even then, some people around the President warned that he should be careful not to get caught in the position of saying that he would undertake no political appearances as long as the hostages were being held. At that point, Kennedy was considered a serious threat, and Carter was warned that to stay away from the voters too long might be disastrous. One of the President's political advisers says, "When he cancelled those appearances in November and December, no one dreamed he'd still be in the White House in March." When the question arose whether the President should participate in the debate in Iowa in January, his political

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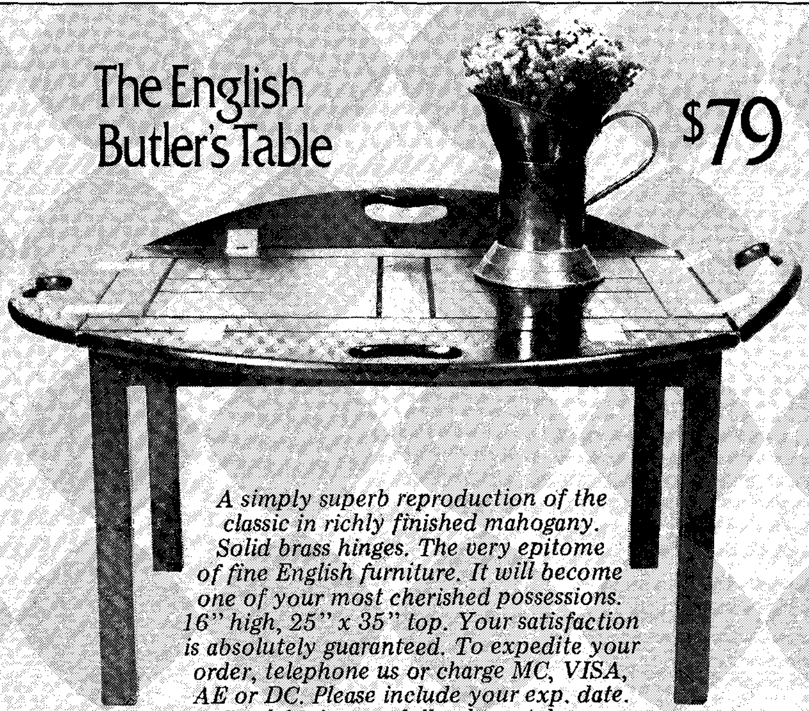

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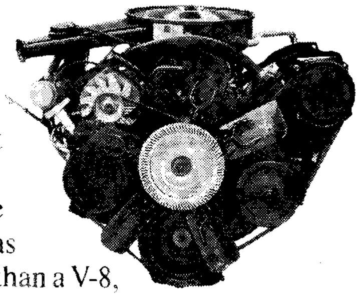

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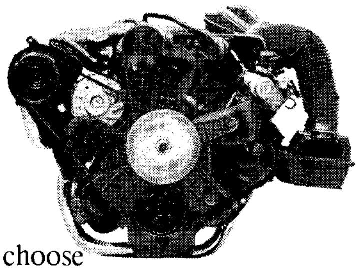

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advisers were actually divided. Some thought that since Kennedy was now appearing vulnerable, the President had everything to lose by getting up on a stage with him—and also with Governor Jerry Brown, of California, whose debating skills they especially feared. Others thought that the President could hold his own and that his failure to appear would be politically costly, and also that the debate offered a "window" out of a strategy they might come to regret. "Our discussion was not in terms of the hostages," says one political adviser. This person says that while the President came to his conclusion largely on the ground that he should not give the appearance of returning to business as usual, "he also had a political inkling that it might be better to stay out of the debate." Once the debate decision was made, and put on the basis of the hostages, the policy was set. Another of the President's advisers says, "The strategy became a strategy not when it happened—when the President first cancelled his appearances—but six weeks later." There is reason to believe the political advisers when they say that they wish the President had been campaigning outside the White House—that the same enthusiasm cannot be generated in his absence, that the trappings (Air Force One and all that) are politically helpful out there. Many have felt that, for all the television time a President can command, Carter simply wasn't visible enough. But the strategy had become a trap. (On the other hand, some White House aides suggested privately that there was some risk that when the President did campaign he might—especially in the face of a Kennedy challenge—display a certain mean streak that he evidenced in 1976. When Hubert Humphrey finally said he would not enter the race, Carter couldn't help saying he was sorry because he would have liked to show that he could beat him.) There was also strong evidence, based on conversations with White House aides, that, whatever happened with regard to the hostages, the White House had settled on a policy of not joining Kennedy—and Brown—in a debate. They indicated that if the hostages were released and the President hit the road, there would still be a disinclination to debate. Meanwhile, the reluctance to debate made it all the more important that the President not be seen as making "political" appearances.

There were, of course, advantages to having the President stay home. He could appear Presidential, while Kennedy appeared to be racing around the

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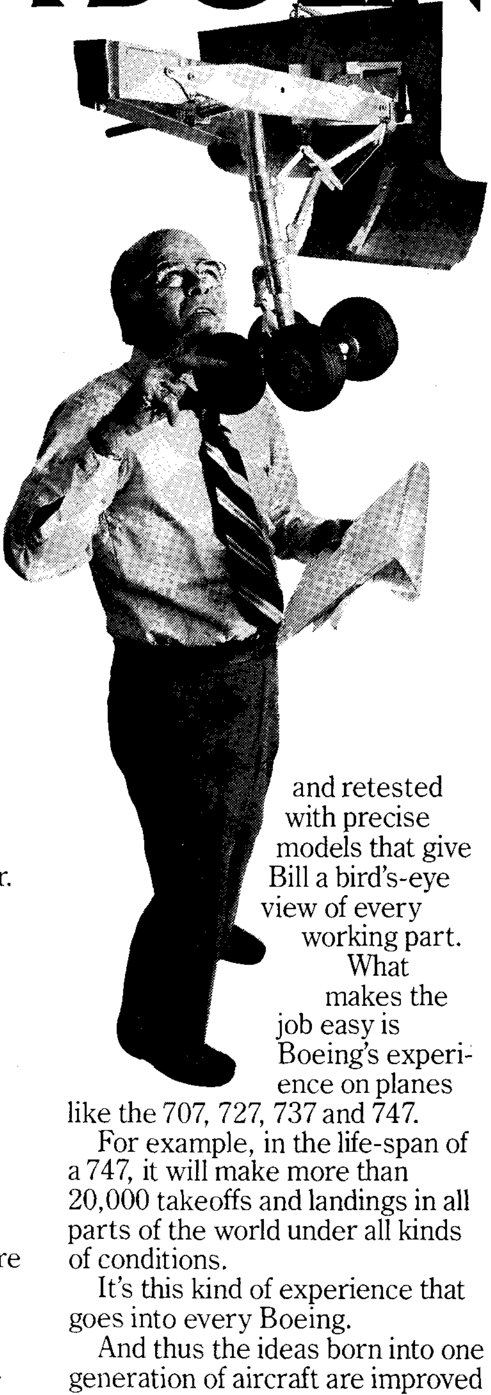

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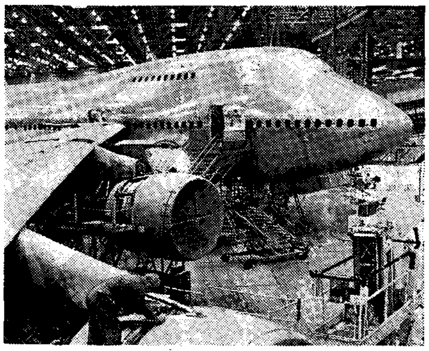

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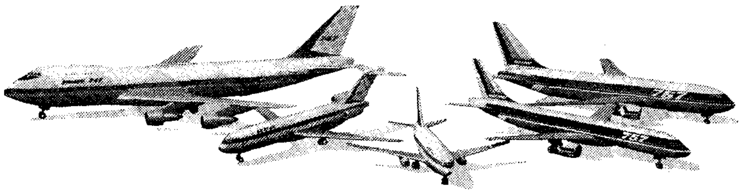

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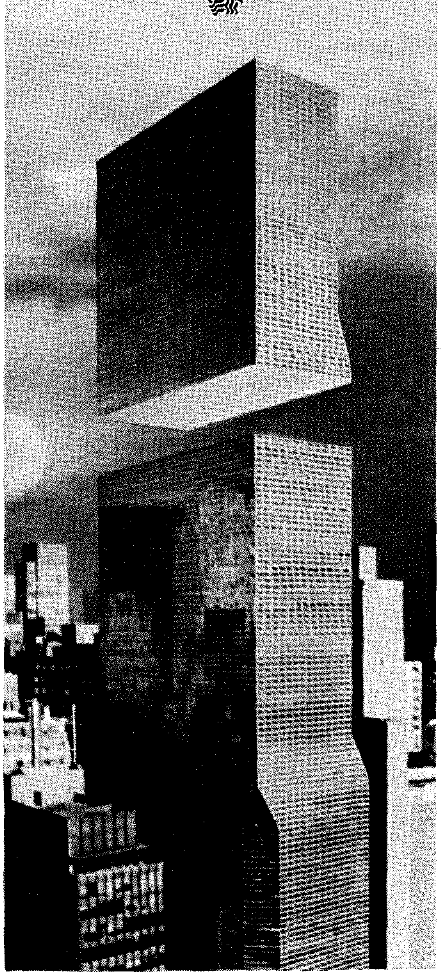

country yapping. Kennedy could make ten appearances a day and perhaps earn a minute and a half on television that night—and there were many nights, especially during the foreign crises, when he was not on at all—while Carter was more likely to get on the air simply by holding a meeting, greeting some athletes. One of the President's aides said to me in early February, "I know from 1976 how frustrating it is to go to twenty towns a day and make six charges and that night see on television only the President signing a bill and hardly working up a sweat." There were also less obvious advantages. This same aide said, "We have the luxury, which we didn't have in the '76 campaign, of planning what we want to do that day and, since we aren't shuttling through the sky, having excellent communications. The President can say in the morning, 'I want to say this today,' the speechwriters can work on it, advance notice can be given to the press, the press can be briefed, and the President can say it at four o'clock—in time to get on the air. When you're flying around, the work can't get done that well. You can't have the wide consultations; you can't get the reporters briefed; the candidate can't be as well prepared. When you're here, you can get on the air just by being seen with someone who is prominent—you don't even have to say anything. When you're on the road, the story is you're campaigning and how you're doing and the mistakes you're making." One evening that week, all three networks reported the President's call to the Canadian Prime Minister, Joe Clark, to thank him for Canada's help in obtaining the release of some Americans from Iran; two of the networks reported Carter's sending Muhammad Ali to Africa to secure support for the boycott of the Moscow Olympics; two networks reported on Kennedy, both focussing on his campaign troubles. The White House also believed that the nature of the surrogates it could send out to campaign for the President gave him an edge. Mrs. Carter and Vice-President Mondale, of course, carried the brunt of the campaigning. Almost all the Cabinet officers—the exceptions were Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, and Defense Secretary Harold Brown—were out campaigning, and so were members of the White House senior staff. A White House aide said to me earlier this year, "Kennedy may have twenty-six relatives out there, but he doesn't have big-name people with a lot of power talking to people. A

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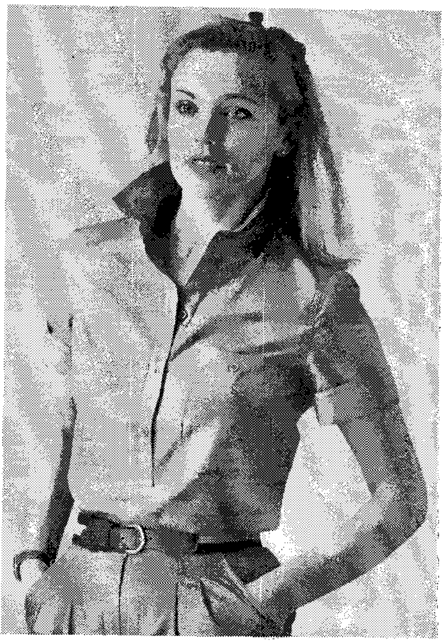

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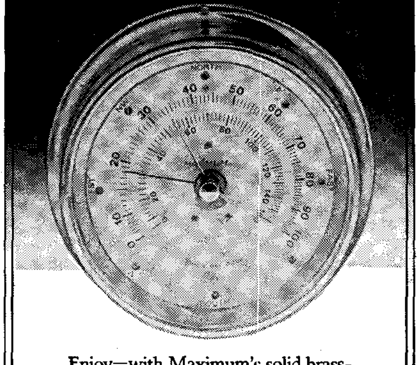

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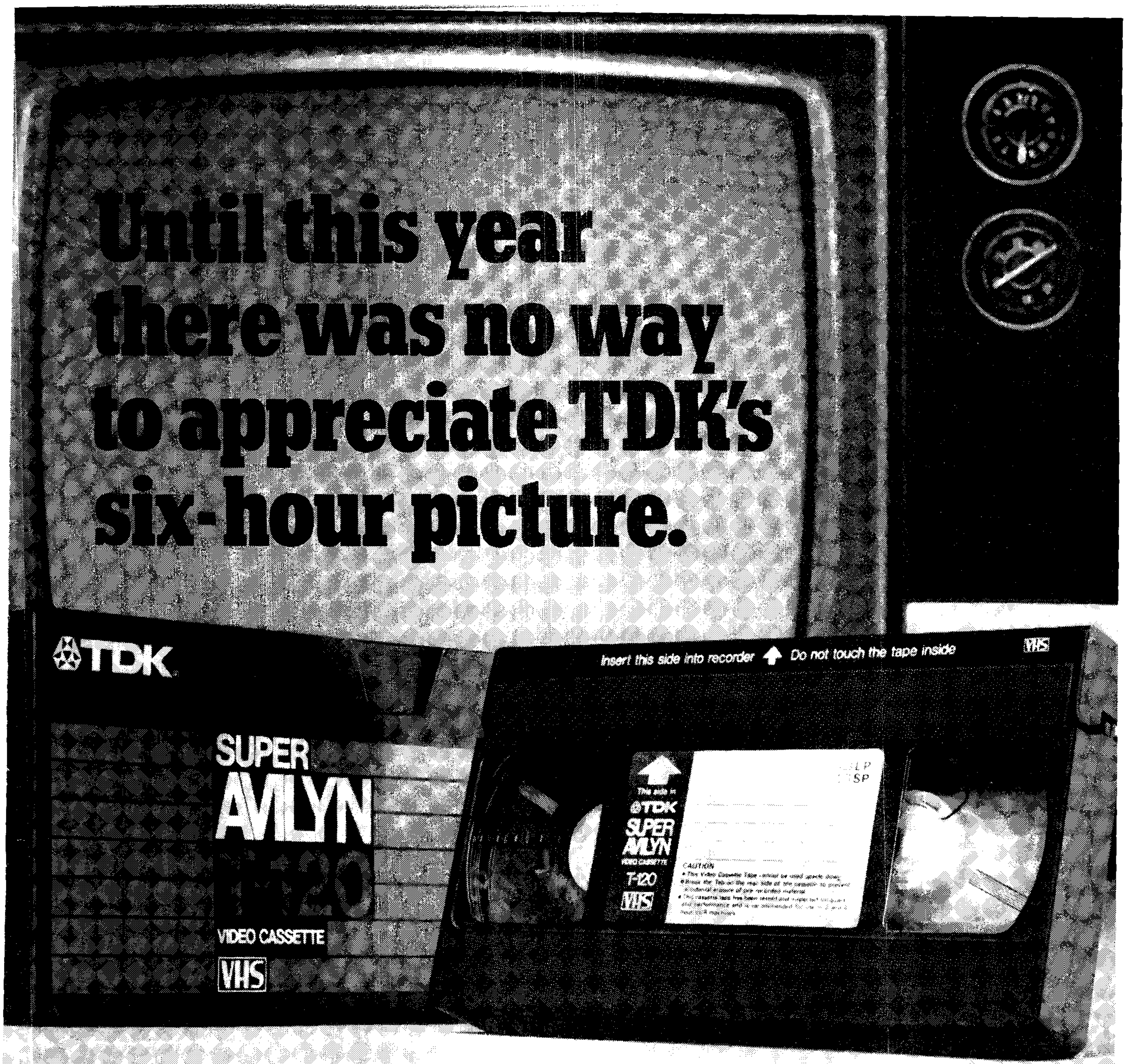
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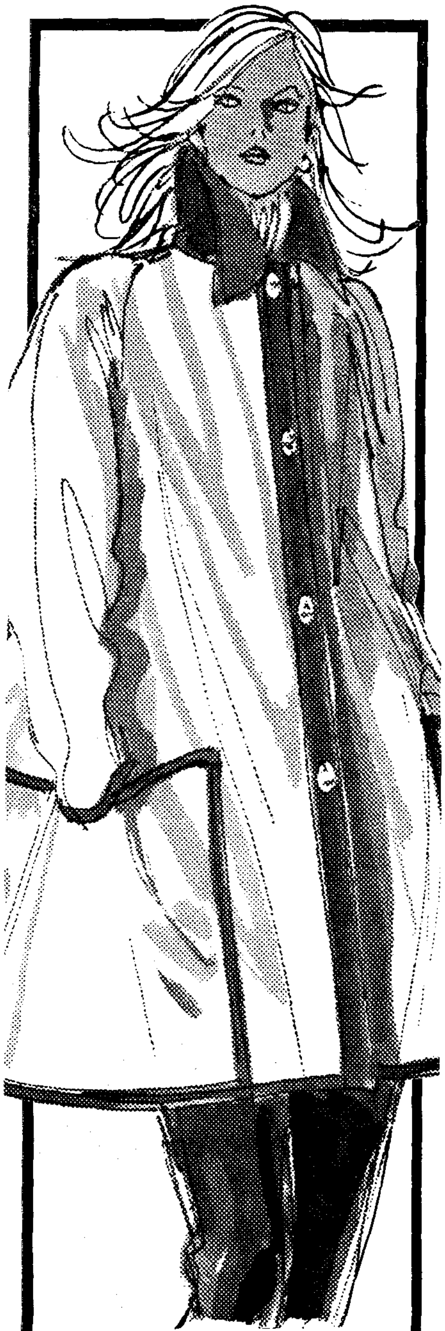

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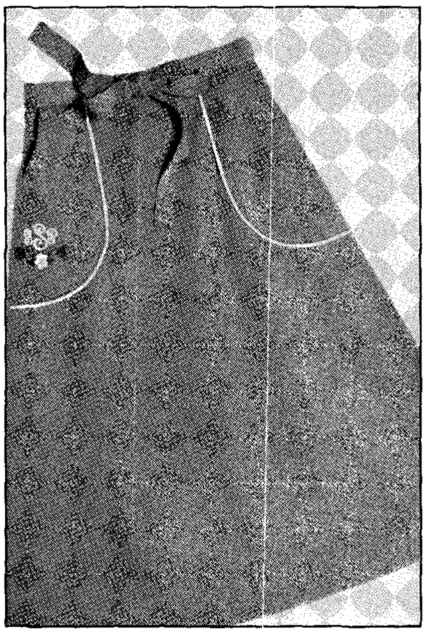
labor group would rather hear the Secretary of Labor than Caroline Kennedy." The White House also figured that having Rosalynn Carter out campaigning at a time when Joan Kennedy was visibly struggling to gain composure as a campaigner was an asset of several dimensions. "We have a *wife* out there," the aide said. He also pointed out that by not having the President campaign a good bit of money was being saved.

JUST as the Carter campaign is being run by essentially—in fact, almost exactly—the same people who ran the 1976 campaign (Jordan, Powell, Caddell, Rafshoon, and, to a lesser extent, Kraft and Strauss), so the White House is dominated by the small group that dominated it before last summer's noisy shakeups and reorganization. In both cases, Jordan remains the most powerful of the President's aides, and in both cases there are Jordan and Powell and then everyone else. Mrs. Carter is also, of course, a most important influence, and because she and Mondale have been on the front lines of the campaign, what they say about that has some authority. The talents of some of Mondale's staff have become more fully appreciated, and used. On most Monday evenings, there is a campaign meeting in the residence side of the White House, with the President, the Vice-President, Mrs. Carter, Jordan, Powell, Caddell, Rafshoon, Strauss, Kraft, Moe, Sarah Weddington, an assistant to the President, and Philip Wise, the President's appointments secretary, in attendance. Other meetings and conversations go on, of course, all the time. Strauss, while he is the titular head of the campaign, does not really run it. In a sense, no one really runs the Carter campaign; it is a collegial undertaking, not without its strains. Strauss acts on behalf of the campaign, makes appearances, raises money, offers advice, keeps in touch with his vast network, speaks for the President—all of which is quite valuable. The Kennedy campaign has no counterpart. Nor did Kennedy begin with a team that had had the experience of working together through a Presidential campaign, as the Carter group had. When one of the Carter political strategists was telling me what an advantage this prior experience was for the Carter campaign, I asked him about the fact that Carter barely won the 1976 nomination and nearly lost the election. "We learned from that experience," he replied. And then he added (this was shortly before the New York pri-



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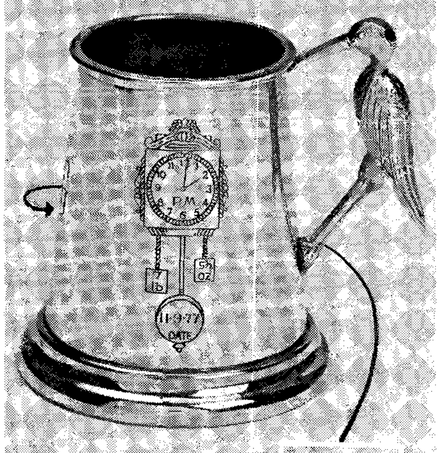

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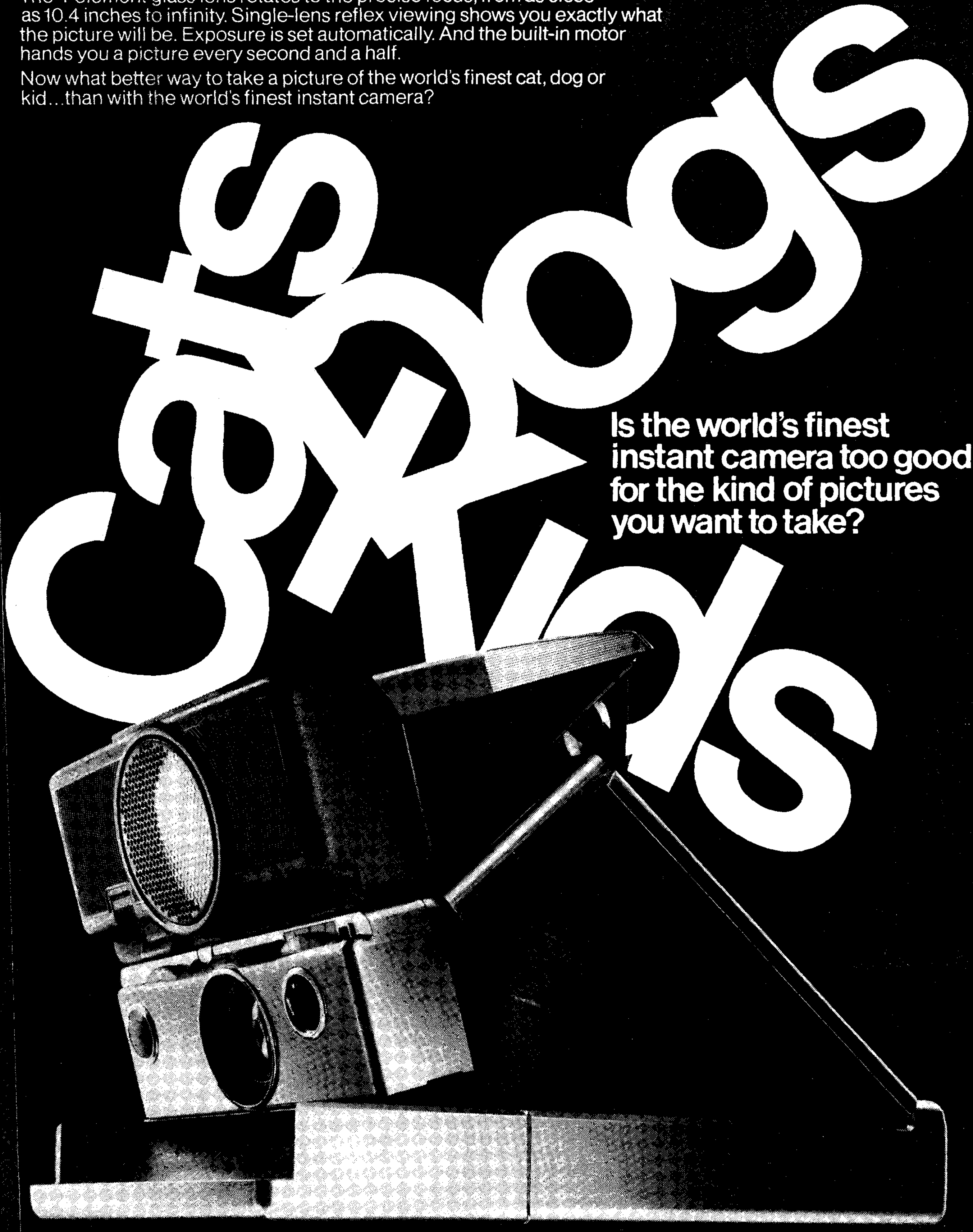

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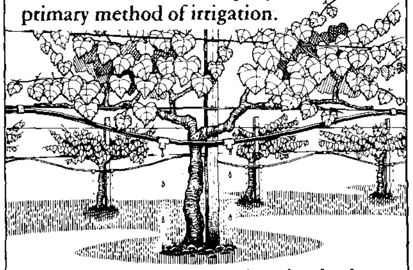

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mary), "Of course, we haven't really been tested yet."

Jordan's attention to the campaign, and to his duties as chief of staff, has been somewhat fitful. For a brief period following his designation last summer as chief of staff, he gave a spurt of interviews in which he acknowledged that his image could stand some improving and pledged that he and the way the White House was run would change. But then came the investigation into allegations that Jordan had used cocaine, and, according to his friends, there followed a period in which he seemed distracted from his job. Subsequently, when he had started giving more attention to his White House duties, and to the campaign, he became a sort of desk officer for the Iranian problem—partly because the President needed a trusted confidant to carry out a sensitive job (and apparently no one else was as trusted) and partly because Jordan had become buddies with Omar Torrijos Herrera, the head of the government of Panama, during the long fight over the Panama Canal Treaties. The Iran assignment took him both to Panama and to Paris. And Jordan adopted the policy of having very little contact with the press and staying out of the public eye. According to his friends, this was not just because he was carrying out sensitive assignments but also because he felt that he had been burned by the press and his image was not helpful to the President.

The chore of shaping up the management of the White House was turned over to Alonzo McDonald, the former managing director of McKinsey & Company, the management-consulting firm, who was brought into the White House to act as staff director. McDonald has succeeded in imposing a little more order in some matters, but he is largely a target of derision (within the White House, he is widely referred to as Gonzo), because of his incessant process memos (they say such things as "Of course, we must accomplish these tasks in an orderly and professional manner") and his efforts to impose business-management techniques on an institution that, by its nature, leaving aside the current crowd, does not lend itself to them. The requirements of political action, in its broadest sense, cannot be made to fit "Program Evaluation and Review Technique (PERT) charts" or "critical path analysis." McDonald has worked out an elaborate chart for the preparation of Presidential speeches, rating the importance of a speech (from A to D) and its difficulty (from

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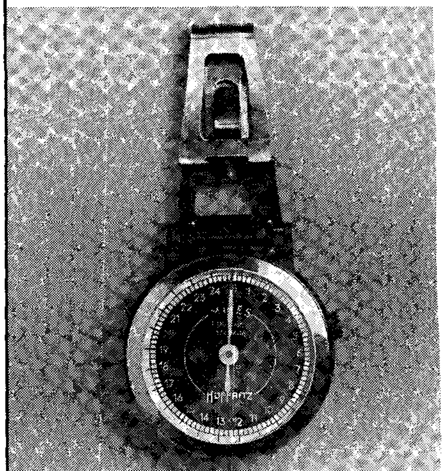

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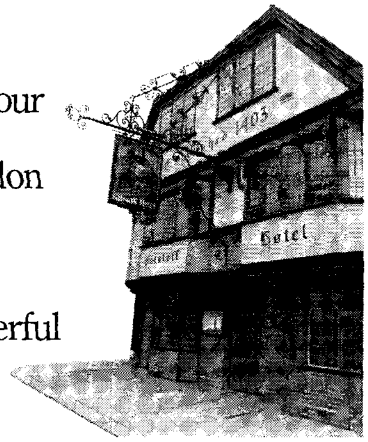

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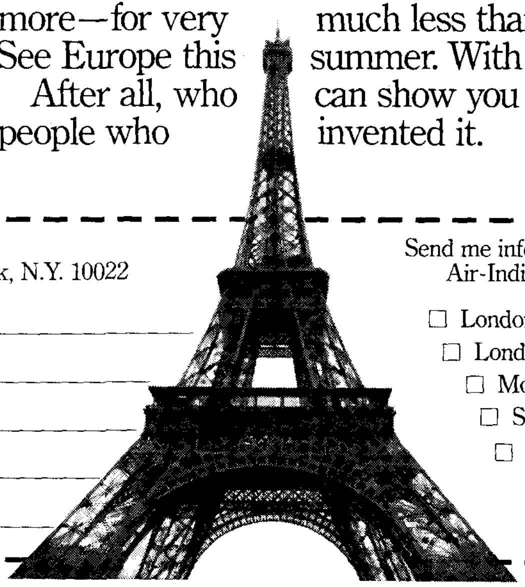

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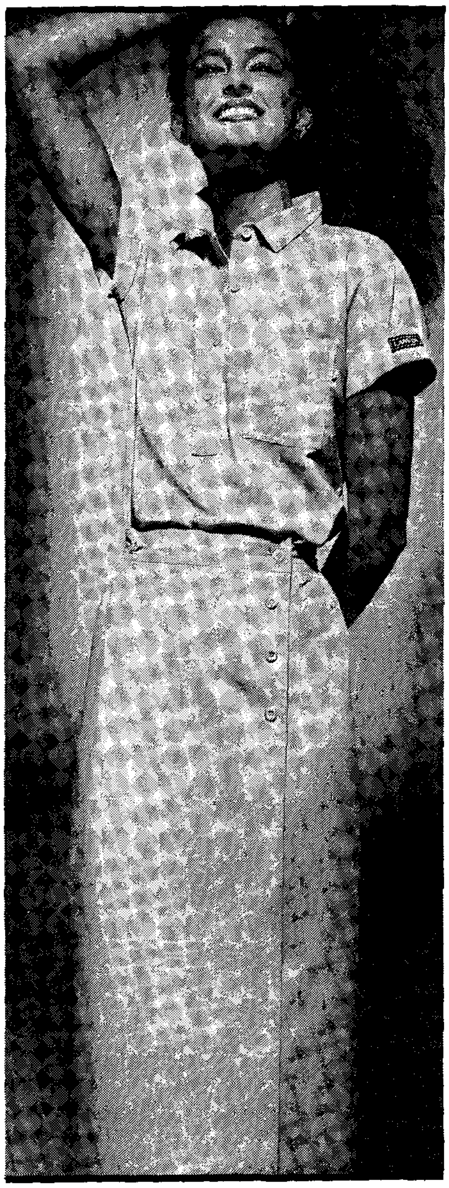

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1 to 4), and setting forth the subject, themes, and tone. For example, Mrs. Carter's greeting of the Pope in Boston was rated an A-4; the subject was listed as "Welcome;" the theme was "Introduction to American People;" and the specified tone was "Uplift/Eloquent/Emotional." A Presidential toast for President López Portillo of Mexico was rated B-2; the subject was identified as "U.S./Mexican Relations;" and the specified tone was "Warm/Neighborly."

Cabinet meetings, which once were held weekly, are now infrequent. According to several witnesses, there has been no noticeable increase in efforts by the White House to manage the government. The new, bold, unconventional approaches to governing that were supposed to emerge from the sessions at Camp David last July never seemed to come to pass. By this spring, almost half the staff members of the congressional-liaison office were out working on the campaign in various states. Since, technically, campaign work is not supposed to take place at the White House or on White House time (a technicality all Administrations blink at—as, to some extent, they must), in the past few months various members of the White House staff have been taking leaves of absence, using up compensatory time, or deciding that they would take vacations in such places as Iowa, New Hampshire, Illinois, and New York.

THERE were major disputes within the White House over the political implications of some of the most fateful decisions that the President has made this year, and there were also a number of politically alarming moments, even before New York. One of those moments was caused by the tone and the nature of the President's State of the Union speech. There was serious disagreement over whether the President should call for draft registration: the major proponent was the President; the opponents were a number of the people—including Mondale, Eizenstat, and Caddell—who advise the President on domestic and political matters. Jordan and Powell are said to have favored it. Vance and Brown are characterized as not having been much involved in the dispute, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national-security adviser, as favoring registration but not arguing very strenuously for it. Brzezinski was more concerned with other aspects of the speech. The idea was suggested at a meeting with the President, but a number of people at the White House apparently

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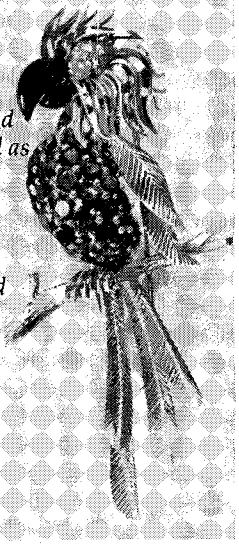

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did not think that anything would come of it. Then the proposal turned up in a draft of the speech that the President himself had worked on at Camp David. The opponents argued that registration was not necessary—the Selective Service had just completed a report saying as much. They also argued that it was a poor idea politically: Caddell, who is described by others as having been nearly beside himself about the matter, argued that it would alienate the very groups that provide volunteers for campaigns. Eizenstat wrote a memorandum saying that registration was neither necessary nor advisable. Mondale argued against the idea. A number of junior staff members opposed it. Initially, the President wanted to call for immediate registration, but eventually he was persuaded to start with a proposal for simply revitalizing the Selective Service system.

The opponents of the whole idea argued against it up until shortly before the President gave his speech, and at one point they thought they had the President convinced—but it turned out that they had simply misread one version of the toned-down proposal. The President, says one of those who were in on the argument, *felt very strongly about it.* The public explanation was that this was one way to show the Soviet Union that the United States intended to be firm in its response to the invasion of Afghanistan. But there is also reason to believe that the President, and perhaps some of his advisers, saw a political attraction in the idea: that Kennedy would be sure to oppose it (as he did), and that this would be another way of identifying him with the left fringe of the Democratic Party, and also as "soft" on the Soviet Union. Shortly after the State of the Union speech, one White House aide said to me, with some excitement, that now they would have Kennedy three for three: that he had opposed the embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union, that he had opposed the boycott of the Olympics, and that now he would oppose registration. Kennedy had taken the first two positions during the campaign in Iowa, where the President defeated him by a two-to-one margin—a greater margin than the White House had expected. The campaign statement issued after Kennedy's Georgetown speech said, "First he opposed the grain embargo. Next, [he] opposed an Olympic boycott. Now he opposes draft registration. . . . If Senator Kennedy is not willing to support actions which show the Soviets we mean business, what would he do?" A White House aide talked to reporters

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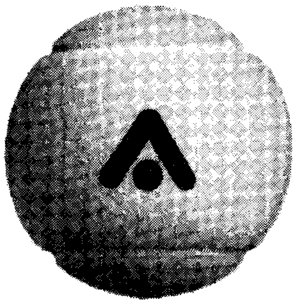

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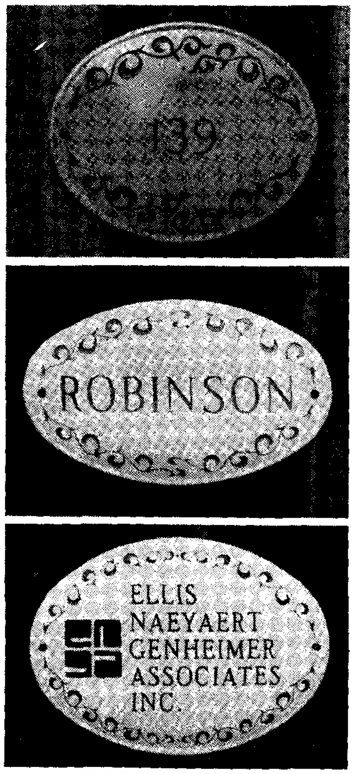

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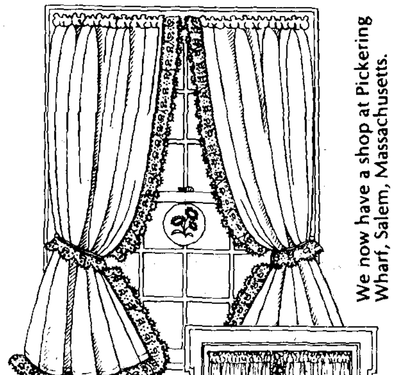

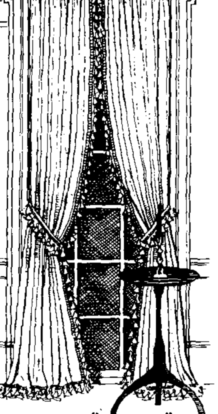

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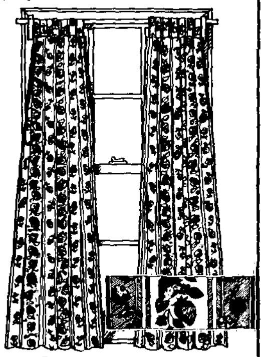

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in the same vein, and this made its way onto the television news. CBS reported that "officials" said, "What is he prepared to do to stand up to the Russians?"

The long-standing differences between Brzezinski and the State Department over how to deal with the Soviet Union continue, and they affected the deliberations over the tone of the State of the Union speech. There was agreement within the Administration that there should be a sharp response to the Soviet invasion; the differences were over not only the tone of the response but also the degree to which it should reverse the course of foreign policy. Brzezinski, who was predisposed to see events in terms of the rivalry of the United States and the Soviet Union, and eager to take actions that would challenge the Soviets, had his moment after the invasion of Afghanistan. He wanted to characterize the invasion as a critical juncture in the two-power struggle and as defining the situation in the Persian Gulf. He is portrayed—by people who do not agree with him, and not just in the State Department—as having seen the Afghanistan invasion as an opportunity to make fundamental changes in our dealings with the Soviet Union. The State Department, for its part, was anxious to retain what people there refer to as the "framework" of our foreign policy—concern with the internal structure of nations in the Persian Gulf region and elsewhere in the Third World, concern with regional conflicts, a continuation of the effort to achieve arms control, prevention of a total rupture in our dealings with the Soviet Union. Each side got some of what it wanted, but, according to neutral witnesses of the battle, Brzezinski, who had the more dynamic position, essentially prevailed. One person at the State Department said to me not long ago, "I do sympathize with the President; it's easier to enunciate questions in terms of the superpowers than in terms of countries' internal problems." He added, "A political campaign doesn't make it especially easy to maintain a nuanced and balanced policy." The confusion that followed the President's enunciation of a "Persian Gulf doctrine" was indicative of the way foreign policy has sometimes been conducted: moves are made without sufficient preparation or before the next moves or the consequences are thought through. For example, much was made, very publicly, of our renewed interest in an alliance of sorts with Pakistan, and, very publicly, we were rejected.

Some of the President's domestic

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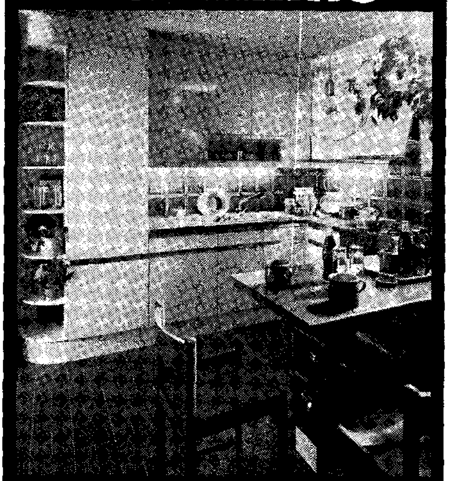

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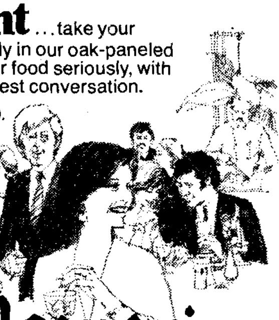

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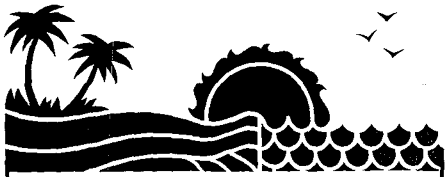

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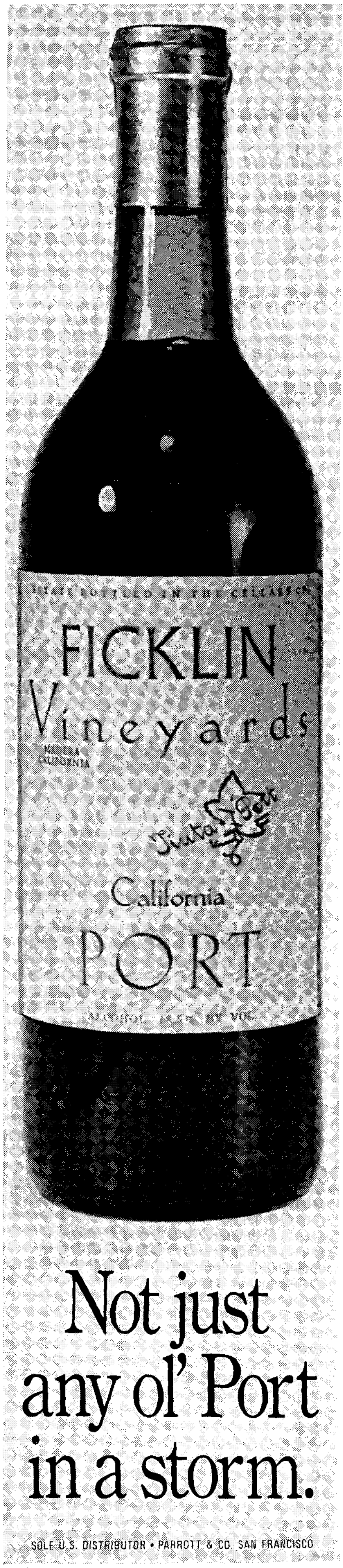
and political advisers were also concerned about the tone of the State of the Union speech and its emphasis of the superpower conflict, and several thought the President's description of the Afghanistan invasion as "the most serious threat to the peace since the Second World War" hyperbolic, and one that might lead to later difficulty. But there is also good reason to believe that some domestic and political advisers were not disturbed by these things, and that to them as well as to the President the tone of the speech was good politics. Since Carter's first year in office, Jordan has been worried that the President may have made foreign-policy and defense moves that cumulatively might cause him to appear too "dovish," and give him domestic political problems. It is a fact that Carter, Jordan, and Powell come from a state with a political tradition of stressing military might—the tradition of Richard Russell, Carl Vinson—and that Carter supported the war in Vietnam for quite a long time. When Lieutenant William Calley was convicted of the murder of civilians at My Lai, Carter, as Governor of Georgia, declared "American Fighting Man's Day" and issued a proclamation urging Georgians to display the flag and turn their automobile headlights on during the day. There is no reason to doubt that Carter's effort to achieve an arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union has been sincere. (The effort to achieve Senate approval of the treaty this year has been abandoned.) But there is evidence that Carter's pledge, when he was running for the nomination in 1976, to cut the defense budget was one of a number of things he did to woo the Party's liberals. When the President was preparing his State of the Union speech, he was in some trouble for having backed down on the question of the Soviet troops in Cuba; the White House believed that public support of his handling of the hostage problem was running out (he had been remarkably successful in getting across the idea that military action would be in vain); the public was moving away from his early positions on questions of defense and the Soviet Union; and he was under increasing criticism that he had led us into weak foreign and defense policies. It was inevitable that these things would be taken into consideration in the State of the Union speech, particularly in a Presidential-election year.

As it turned out, the speech put the President in jeopardy in the tests in Maine and New Hampshire



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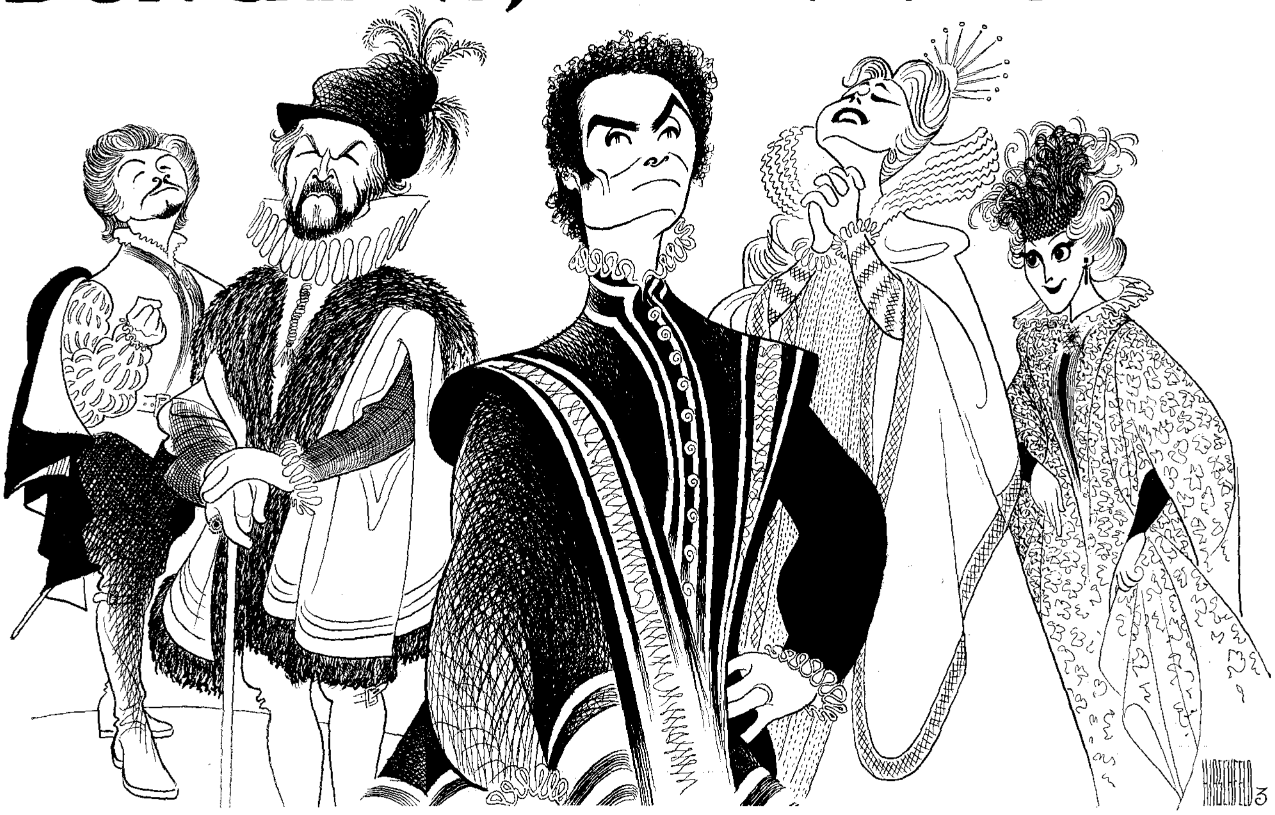

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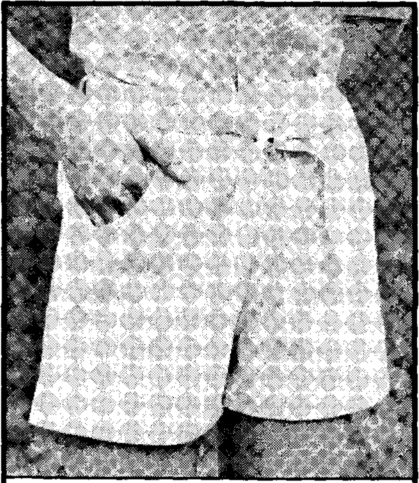

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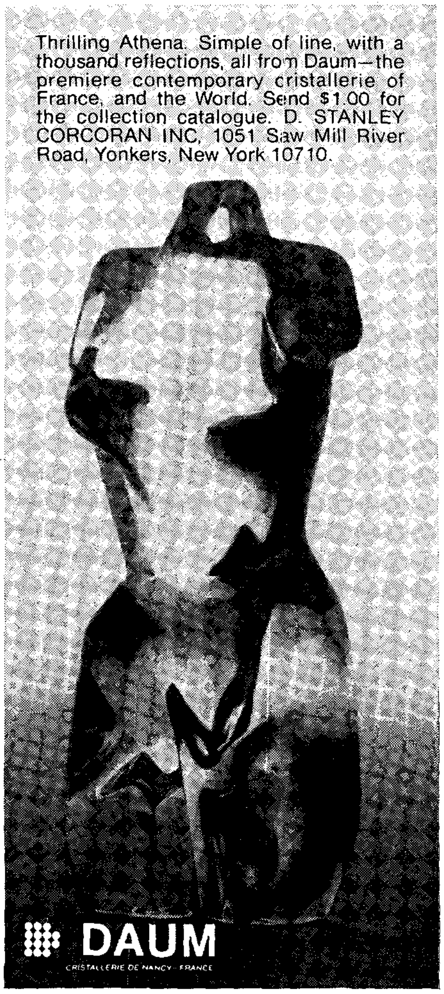
that followed. Early in the campaign planning, Hamilton Jordan realized that there was a chance in Maine for what, it then seemed, would be interpreted as an upset of Kennedy in New England. The thinking went that Maine voters are independent types and would not automatically be for Kennedy; that relations between Edmund Muskie and Kennedy were cool at best, and Muskie could be counted on to help; and that since Maine would hold caucuses, rather than a primary, the Carter people would have an advantage, because they were good at organizing for caucuses. Moreover, Carter had won the Maine caucuses in 1976. The idea was that the attempt in Maine would be low-key—low-profile, as they say. They hoped to take the Kennedy people by surprise. But after the Iowa caucuses the press began to focus on Maine, and so did Kennedy, who now needed to do well there; the Carter people regrouped, tripled the budget for Maine, added staff, and decided to invest a fair amount of their resources in the media there. This turned out to be an important strategic decision, because Kennedy made a major effort in the state, and, significantly, received a lot of help from volunteers—busloads of students from out of state—who were upset about registration. Carter won, but the press focus was on how close Kennedy had come (four points). "We won the election but lost the interpretation," one Carter campaign strategist said to me afterward.

Just after Maine, the Carter people found that Kennedy's strength was growing in New Hampshire, which would hold its primary slightly more than two weeks later, and they believed that New Hampshire was, after Massachusetts, the state in which Kennedy was most likely to do well. And Caddell's surveys in New Hampshire were turning up some very interesting, disturbing, and, in retrospect, foreboding things. In measuring how Carter is doing in a given state, Caddell keeps track of two sets of numbers. One is the surface numbers that any poll might find—how people say they are going to vote. The other is the "adjusted figures," indicating where the voters might actually end up, which Caddell arrives at after respondents have been asked a set of questions that force them to reconsider their preference. This polling enables him to see the way the voters seem to be moving. (Kennedy, strapped for resources, has had nothing like this. For some time, Kennedy has had no professional polling at all—only some



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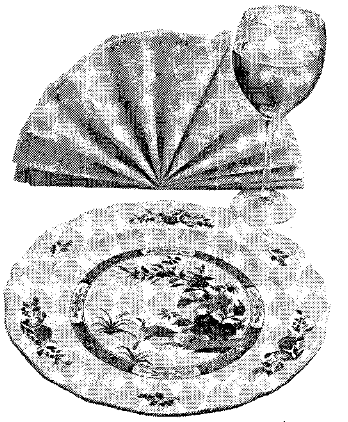
volunteer polling.) Caddell found that while the surface figures showed Carter holding a substantial lead over Kennedy in New Hampshire, the adjusted figures showed him only five points ahead. He found that Carter's lead was shrinking partly because of the economy, partly because Kennedy's campaign was taking hold, and also, he noticed, because a substantial number of voters were disturbed by the President's reaction to the invasion of Afghanistan and all the talk of war. His surveys also showed that New Hampshire voters were moving toward a "primary" rather than a "general election" vote—that they were considering casting a protest vote against Carter. Several steps were taken to counter this. Caddell's polls indicated that one of the points that had the greatest impact on voters whose support for Carter was "soft" and on those who were potential defectors (these are separate categories) was Carter's successful negotiation of the Middle East peace treaty last year. The surveys also found that a lot of people had forgotten about the event but that when they were reminded of it, it suggested to them that Carter can get things done and, more important, that he is a man of peace.

Fortunately for Carter, a press conference had been scheduled for the evening of February 13th, three days after the Maine caucuses—his first press conference in eleven weeks. (In the beginning of his Administration, Carter made a point of holding a press conference about every two weeks.) The February press conference was put to several uses. New Hampshire voters like to see the candidates—expect to be cultivated by them—and the press conference was a way for Carter to undercut the idea, which was taking hold, that he was hiding out in the White House. And he took several opportunities to stress the point that he was seeking peaceful solutions to the international crises. ("We must convince the Soviet Union, through peaceful means, *peaceful* means, that they cannot invade an innocent country with impunity.") The word "peace" recurred many times. He emphasized that he had not called for and did not anticipate calling for a draft. Also, Carter, angered by Kennedy's charge that the Administration was moving to establish a United Nations commission on Iran only because Kennedy had urged that it do so, attacked Kennedy strongly for this. ("His statements have not been true, they've not been accurate, and they've not been responsible, and they've not helped our



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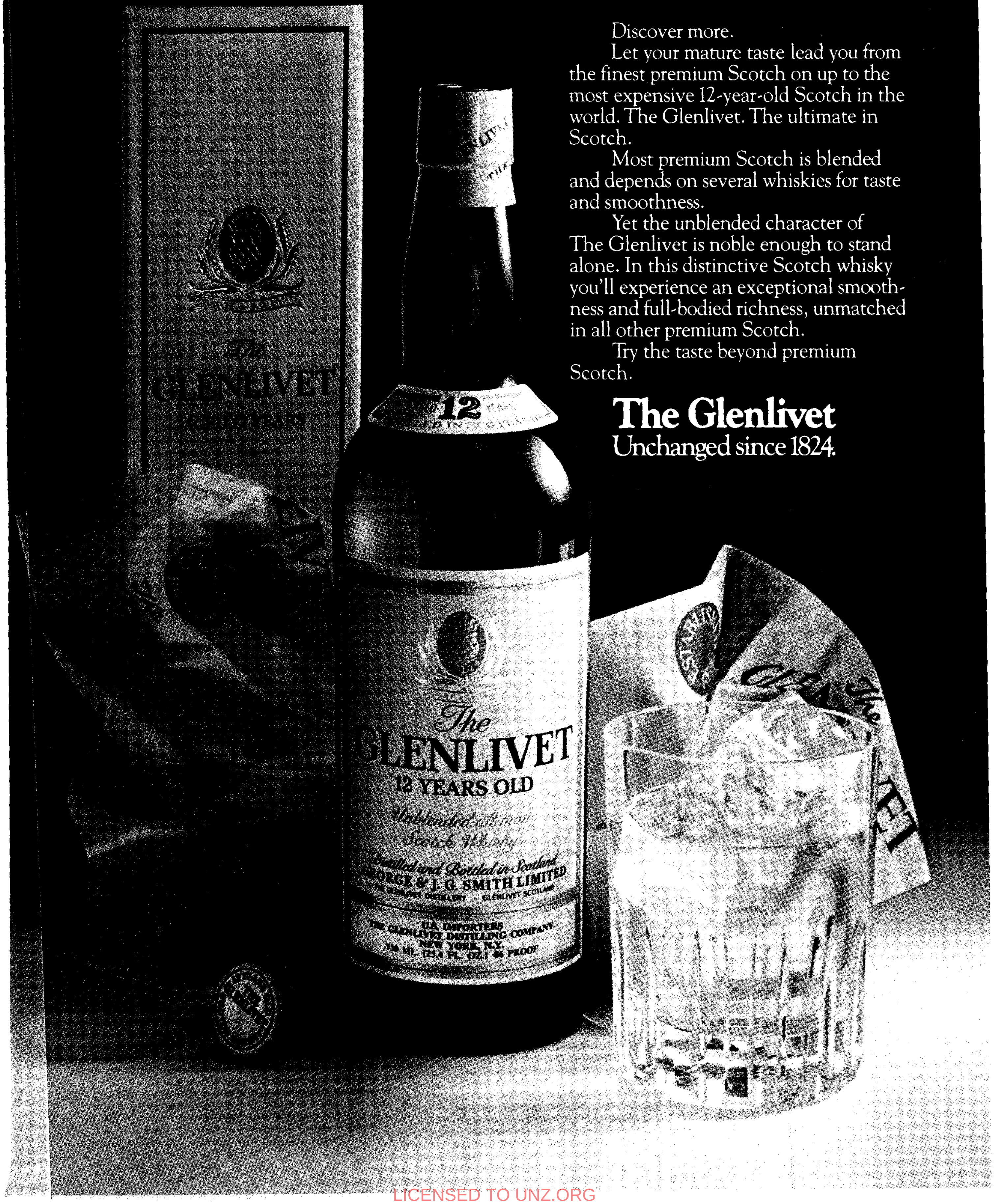
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country.") Carter's anger was a real anger, apparently, but the demonstration of it was calculated. Caddell's figures showed afterward that Kennedy's "negatives"—questions about his credibility and dependability—went up.

Also to deal with the "war talk" problem in New Hampshire, Carter's advertising was changed. One of the "negative" radio spots was pulled off the air. This one charged Kennedy with saying one thing and doing another on several issues, including defense (it said that in the past he had supported several defense cuts), and it was believed to be hurting Carter with the "peace" voters. While Rafshoon worked up two new television spots, another one, referred to as the "peace spot," was run. This spot shows Carter at a "town meeting" in Elk City, Oklahoma, in March, 1979. A woman stands up and says, choking with emotion, that she wants to make a comment: that she is the mother of three teen-age boys and she wants to thank Carter for his role as a peacemaker. And then the crowd erupts into a standing ovation. Carter has a look of humble pride. A narrator says, "People have disagreed with President Carter on various issues, but on one point there is absolute agreement stretching all across the nation. More than any other President in recent times, this man has been a peacemaker." One of the new spots shows scenes at the Camp David summit, the signing of the peace treaty, and Carter telling the Cabinet, "To get peace in the Middle East is more important than my being reëlected." The narrator says, "More than most Presidents in recent times, the President has been a peacemaker, and he has not forgotten that we are still the last, best hope on earth," and after still another scene of the treaty-signing the narrator says, "President Jimmy Carter: Peacemaker." The other new spot, referred to as the "two things" ad, shows a ballot with the names of the candidates, and the narrator says, "A man brings two things to a Presidential campaign. He brings his record, and he brings himself. . . . In the voting booth, the voter must weigh both record and character before deciding. Often it's not easy, and the voter winds up asking, 'Is this the person I really want in the White House for the next four years?' A man brings two things to a campaign: his record and himself." And then the spot shows a hand checking off Carter. Mondale began virtually every campaign appearance in New Hampshire with references to Carter as a steady man, a peacemaker. Within a week, Carter went back up in the adjusted figures to an eleven-point lead over Kennedy, or forty-nine to thirty-eight—which is how the New Hampshire primary turned out. One campaign strategist says, "We were rolling down the hawk trail, and Caddell pulled us off." Caddell says, "Presidential politics is always about images."

THE "run everywhere" strategy has turned out to be crucial. There were several theories behind it. In 1976, the Carter campaign was able to "leapfrog"—organize in a few states at a time, and, when one primary or caucus was completed, pack up and move to a state whose contest was farther down the calendar. The thinking this time was that, as the incumbent, Carter had to have a presence in every state—that organizers, state politicians, other politicians, and the press would be looking for that presence. (At the outset, the Kennedy people were talking about "running everywhere," too, but the money wasn't there.) By mid-March of this year, the Carter-Mondale organization had over three hundred paid staff members in the field and about half as many full-time volunteers. The total campaign staff was around four hundred and fifty—a quite sizable organization. There were around sixty full-time, paid staff people in Illinois alone. Having people in the various states not only helps with organizing and canvassing but also provides a capacity for building crowds for a candidate—or, in this case, his surrogates. One of the campaign strategists says, "All of that may not amount to more than five or ten per cent of the vote, but in a close race that's what makes the difference." Another factor in the strategy was that if the campaign did turn out to be a long one, the more states the Carter people were organized in early, the better. This would provide some security if things did not go well at first: because of proportional representation—a candidate can lose a primary or a caucus and still get some portion of the delegates—it paid to make an effort to pick up delegates wherever possible.

One insight that Caddell and Jordan had was that making a real effort in Vermont would be worthwhile: the Vermont primary took place on the same day as the Massachusetts primary, and they figured that a victory there might take some of the glow off the probable Kennedy victory in Massachusetts. (Caddell pointed out that Vermont was a very Protestant state,

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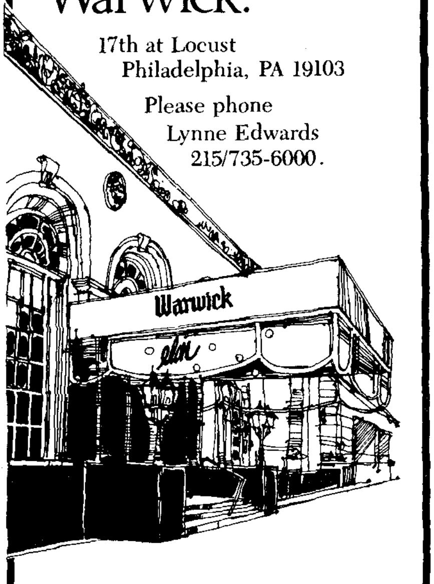

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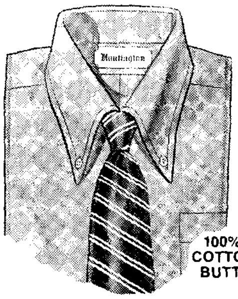

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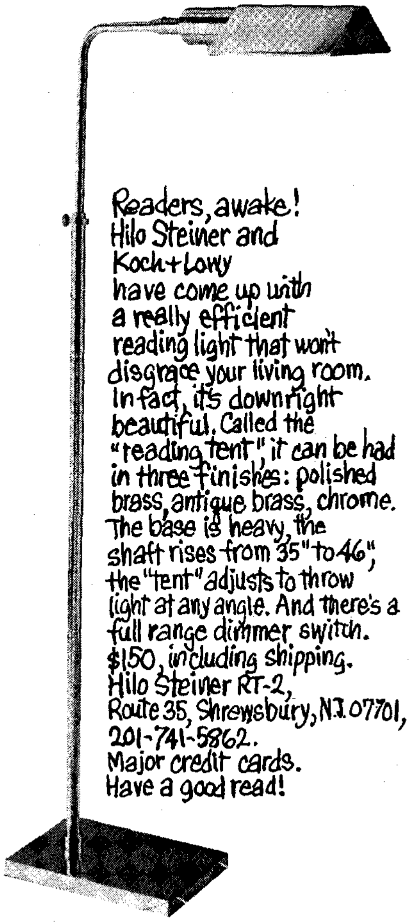

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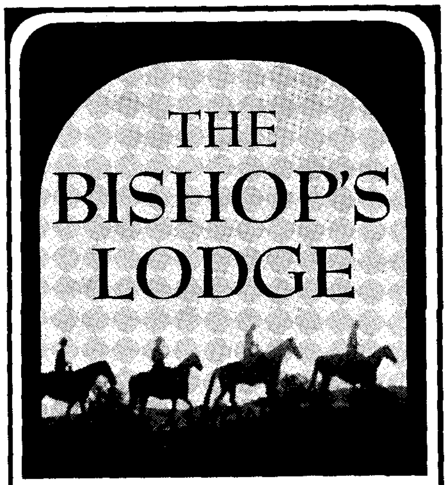

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with fewer blue-collar voters than either New Hampshire or Massachusetts.) And so on election night, when the anchormen were telling us about Kennedy's first victory, in his "home state" of Massachusetts, they were also pointing out that "next door" Carter had defeated Kennedy seventy-four to twenty-six per cent.

On February 22nd, the Friday before the New Hampshire primary, the Consumer Price Index went up to eighteen and two-tenths per cent—almost four and a half points above the figure for the previous month. The Producer Price Index (formerly the Wholesale Price Index) for January had already gone to twenty and seven-tenths per cent. The bond market was in disarray. On Monday, February 25th, the day before the New Hampshire primary, the President told a group of out-of-town editors that his current economic policies "suit me fine." One of his campaign strategists says, "We did not view that as helpful politically or economically." The President also said of his policies, "The tuning of those and the enhancement of those is something that we intend to do," but this remark was generally overlooked. As a matter of fact, the President had met with his economic advisers on Sunday evening, and a review of the Administration's economic policy was under way. The Administration was in still another trap: caught between its acceptance of the fact that it was necessary to take action to try to break the inflation fever, so as to calm people down, and its reluctance to take action that might be costly in the forthcoming primaries in two large industrial states—Illinois and New York. In a way, this was yet another form of a tension that had existed in Administration policy all along: the tension between trying to avoid offending the Democratic Party's constituent groups (with the spectre of Kennedy behind them) and trying to conduct a domestic policy that would be suitable for a general election.

In the fall, when the budget for the fiscal year 1981 was being planned, there was some discussion of whether the President should try to achieve a balanced budget then—as he had promised during his 1976 campaign. Some people in the Office of Management and Budget suggested that, given the political danger of the inflation issue, the budget should be balanced—even at the risk of inflaming the Democratic constituent groups—and taxes should be cut when the inflationary fever cooled down. (Among other things,

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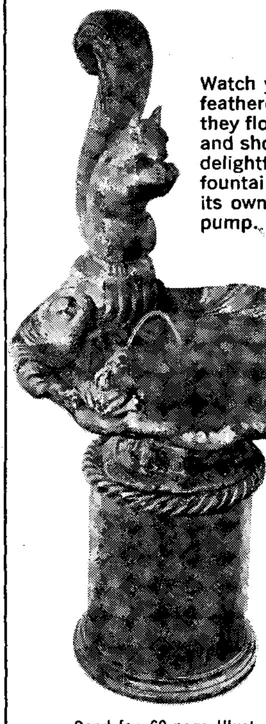

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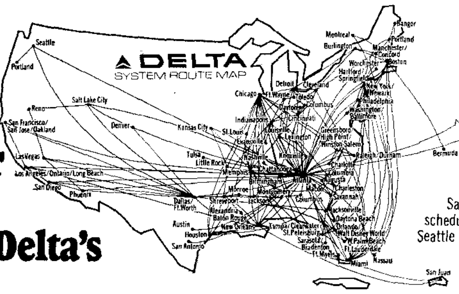
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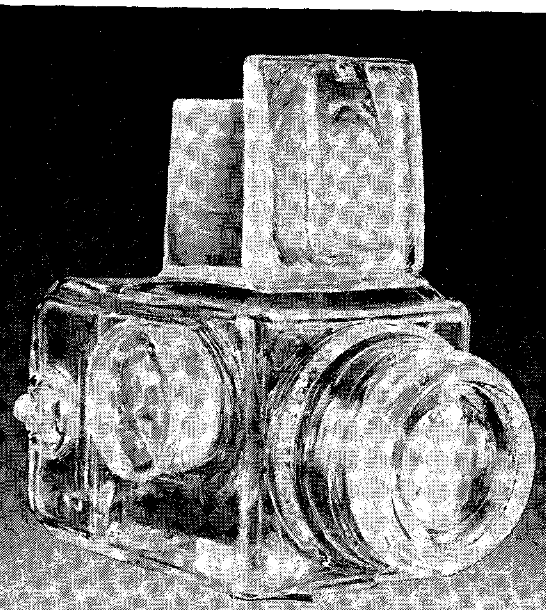
inflation was causing increases in people's income taxes.) The President was said to have been interested in the idea but to have been argued out of it by a number of his advisers. Some said that the President was already moving toward a very restrictive fiscal policy (the most restrictive since 1973), that his Administration was forecasting a recession (as were most economists), and that he was already lowering the deficit significantly from the one he inherited. (The deficit he inherited from Ford was forty-four billion dollars, and that was being decreased to fifteen billion eight hundred million for fiscal 1981.) Stuart Eizenstat and Vice-President Mondale, taking the sort of position they generally took in such arguments, said that the budget was already very tight and that there could be trouble with the constituent groups if it was cut further. Several dispassionate outside economists also felt that the fiscal policy represented in the budget was a tight one, that there was essentially no real growth in spending, and that in real terms the national debt was being decreased. Approximately sixty-seven billion dollars of the budget was going toward paying interest on the debt; if interest rates were not so high, the budget would have shown a surplus. In the end, the Administration produced what the late Arthur Okun, the economist, termed a "muddle-through election-year budget": it didn't make very drastic changes, and it didn't make very many groups very angry. The Democratic interest groups were relatively calm: they had been steeled for the worst and carefully attended to by the White House, and many of their concerns had been taken care of.

But a substantial body of opinion had been building in the country behind the idea of a balanced budget, and Congress was feeling the pressure. Even members of Congress who did not believe that a balanced budget would make much difference in the cost-of-living figures—and the economists' computers said that it would not—began to back the idea. Moreover, they understood, as the Administration finally did, that a balanced budget had taken on a psychological importance. Some Administration officials insist that in December the public was not ready to accept a balanced budget; but some people (Democrats) on Capitol Hill argue that the Administration had miscalculated the mood of the public and Congress, and need not have put itself through two budget exercises within three months. One Administration official pointed out to



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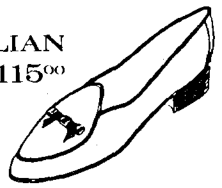

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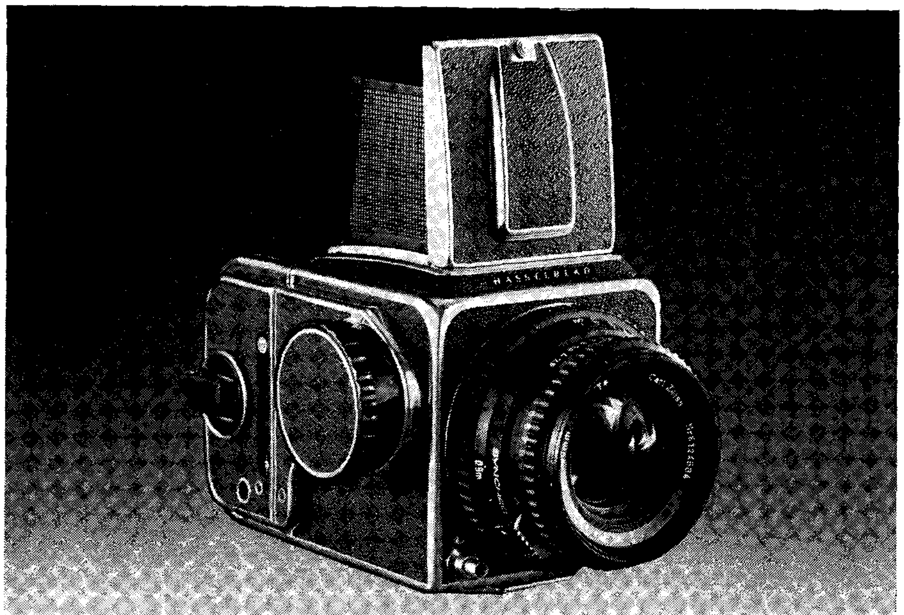
ne that since most members of Con-
ress do not face primary challenges,
hey were looking to the politics of
ovember, while the President was
aced with a different political situa-
ion. One of the ironies and difficulties
f this whole business is that in reality
hose whom the interest groups rep-
esent are as disturbed about inflation
s anybody else, but the groups them-
elves do not want to make the sacri-
ices. The person who is upset about
nflation and the person who is upset
bout the loss of a certain government
rant, loan, or service are often the
ame person. Some members of the
dministration expected inflation to
ise in January—largely as the con-
equences of increased oil prices spread
hrough the economy—but no one ex-
ected the rise to be so explosive or
o pervasive. As people borrowed to
eep up, inflation cycled upward. And
he recession refused to arrive. The
nusual executive-congressional delib-
rations that ensued on how to cut the
udget were in part an exercise in
etting each other to share responsi-
ility for the unpleasantness, and in
art an effort by the Administration
insure that whatever it came up
ith would succeed in Congress,
here the interest groups would wage
eir fight. I asked one White House
an whether the President could not
ill take political credit if he came up
ith budget reductions that Congress
id not approve. "No," he replied.
Because then the President wouldn't
ok like a leader."

While the serious deliberations were
oing on within the White House over
hat to do about the economy, there
ere also serious deliberations over
hen and how to announce whatever
as decided. The President's political
dvisers were virtually unanimous in
eir hope that any unpleasant news
bout budget cuts could be put off un-
l after the Illinois and New York
rimaries. The thinking of some went
at if they could wait until after
llinois and New York, by then Ken-
edy might well be out of the race,
nd the Administration would have
ntil November to pacify the Demo-
ratic constituent groups—mayors,
overnors, labor, blacks—that were
kely to be angered by the cuts. One
olitical adviser said to me then, "I
ink we've all said to him, 'Couldn't
ou wait until after New York?' "

To some extent, the decision about
e timing of the new anti-inflation
roposals was affected by an ostensibly
nrelated matter—the vote in the
nited Nations Security Council on
aturday, March 1st, condemning Is-



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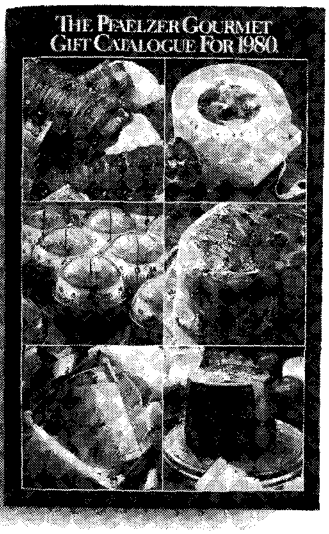

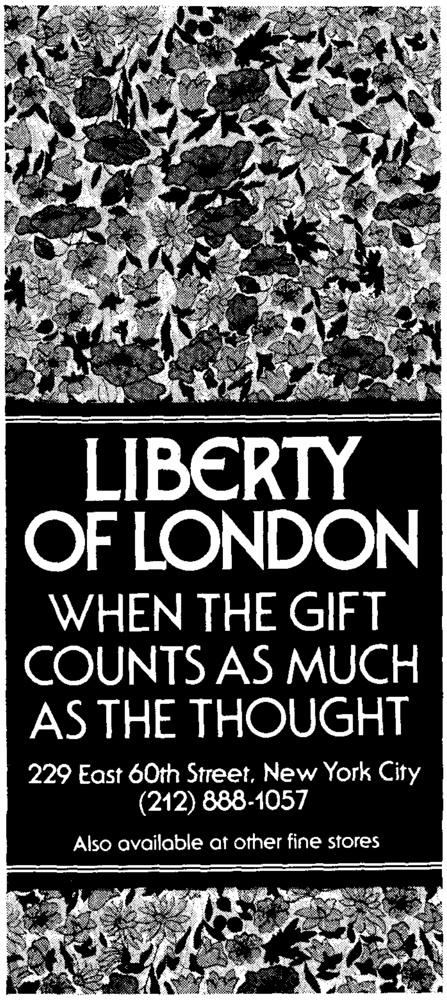

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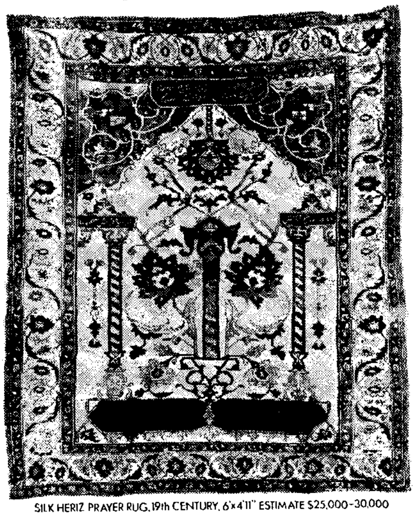

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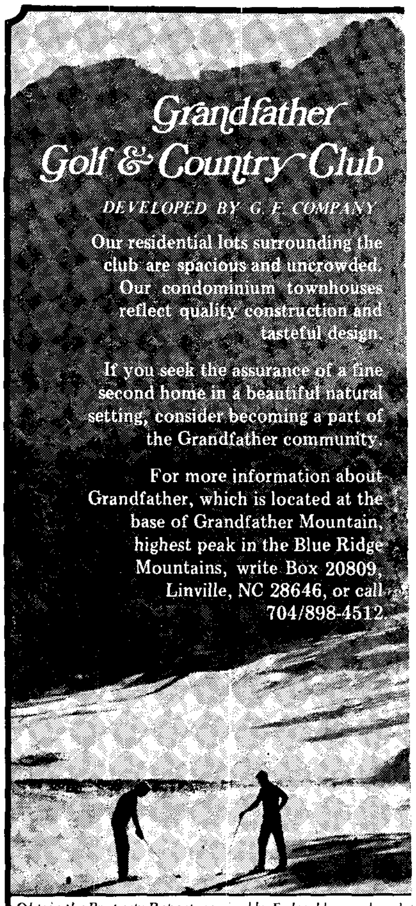
rael for its settlements on the West Bank and in Gaza, and calling for their dismantling. After some frantic meetings on Monday, the White House issued its strange statement that evening that the vote had been an error, and Administration officials explained to reporters that the President had been under the impression that all references to East Jerusalem had been removed. They also pointed out that after the vote they had expressed reservations about the section calling for the dismantling of the settlements. The Administration's explanation that the whole thing resulted from a "communications failure" between the President and Vance, and Vance's assumption of the blame, did no good. As it happens, a copy of the resolution had been before the President, but Administration officials told reporters later that the President hadn't read it. A copy was also before the staff of the National Security Council. It has never been satisfactorily explained how it was that no one on the large staff of the National Security Council bothered to keep track of what was going on. Taken by itself, the United Nations vote, controversial as it was, might not have been such a monumental thing. It had the impact it did because it brought back, powerfully, an impression of the Carter Administration that was most politically damaging. "We're back to the 'incompetence' problem," a White House aide said to me mournfully at the time. That such a thing might come about is precisely what Caddell had feared when the President's standing began to improve last fall.

On Friday, March 7th, the Producer Price Index was at nineteen and one-tenth per cent—not much better than the previous month's figure. Some of the President's political advisers began to sense that Kennedy was picking up ground, that the issue of the economy was beginning to cause the President more political damage—and Caddell's "numbers" bore these things out. In the White House, a consensus developed that as a result of the United Nations vote and inflation the Administration was caught in what one aide described to me at the time as "a downdraft," and that it was politically as well as economically necessary to take action on the economy before the Illinois and New York primaries. A consensus also developed that the budget must be balanced. Some steps to achieve that were rejected as out of the question in an election year. (For example, it is generally agreed that the Consumer Price Index reflects



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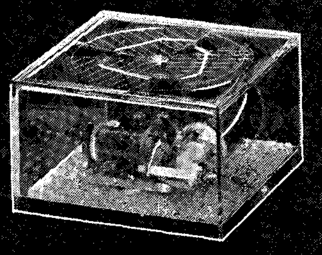

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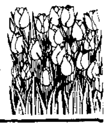

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ɔrtgage-interest rates to an excessive
gree; and many government "en-
ement" programs, such as Social Se-
rity, are required by law to rise by
: same amount as the Consumer
ice Index. But the Administration
dn't the least interest in attempting
change the way the Consumer Price
dex is computed, or the laws by which
titlement programs work, in an elec-
n year. When I asked one White
ɔuse aide, somewhat facetiously, why
ese approaches weren't taken, he re-
ed, "Are you kidding?") Wage and
ce controls were ruled out: the Pres-
nt has said he is against them, and,
sides, Kennedy is for them (as are
ew members of the President's en-
urage). There was a flurry of meet-
s at the White House on the first
ekend in March, and it was decided
it the President would present his ec-
omic proposals in the coming week.

Then there were innumerable dis-
ssions about how to "package" his
esentation. Some of the President's
itical advisers—including Rafshoon,
ddell, Jordan, and Powell—were
rching for a way for the President to
e a speech on the inflation problem
hout becoming identified with the
ation problem. They recalled the
ɔblem that the President had been
ed with last July, when he cancelled
peech on energy and then, ten days
er, gave one about "malaise" (with
ergy thrown in): his previous energy
eches had done him little good po-
cally. One of the political strategists
plained to me in the course of these
iberations, "When the President
es a speech about something that is
negative, it associates him with some-
ng that is a negative." He continued,
very time Carter has given a speech
out inflation, it hasn't helped infla-
n, and has therefore hurt Carter.
e White House is accused of P.R.-
so much. There are some things
u don't want to P.R." But the Vice-
esident, Eizenstat, and the Presi-
nt's economic advisers—"the sub-
nce people," as they are derisively
erred to by one of the political strate-
ts—wanted the President to give a
evised address before a Joint Session
Congress, to get the most attention
his new program. (Some of them
o thought that this would be politi-
ly wise—would show the President
king charge.") But one political ad-
er remarked to me at the time,
here aren't a lot of applause lines in
peech on budget cuts and credit con-
ls." Finally, Thomas P. O'Neill,
, the Speaker of the House, advised
White House that the President

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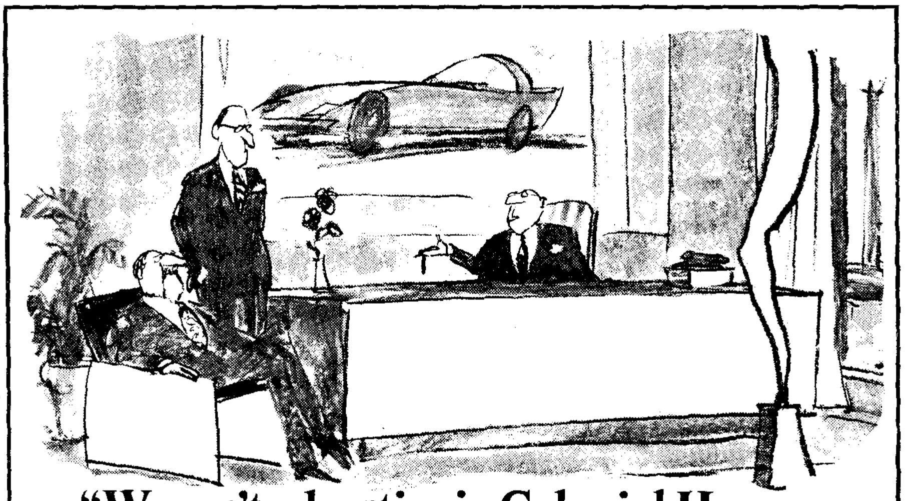

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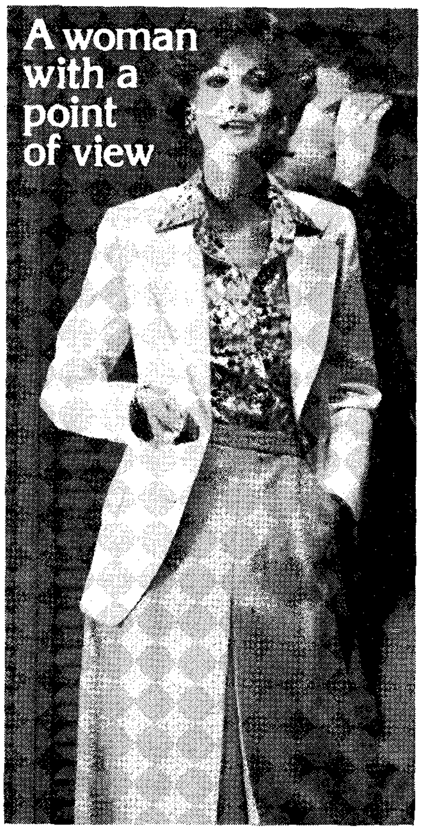

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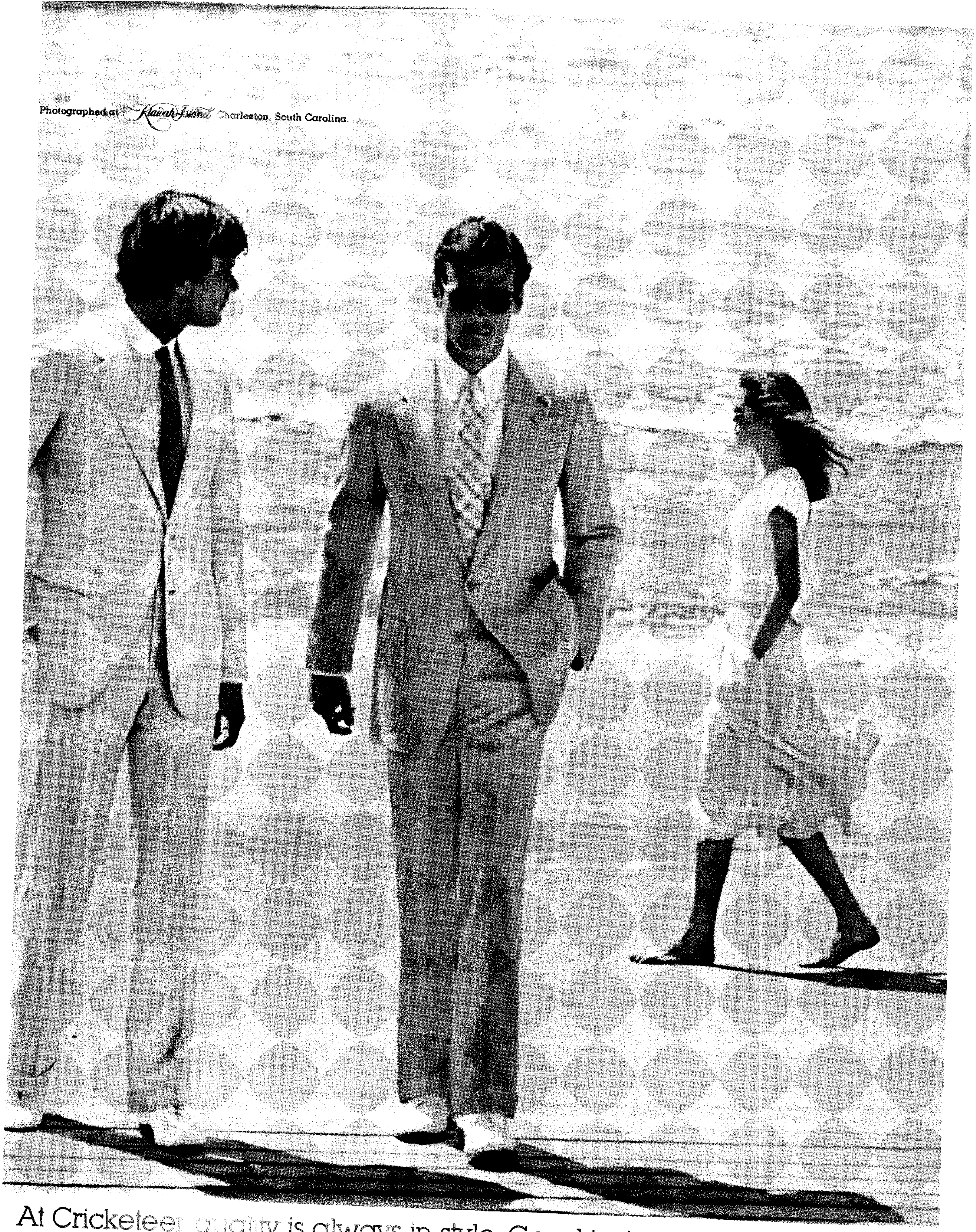
should not make such a big deal of doing such an unpopular thing, and this is said to have influenced Mondale. Some people in the House think this advice may have reflected O'Neill's own feeling that the new budget exercise was an almost entirely political one and would therefore be done in the worst possible way. The Speaker, an unreconstructed liberal, believed that the only excuse for the exercise was to calm the financial markets, and he took a dim view of the whole idea. The final "packaging" was designed to achieve a number of objectives. The President delivered his speech in the East Room on Friday afternoon before a friendly group—Cabinet officers, some members of Congress, and other invited guests. (There was not a drop of applause until the President concluded.) The political aides figured that the networks would not choose to televise the speech and that, even if they did, not many people would be watching in the middle of the afternoon. (But they did televise it.) Then, the thinking went, by holding a televised press conference that evening, the President could announce the essentials of his new program and change the subject by taking questions on other matters. The President's advisers believe that the President is at his best at press conferences.

The whole argument over how the President was to deliver a speech on what had become a national crisis, and the nature of the speech itself, typified what even some people inside the Administration consider a fundamental problem: that the President and some of the people around him are excessively technocratic—lack a sense of how to maneuver and set in motion large forces, lack the sense of theatre that the Presidency requires. It was this problem, above all, that set off the sessions at Camp David last summer, after which everything was supposed to change. Even some of the President's supporters were dismayed that he had not already got himself across as someone who was in there battling inflation. "Can you find our energy-conservation program?" one of the President's advisers asked me not long ago. The many shifts of direction have dismayed members of Congress who generally support the President. They are pleased that there have been no Mayaguezes and feel that the Administration is essentially an enlightened and humane one. A certain historical relativity is applied, and they remember that the Constitution has not been assaulted, and they are relieved that, whatever the fits and starts of foreign policy, there has been a general exercise restraint. The problem for other po cians who would like to defend the ministration's policies is that they not sure, from week to week, what they are supposed to defend.

It appears to be the case that it not technically possible for the Adn istration to produce all the num for the new budget by the time President made his speech; it is the that more information about the ture of the budget cuts could h been released before the Illinois New York primaries. As things tur out, in trying to have it both w the Administration got it both w enough was known about the cuts make people angry, and the withh ing of more detail was seen as a c cal move. On the day after the N York primary, more information ab the budget cuts was released. As final decisions on the new budget w being made, Eizenstat succeeded persuading the economic advisers to vage five hundred million dollars "financially hard-pressed cities" were going to lose other funds as a sult of the cuts. Robert Giaimo, De crat of Connecticut and the chair of the House Budget Commit dubbed this the "Jimmy Carter N York primary amendment," and a days before the primary the commi rejected it. And in the course of week that the final decisions about economic speech were being deba the U.N. mission to Iran failed.

BEFORE the Illinois and New Y primaries, it was clear from c versations with numerous people volved in the President's campaig including "the substance people"—t they were worried about the effects the recent string of events on the for coming contests. There was far concern about Illinois than about N York, because the President had b holding such a commanding lead in linois, but there was concern that that lead should slip, this would h an impact on New York. The Illi campaign was supervised by Ja Johnson, the Vice-President's exe tive assistant, and he and his colleag had a splendid time turning Ma Jane Byrne's endorsement of Kenn into as large an albatross as possi For months, the campaign worked peel away other Illinois politicians isolate the Mayor, and the Carter p ple understood the importance, beca of the way the Illinois primary wor of having major local figures run their delegates. A man named T



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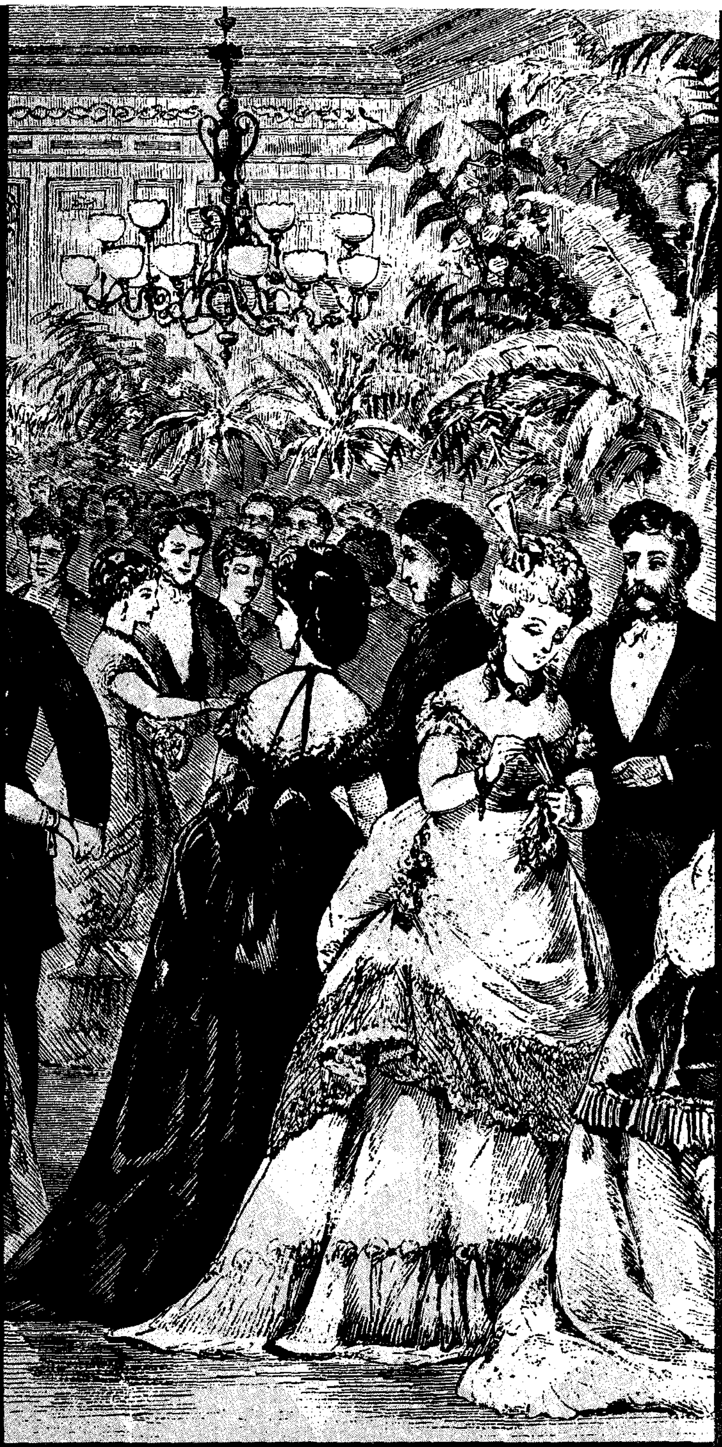

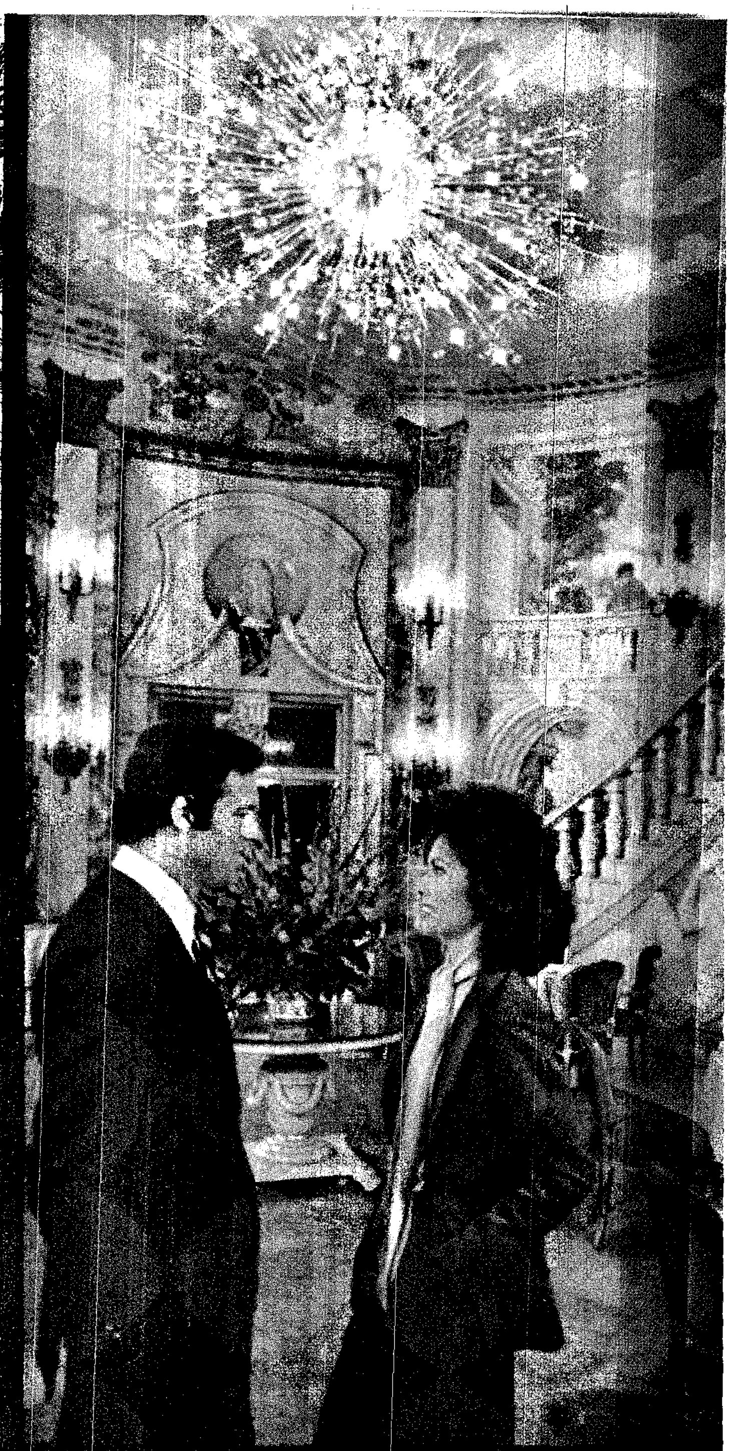

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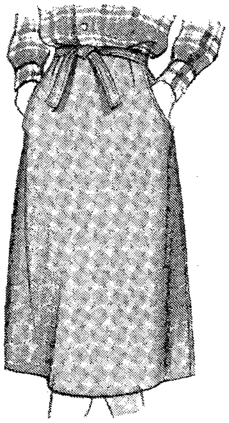
Renfrow, an important downstate county leader, may have received as many calls from President Carter as Menachem Begin has. The division between the Mayor and the late Mayor's oldest son, Richard (Richie) Daley, was exploited. Surrogates trooped through the state to take on Kennedy. On the Monday before the primary, Charles Duncan, the Secretary of Energy, was in downstate Illinois, where there is a lot of coal, swapping charges with the Kennedy people over whether the Carter Administration or Kennedy was more anti-coal. The whole thing took on a rather slapstick quality, and Carter, of course, clobbered Kennedy, defeating him two to one. The delegate-count margin was even greater—a hundred and sixty-three to sixteen.

Before the Illinois primary, the Carter campaign began to offer to the media an internal memorandum indicating that is was mathematically impossible for Kennedy to win. It said, in a "disaster scenario," that even if Carter lost Illinois, New York, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Michigan, California, Ohio, New Jersey, and Rhode Island by fifty-five per cent to forty-five per cent, it was still mathematically possible—because of proportional representation and because of Carter's strength in Southern, border, and Western states—for Carter to win. For a while, it was almost impossible to have a conversation with anyone involved in the Carter campaign without hearing about "the arithmetic." It was clear that the Carter people were trying to literally talk Kennedy out of the race. They asked everyone who would listen, If Kennedy lost Illinois and New York, what would be the point of his staying in? He would succeed, they said (with striking uniformity), only in dividing the Party, and helping to elect a Republican. (The Carter people were disappointed that Gerald Ford did not enter the Republican race and do some party-dividing of his own.) Moreover, they said, the Party needed to raise money for both the Presidential and the congressional elections, and the Kennedy campaign was simply diverting energies from this task. "And for what?" Jody Powell asked me, in exasperation, one afternoon. One White House aide told me then that it was hoped that after the New York primary Senator Wendell Ford, Democrat of Kentucky, who is the chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, would put the case to Kennedy that by continuing to campaign he was jeopardizing the reëlection chances of many of his Senate colleagues and increasing the possibility that the Republicans would take over the Senate in 1981. (All along, White House aides have seemed remarkably aware of which senators have, from time to time, urged Kennedy to get out of the race.)

Still, the President's advisers were clearly alarmed about New York. They realized well in advance that Kennedy just might win it—though not by the margin that he did. And if Kennedy won, they thought, it would delay his departure from the race, and that would be inconvenient. By early March, Caddell had noticed that the President's position in New York was deteriorating—as a result of inflation, the U.N. vote, and the failure to get a resolution of the hostage problem. At a meeting at the White House on the evening of Monday, March 10th, Caddell presented to the assembled group, which included the President and Mrs. Carter, two sets of figures. One set showed that the President was doing well against Kennedy in New York and Connecticut in a head-to-head poll. The adjusted figures, indicating voters' reactions to questions about the President's performance and their responses to attitudinal questions about the candidates, showed that the vote in New York was very close and that there could be trouble in Connecticut. The figures also showed that the President was not doing well in upstate New York, where he should have been strong. Moreover, the Carter people felt that New York was not naturally hospitable ground for the President. (Carter came in fourth there in 1976.) Whereas, in the words of one of the President's strategists, "on spending, the Democratic Party nationally looks like the Republican Party four years ago," New York Democrats were considered to be more concerned about cuts in federal programs. Caddell's findings showed that New Yorkers who vote in Democratic primaries were less concerned about traditional mores than were voters elsewhere. It was decided to send in more surrogates—Robert Strauss, the Vice-President, the First Lady, Stuart Eizenstat, and Philip Klutznick, the Secretary of Commerce and a former head of the World Jewish Congress. It was decided that it was important to work hard to keep Mayor Koch mollified and, as one of the President's people put it, to "up-hit" the U.N. vote, by stressing that the incident showed that the President had the courage to



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admit a mistake. More organizers were sent in, especially upstate. Rafshoon ordered up a whole new set of media spots, attacking Kennedy head-on: they attacked his wage-and-price-control proposal, and they attacked him—in ads that ran upstate—as having opposed certain defense expenditures, and also as a spender. Rafshoon had noticed that Kennedy had been receiving a great deal of media time in New York simply by being in the state, and that sometimes he was on the air, attacking the President, for as long as ten minutes. And so four days before the primary the President granted five separate ten-minute interviews to New York City television stations.

Another of the President's political strategists said to me not long before the primary, "We're going to try to be aggressive about reminding people about the Camp David accords. You'll see a lot of television of Begin, Sadat, and Carter." A White House ceremony marking the first anniversary of the signing of those accords was set for the Sunday before the New York primary; the actual anniversary was the day after the primary. And just as White House people were telling me about how the President was now going to concentrate on the inflation fight, that now he would be more visible on the subject—talking to groups, jawboning, and the like—in order to demonstrate his leadership ("Foreign policy is going to take less of his time and inflation more"), the White House announced on the Wednesday before the New York primary that the President would be meeting in April with Begin and Sadat. The meetings were to be an attempt to salvage the talks between Egypt and Israel about autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza, a subject that had been postponed at Camp David. It was essentially because the talks were at an impasse, and because Israel was continuing to establish settlements, that the vote was cast at the U.N. So the President was in still another bind: how to take actions that would keep his Camp David triumph from fading without infuriating the Jewish constituency. When the meetings with Begin and Sadat were announced—an announcement *that took people at the* State Department by surprise—one of the President's political advisers said to me, smiling, "It's fine with me if the talks are announced before New York and held afterward."

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ompetitive man in a race against the
ennedy legend, as he sees it, with the
otential of being seen as fiddling while
ome burns. So things have to be
one to give the appearance of action
nd command—on Afghanistan, the
iddle East, the economy. What
ou've been seeing is someone trying
take full advantage of the White
ouse and incumbency for political
urposes, with few political options.
o he has to figure out how to keep
e focus on the White House and
ive a sense of command and strength.
he list of options becomes pretty
ear. And there is a pretty high
reshold of what you have to do to
credible. You can't get away with
viting too many hockey teams to the
Vhite House. You have to take real
oblems, with high visibility, and show
ommand and action. The problem of
aving a limited number of options is
at some of the things you do look a
ttle bit strange."

As the New York primary ap-
oached, one could almost feel the
creasing apprehension and tension at
e White House. At a meeting on
Vednesday, the day after the Illinois
imary and six days before the New
ork primary, Caddell informed the
resident, Mrs. Carter, and the other
litical advisers that the President now
ailed Kennedy in the adjusted fig-
es in New York, and that there
ere strong indications that there
ould be a protest vote. By the fol-
wing weekend, the adjusted figures
ere even worse for the President,
d, most alarming for the White
ouse, the question of "character" was
opping in significance—rapidly.
oreover, a number of people at the
Vhite House were tired, strung out.
hey continued to be faced with prob-
ms—the economy, Iran—that they
nply couldn't get behind them. And
ennedy would not go away. Worse,
e press was beginning to write stories
ommending Kennedy for gallantry in
versity. When I went to see Jody
owell one afternoon that week, he
as in a perfectly terrible mood. He
lked about how the press was acting
if the primary contest were all over,
hen in fact it was not. The problem
as that the White House was once
gain caught in trying to have it both
ays: Powell himself had just given a
iefing to the press about "the arith-
etic." I asked Powell why he was in
ch a bad mood. One reason it is
aluable to listen to Powell is that he
d the President are close and have
me similar traits, and Powell often
flects the President's thinking. He

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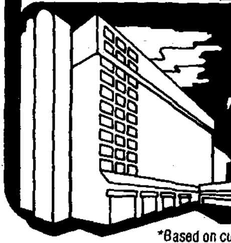

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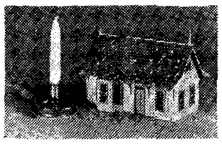

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said, "I *think politically we're going* to end up all right. But watching this thing sort of reconfirms my worst suspicions. You've got Teddy being literally carried from one primary to another by his supporters in the Fourth Estate and getting away with the rawest sort of demagoguery and being held to no scrutiny whatsoever."

IN the aftermath of Kennedy's victory in New York, some of the President's strategists concluded that *there had been too much talk about* "the arithmetic"—leading too many people to think that it was indeed all over. This, they concluded, had encouraged the newspaper stories about how gallant Kennedy was in defeat, and may have led some voters to think it didn't matter what they did. They also decided that it was bad psychology and bad politics to be putting it about that the President would more or less back into the nomination because of the numbers—that he would somehow be renominated by a fluke. They said publicly that a lot of events came together that were not likely to recur—the U.N. vote, the budget cuts, the *flight of the Shah to Egypt* on the previous weekend—and largely this is what they believed. They also placed a good bit of blame on Cyrus Vance for his testimony before congressional committees on the Thursday and Friday before the primary, which seemed to indicate that the Carter Administration still supported the essence of the U.N. resolution. Vance was simply stating the Administration's policy, but afterward the White House considered the testimony impolitic and quite untimely. (*Key advisers to the President* had gone over the testimony in the hope of limiting its impact on New York, but they later decided, in hindsight, that they should have focussed on postponing the whole thing until after the primary.) Two days after the primary, there appeared in the Washington *Post* a story that pointed to Vance's alleged role in the New York debacle; the story was clearly inspired by the White House and read like an invitation to Vance to resign. The President's strategists agreed that the President must begin to make more "nonpolitical" appearances outside the White House, that he had to be seen as *taking* charge more, that Kennedy had to be made the issue again, and that they had to make the case once more of why Carter was the better man for the job. They also agreed that, somehow, they had to generate some good news. The Presi-

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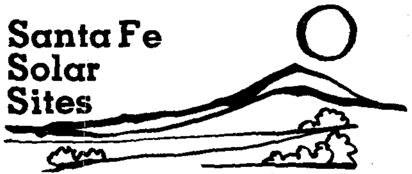

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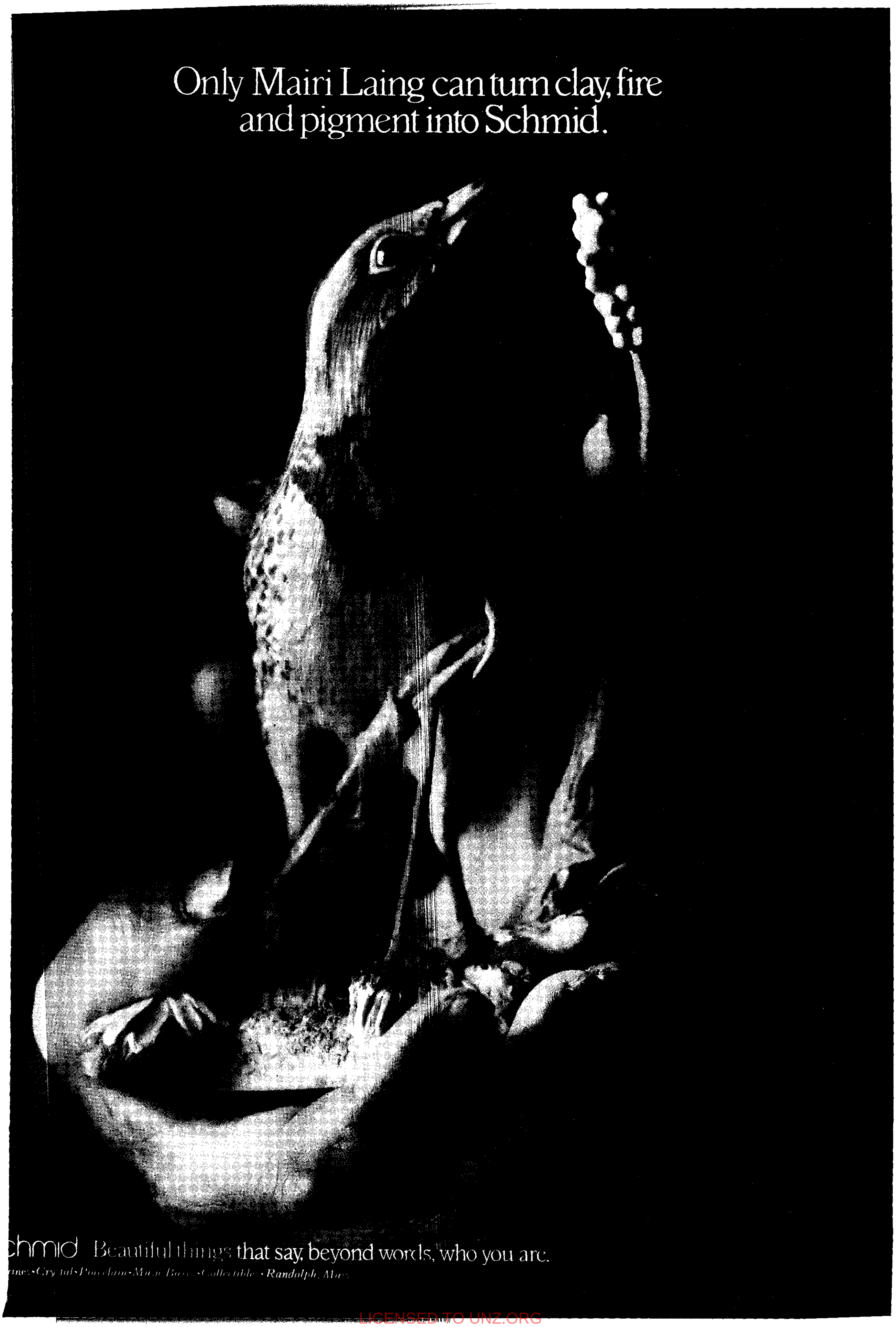

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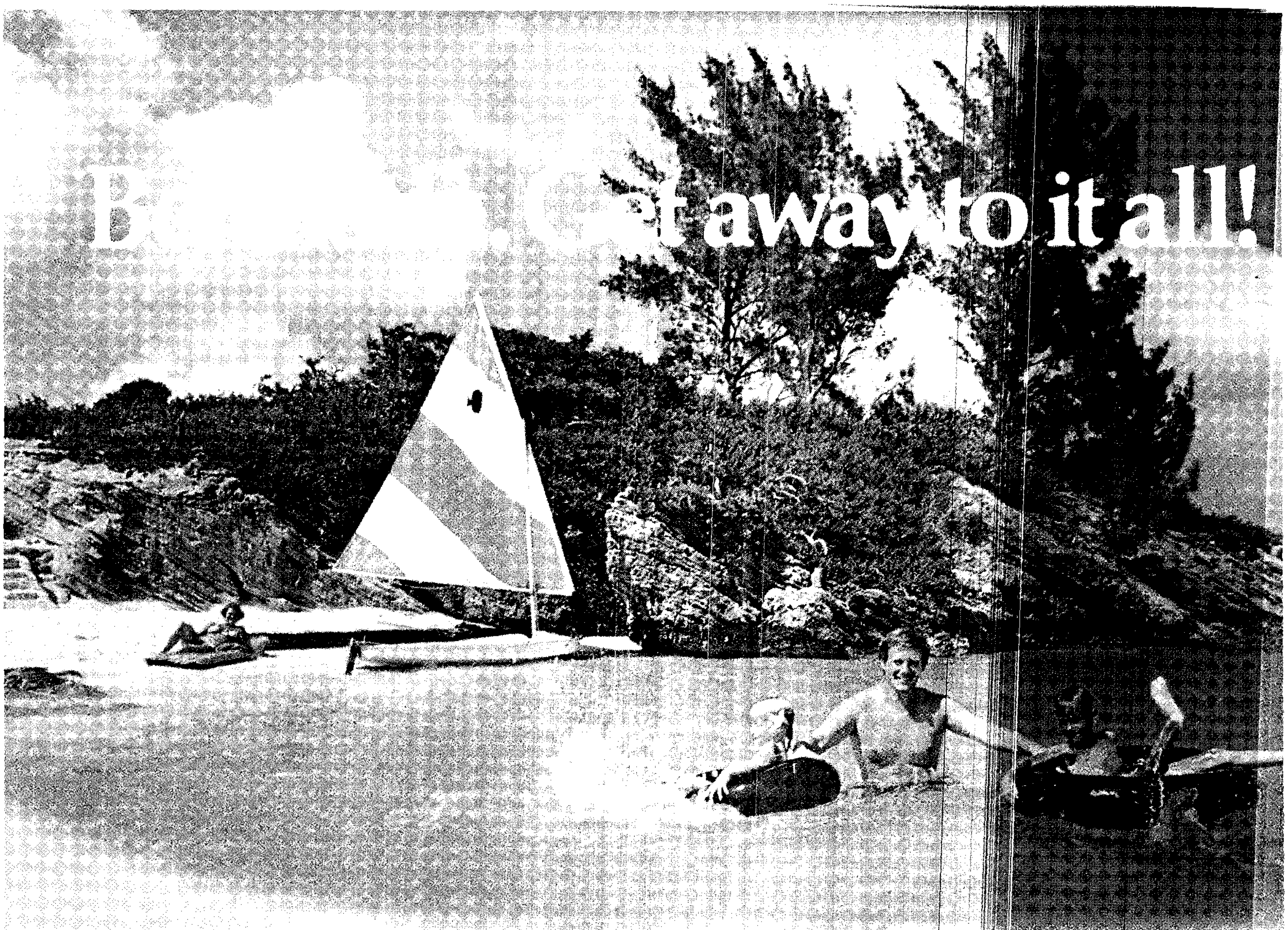
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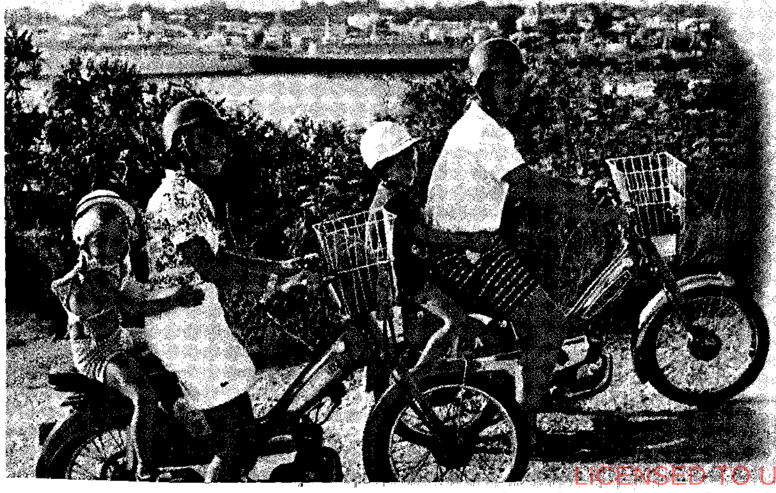

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dent's strategists realized that what had really gone wrong was that their initial strategy had, at least for the moment, collapsed. They figured that, perhaps in part as a result of the President's own previous victories, people were now willing to cast a "protest" vote for Kennedy. What they feared was that too many people might start to actually prefer Kennedy as President.

During the week between the New York and Wisconsin primaries, they did their all to try to establish that New York and Connecticut had been a fluke, not a trend. The President denounced Mobil Oil, accusing the company of violating government price guidelines and overcharging customers. Mondale increased his number of appearances in Wisconsin, and more campaign workers were sent in. After it was made clear over the weekend before the vote that new moves on Iran were in the works, the President went to great lengths to generate timely good news, by announcing at 7:20 A.M. on the day of the primary, in time for the television news programs, a "positive step"—that the government of Iran had declared its intention of taking custody of the hostages from the militants. The President's substantial victory in Wisconsin had the campaign strategists talking once again about the mathematical odds facing Kennedy, which they said had now increased. They were already gearing up for the contest against Kennedy in Pennsylvania—which both sides considered extremely important, and which has the Carter people worried—at the end of April. And they had also begun to plan for the contingency that even if Kennedy arrived at the Convention with too few delegates, he would, by making fights over the platform and the Convention rules, challenge Carter for the nomination there. —ELIZABETH DREW

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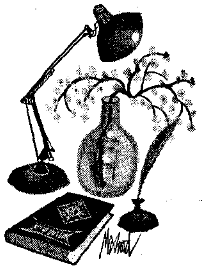
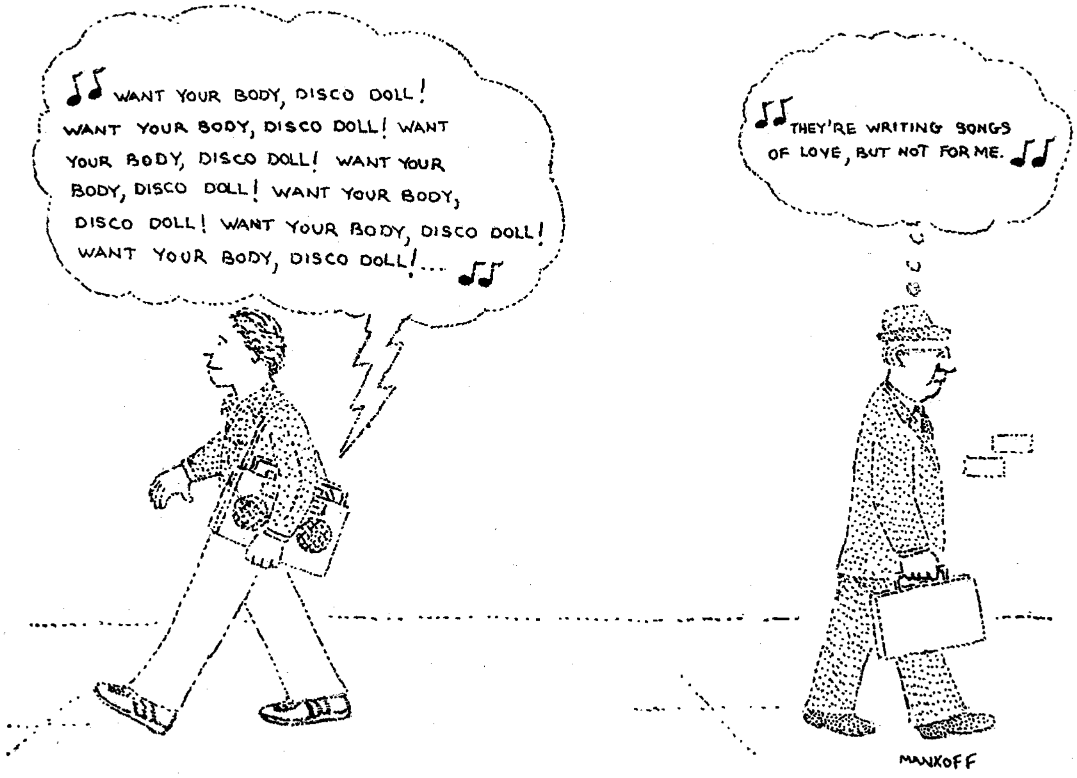


THE "Bhagavad Gita," though universally recognized as one of the world's great classics of religious and mystical literature, and though increasingly attractive to Occidentals, has been difficult of approach for those without a profound knowledge of Sanskrit and of the background of Hindu philosophy. Winthrop Sargeant, in a new volume, published by Doubleday ($29.95), furnishes not only a masterly translation and concisely informative introductions and notes but also a transliteration of the original text. This makes it possible for the newcomer to perceive and enjoy the sound of the original, which in India has always been given enormous and almost magical importance. A friend of mine was told by his Sanskrit teacher, "When you pronounce a word, think of it as an arrow shot absolutely true. Precisely the right *sound* is made and through that the correct meaning understood, as when the arrow hits the target." I belong to a generation of Indians which did not study Sanskrit as a matter of course. However, like millions of other Indians, I have heard the "Gita" chanted in Sanskrit—often by people who did not themselves know Sanskrit—because the beauty and vitality of the language carry a virtue that both contributes to and is beyond the meaning of the words.

The twenty-eight hundred lines that make up the "Bhagavad Gita" have been variously dated by various scholars at anywhere between 500 B.C. and 350 A.D. Mr. Sargeant places the "Gita" in the early Christian era, because of the style and the indications in the text of the acceptance of Buddhist contributions to Hindu religious thought—although, like all Sanskrit literature, the "Gita" undoubtedly had a long history of oral transmission before it was recorded in its present form. It is very likely an addition interposed at a dramatic point in a much older epic—the "Mahabharata," which describes the legends and history of India in, perhaps, 800 B.C. As a setting for the exquisite economy and resonance of the poetry of the "Gita" and for the depth and purity of its religious expression, the "Mahabharata" provides an unwieldy contrast. It is estimated, Mr. Sargeant tells us, to be seven times the length of the Iliad and the Odyssey combined, "or nearly three times as long as the Judaeo-Christian Bible." This vast narrative of almost impenetrable complexity is full of gods and demons, kings and queens, saints and politicians and wastrels, heroes and villains; fabulous deeds and intricate treacheries; the conquering and losing of kingdoms, the founding and destruction of citie and dynasties; births, marriages, deaths sacrifices, miracles, magic, boons, an curses—the full extravagance of mythology, history, legend, and plain story telling. It is interspersed with virtuall unrelated digressions that point a mora or tell of a chivalrous or astonishing ac or simply include an extra anecdote.

Mr. Sargeant, in two admirably succinct essays, guides his reader throug the tangled narrative threads of th "Mahabharata" and those concepts o Hindu cosmology and philosophy necessary to a full appreciation of the "Gita." The point at which it is placed in th central story of the sprawling epic i just before the terrible and tragic battl of Kurukshetra. There the heroic Pandava princes, led by Arjuna, the mos skilled and virtuous warrior among th brothers, will fight against their villainous cousins the Kauravas for the rightful return of their kingdom. Two colossal armies consisting of kings, triba chieftains, and princes, with their generals, their renowned soldiers, and thei retinues—chariots, elephants, cavalry archers, infantry, drummers, conchblowers, attendants—are drawn up o opposing sides. Acting as Arjuna' charioteer at Kurukshetra is Krishna who is both an allied prince and th earthly incarnation of the god Vishnu Arjuna asks him to drive the chariot t the middle of the field of battle withi sight of their opponents. It is there, before the fighting starts, tha the cosmic dialogue that make up the "Bhagavad Gita" take place.

As Arjuna looks across a the hosts of family members his own honored tutors, th friends and companions fron childhood, he is saddened and sickened. Despondent, fille with apprehension about th course and outcome of th war, he pleads, "I do not desire victory, Krishna,/ No kingship nor pleasures. . . ./ How, having killed our own people,/ Should we be happy?" Even if the enemy i wicked, is not killing a greater wickedness? He throws down his bow and arrows and refuses to fight. Now Krishna begins his discourse and, with soaring eloquence, expounds the nature of action and inaction. As the colloquy between God and man progress-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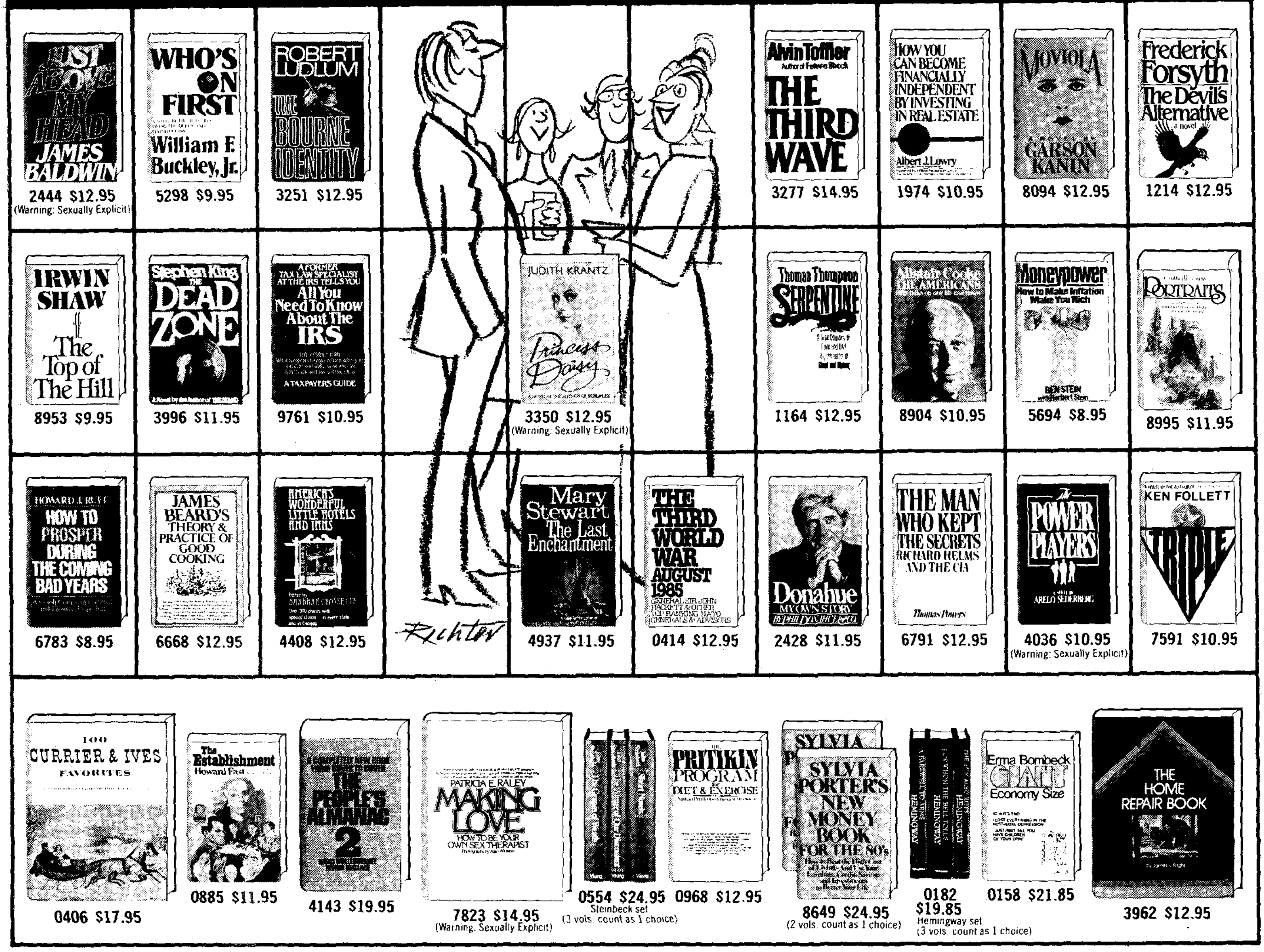
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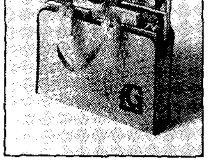

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es, Krishna explains the purpose and meaning of life, the eternal and the transitory aspects of the self, the human being's relation to God, and the paths to its consummation. In the "Great Manifestation" of the famous and majestic Book XI, the God of the "Gita" actually shows himself to Arjuna in all his glory and mystery. This vision of the Supreme Spirit or Supreme Self is a softening of the earlier, austere Hindu concept of Brahman: the undifferentiated Eternal Spirit, without attributes. According to the Hindus, all life contains some spark of the Eternal Spirit, and the sole proper object of human effort is to reunite that spark with Brahman. In the "Gita," this remote, uncaring God is made more personal and more accessible in the character of Krishna. He can be reached through the various methods of yoga (self-discipline) but also—and this is the special emphasis of the "Gita"—most effectively through love or devotion. Arjuna addresses Krishna sometimes as God and sometimes as man. Krishna, loving and indifferent, all-powerful yet moderating his strength, responds as both.

The "Gita," in leading up to this epiphany, is a far from simple exposition. It is full of philosophical and moral paradox. It can, for instance, be interpreted as pacifist doctrine or as a call to war. Krishna's imagery of violence and his exhortation to arms can refer to the needs of the conflict at Kurukshetra or to the spiritual struggle within the human soul. A very human Arjuna asks questions that take the argument into the profoundest complexities and the most rarefied subtleties of Hindu philosophy and religion. He must accept, early in the dialogue, the daunting command to hold "pleasure and pain to be alike,/ Likewise gain and loss, victory and defeat," and then prepare to fight, for this detachment from the fruits of action is one kind of yoga. Yet when Krishna also tells him that "action is inferior by far" to the yoga of knowledge and describes the man who through insight has acquired freedom and tranquillity, Arjuna is compelled to ask, "Then why dost thou urge me to terrible action?"

Here, in reply, Krishna explains the traditional twofold basis of earlier devotion: for the contemplative, the path of meditation and knowledge; for the active, the path of dutiful and selfless action. But the purpose of the two is the same—unity with Brahman, the shedding of desires and attachments, and with them the pains of earthly life, in order to attain nirvana, or the extinction of individual consciousness in

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he perfect oblivion of merging with he Eternal Spirit. "The senses are igh (i.e. powerful, important)./ The nind is higher than the senses;/ Moreover, the intelligence is higher than the nind." Highest of all is the essential elf, the spark of Brahman. The study and understanding of this essential self are, then, the same as the study and understanding of God. Each person nust pursue this end in accordance vith his own nature, and Arjuna, as warrior, must follow the yoga of ure-spirited action. Yet even the wise are puzzled about what is action and vhat is inaction, for is not the activity f the mind also action?

Arjuna's questions, diverse and earching, continue: What makes a nan commit evil, even unwillingly? How shall a man discipline his mind? ("The restraining of it, I think,/ Is ike the restraining of the wind.") What is Brahman? What is the Supreme Self? How do You reveal Yourself at the hour of death to the enlightened? Krishna's answers take the 'Gita" magnificently through the explanations and analyses of human endeavor, the yogas of action, knowledge, renunciation, meditation, and devotion—the mystical union brought about by the love of God. At last, Arjuna begs to see Krishna in his divine orm, as "Thyself, the Imperishable." Krishna, saying, "Behold now the entire universe/ With everything moving nd not moving,/ Here standing together in My Body," gives Arjuna a 'divine eye" to enable a mortal to see he revelation of God. Here is the triumphant climax of the "Gita" and the assage that sets it apart from all other Hindu writing in poetry, imagery, and heer grandeur of concept—the Great Manifestation of God:

f there should be in the sky
thousand suns risen all at once,
uch splendor would be
)f the splendor of that Great Being . . .
see Thee everywhere, infinite in form;
Not the end, nor the middle, nor yet the
  beginning of Thee
see, O Lord of All, Whose Form is the
  Universe.
Crowned, armed with a club and bearing
  a discus,
mass of splendor, shining on all sides,
With the immeasurable radiance of the
  sun and blazing fire . . .
Thou art the Unchanging, the Supreme
  Object of Knowledge;
Thou art the ultimate resting place of
  all;
Thou art the imperishable defender of
  the eternal law;
Thou art the primaeval spirit.

Overpowering human comprehenion, the vision brings Arjuna to pray remblingly for mercy. But Krishna

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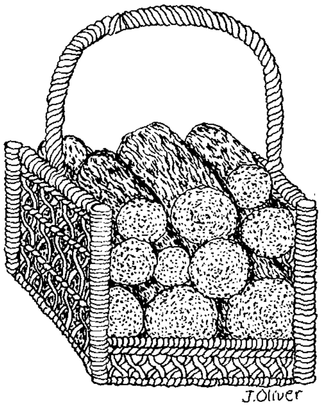
displays a yet more terrifying aspect. "I am Time, the mighty cause of world destruction,/ Here come forth to annihilate the worlds./ Even without any action of thine, all these warriors/ Who are arrayed in the opposing ranks, shall cease to exist." An insignificant atom in the inexplicable universal destiny, Arjuna can only be a "mere instrument" of a divine will. Now Arjuna begs Krishna to return to his previous form. Krishna at last relents and, in response to Arjuna's plea, assumes his human guise. Arjuna then asks his most important question: Of those "who worship Thee with devotion,/ And those who worship the Eternal Unmanifest," which has the best understanding of yoga? Krishna replies, "Those who are eternally steadfast, who worship Me,/ Fixing the mind on Me,/ Endowed with supreme faith." The god thus affirms the power of direct love, above discipline, intelligence, nobility of action, to unite the human being with the eternal. This explicit affirmation is the principal development in the "Gita" of *a new kind of spirituality.* It stamps with the ultimate authority an earlier verse: "If even the evil doer/ Worships Me with undivided devotion,/ He is to be thought of as righteous. . . ./ No devotee of mine is ever lost."



At the end of the "Gita," Arjuna is resolute at last. He does lead the Pandavas into battle, and they are indeed victorious, though, as the older concluding portion of the epic goes on to relate, it is a tragic and desolating victory. The eighteen days of fighting see all codes of honor and chivalry broken by both sides. Deceit and treachery and sheer brutality become commonplace, and the massacre leaves only a handful of warriors from the two huge armies alive. Like most great literature, the "Mahabharata" is richly ambiguous.

The "Gita," and the rest of the epic, relate, of course, to a time and culture very different from ours. For a full understanding of the poem, it is essential to accept the form and structure of the epic. Unlike many other translators, Mr. Sargeant does not gloss over or omit aspects of its conventions that may seem archaic and strange to the modern reader. The "Gita" is, for example, filled with grandiloquent epithets—Krishna is addressed as Agitator of Men, Handsome-haired One (or Bristling-haired One), or Thousand-armed One, while Arjuna appears as Ambidextrous Archer, Diademed One, Tiger Among Men, and so on. Mr. Sargeant, sensitive to the special atmosphere such phrases convey, includes them all. He also keeps the catalogues of warriors on both sides, with their descent, their emblems, their standard epithets, which all contribute to the feeling of that remote period. A great classic deserves to be taken on its own terms, and Mr. Sargeant gracefully respects the "Gita" and its readers and does not tailor his translation to modern tastes.

Some years ago, an Urdu poet remarked to me that "translations of poetry are like women: if they are beautiful, they are not faithful; if they are faithful, they are not beautiful." If you can ignore his crass opinion of women, the rest of his comment does contain some truth. It is to the great credit of Mr. Sargeant that his translation of the "Bhagavad Gita" is both beautiful and faithful. —SANTHA RAMA RAU

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A DRY WHITE SEASON, by André Brink (Morrow; $10.95). A black South African teen-ager disappears after a demonstration in Soweto; weeks later, his distraught father is informed that the boy has died in prison of "natural causes." When he goes to retrieve the body, he is given the runaround and then told that his son was shot to death at the scene of the demonstration and, since his body was unclaimed, was buried by the authorities. The outraged father begins to collect evidence that the boy was tortured to death while in detention; then he, too, is clapped into prison, and in weeks he is dead. An Afrikaner schoolteacher who has known the father and son for some time does not believe the autopsy report of suicide, and he seeks to have the matter investigated in court. It is only after the court upholds the report, despite overwhelming evidence that it is a pack of lies, that the teacher's faith in "the system" is shattered. Choosing to ferret out the facts on his own, he himself becomes a hunted man, as the police harass him and his (unsympathetic) wife, while his Afrikaner colleagues chastise him for betraying his people. When he suspects, correctly, that he will not be allowed to live much longer, he sends his notes and journals to a friend from his university days, who pieces together the story and serves as its narrator, knowing that simply telling the story serves to avenge the dead. Mr. Brink is an Afrikaner himself, and his novels, published overseas, have been banned or suppressed in South Africa.

GENERAL

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OTE: "Diana & Nikon: Essays on the Aesthetic of Photography," by Janet Malcolm, has been published by David Godine ($13.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in these pages.

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RACHEL MACKENZIE

RACHEL MACKENZIE was born on December 2, 1909, in Shortsville, New York, a town with a population of nine hundred and twenty-two. In the seventy years that followed, until her death the other day, she became a teacher of English at Ginling College, in Nanking, China, at the College of Wooster, in Ohio, at Radcliffe, at Wellesley, and at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, in Vermont, and in the summer of 1956 she came to *The New Yorker* as a fiction editor. For the next quarter of a century, she was, for hundreds of writers throughout the English-speaking world, the definition of what a fiction editor should be. Many young writers are mystified and frightened by what they fear may be done to their work. Those who had the good fortune to be introduced to the editing process by Rachel MacKenzie were quickly enlightened and reassured. Her genius was a combination of absolute friendship and a shared love for the work in progress. Even a young writer submitting his first story at once knew instinctively that here was someone dedicated only to making his story succeed as well as it possibly could. She had an immense gift for participating in other people's curiosity and delight, and many writers spoke of learning "with" Rachel MacKenzie rather than "from" her. But whether with or from, learn they did. She gave such a clear and just picture of what her work was that she defined the writer's job for him as well. One writer called her "a friend of mine and a friend of my writing." She was completely involved in a writer's progress, and this gave him total trust in her. She always knew precisely where she thought a story should go, and how its atmosphere and its purpose might best be achieved, but while she was firm, she was never insistent to the point of making the writer unhappy with what they settled upon together. Her patience was legendary. Her writers became accustomed to several exchanges of letters over a single phrase or a single word. To a writer who once asked how long her patience would last, she replied, in some surprise, "Why, forever!"

A frail figure, she brimmed with life and gaiety. She was irrepressible in th face of misfortune. When one day sh was knocked down by a car, she proudly called in to the office to inform u that it was a Cadillac. In 1970, sh underwent open-heart surgery in whic the odds were terrifying. She describe the experience in "Risk," an accoun that, in a marvel of writing, led it readers through horror and anguish t a breathtaking triumph, achieved equally by the skill of the physicians and th relentless will of the patient. In a ceremony in California in 1971, the American Heart Association presented he with its Blakeslee Award, for "lasting service to . . . physicians as well as laymen." As she flew back to New York afterward, there was a bomb scare on the plane. It dismayed her not a bit.

She accompanied a writer, in hi successes and his failures alike, with a unfailing love. To a writer in a slump "Of course you are depressed—afte that almost unbroken string of stories to find oneself lying fallow would seem almost a necessity. What's hard is t relax into fallowness, isn't it? Instea of acceptance and quiet, one eats oneself up with anxiety and guilt. But yo have a special connection with *Th New Yorker*—its pages and its people—whether three months go by o three years. I should write you oftene to remind you of it." (She had written a week earlier.)

Some years ago, a young English writer sent the magazine a poem with the dedication "For Rachel." Sh wrote to him that it was the magazine's policy not to carry dedications but she added, "This, happily, stand whole without me—I'm not *neede . . . though it touches me* deeply, an it would please me to think I mattere to it a little. It is so much a poem t make me happy—strict and easy, an full of fragrance and a sense of thing at once realized and transient." An so we published the poem withou dedication. It read, in part:

. . . I have brought
Into my garden everyone
I love, even those an ocean
Separates . . .
If I were not here,
They would breathe in this room.

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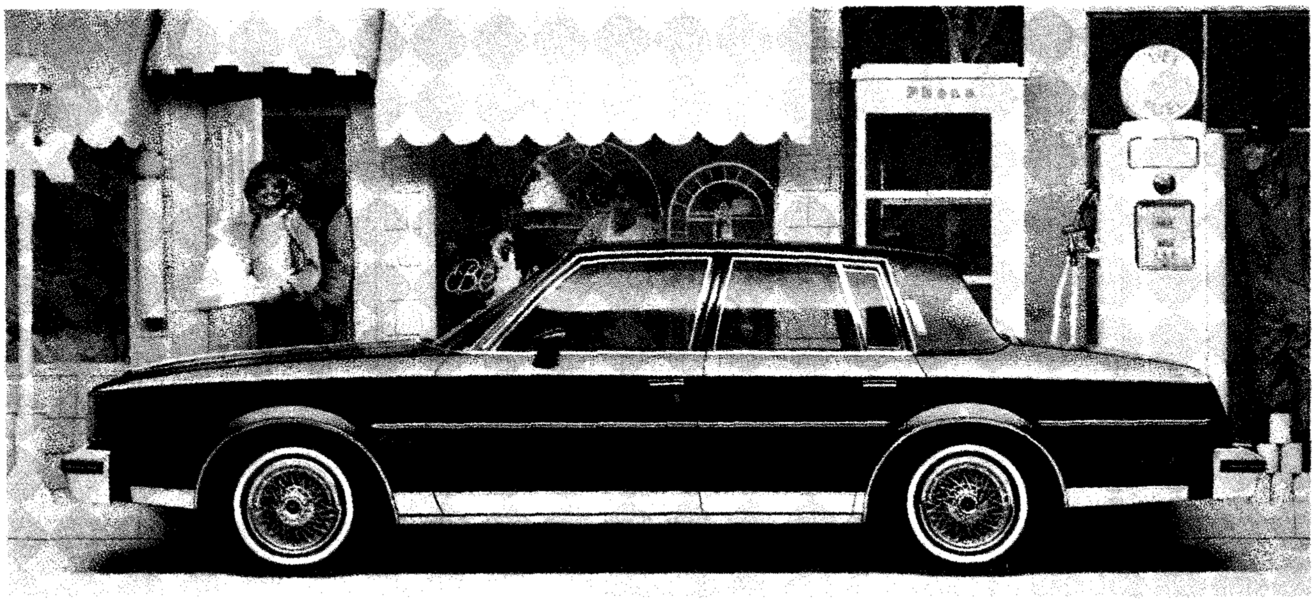

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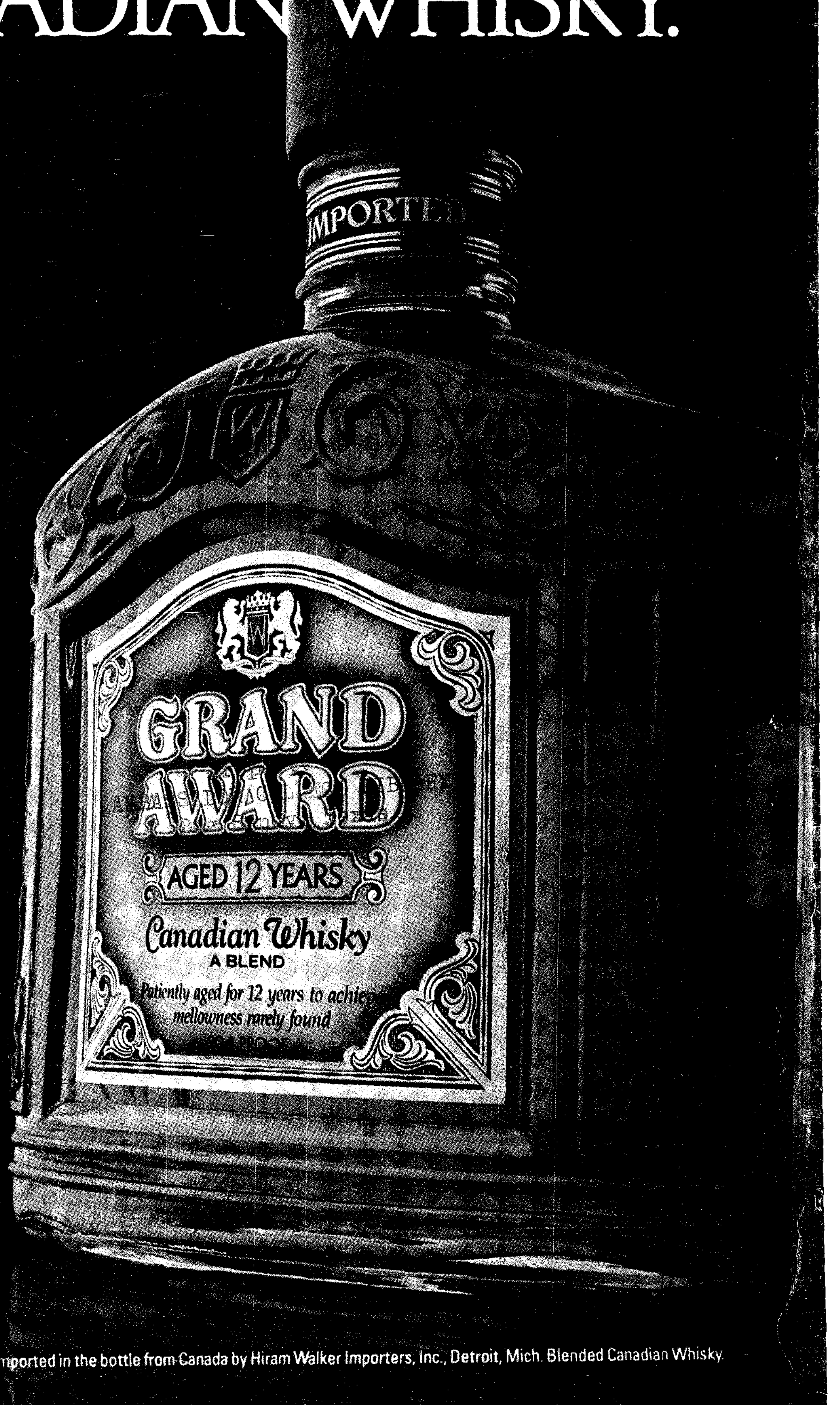
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